Contemporary Review

120th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

(2-15)

JANUARY 1985

THE HAUNTING SPECTRE OF THE HORN OF AFRICA

J. B. Wood

IN DEFENCE OF SURROGATE MOTHERHOOD

Hugh V. McLachlan

THE POLITICAL SCENE IN AMERICA: AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE

Paddy Ashdown, MP

A GARDEN IN SIBERIA

John Elsom

and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

January 1985 Vol. 246 No. 1428 Founded 1866

Contents *Page*

New Zealand's New Government	Keith D. Suter	1
Washington's Space Tricks	Y. Sadov	7
The Haunting Spectre of the Horn of Africa	J. B. Wood	9
In Defence of Surrogate Motherhood	Hugh V. McLachlan	14
The Political Scene in America: an Uncertain Future	Paddy Ashdown, M.P.	18
The Inconclusive Elections: the Israeli General Election 1984	David B. Capitanchik	21
A Garden in Siberia	John Elsom	27
Poem: The Harvest	Frederic Vanson	32
A Surfeit of Strikes	C. J. White	33
Literature and Obscene Language	Leslie Paul	37
James Tissot—an Unexciting Enigma	Muriel Julius	39
Correspondence: The Work of the McCarrison Society	Richard Allen	43
Our Greatest Dilemma	Robert D. Leakey	44
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		45
Quarterly Fiction Review	Rosalind Wade	45
Non-Fiction Reviews Lord Longford, Kenneth Lindsay, Arnold de Montmorency, Betty Abel, Molly Tibbs, Richard Whittington-Egan		
SHORTER REVIEWS		56

P4473

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT
PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY

Music Correspondent:
DAVID FINGLETON

Finance Director:
LEONARD SKIPP

© 1985 Published monthly by Contemporary Review Co. Ltd , Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG England and printed in England by H. G. Leates Ltd , 45/47 Alexandra St., Southend-on-Sea, Essex. U.S. Mailing Agent: Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 515 Madison Avenue, Suite 1217, New York N.Y. 10022. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY. Annual subscription (including postage): U.K. £15.50, U.S A. and Canada. $50 00 Rates for all other countries on application. Copies Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada; extra costs given on request. U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 515 Madison Avenue, New York N.Y. 10022. (ISSN/0010/7565)

bora 1008
CUK-H06380-215-P4473

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

January 1985 Vol. 246 No. 1428

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT
PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY

Music Correspondent:
DAVID FINGLETON

Finance Director:
LEONARD SKIPP

215

NEW ZEALAND'S NEW GOVERNMENT

by Keith D. Suter

NEW Zealand has a Labour Government again—the first since 1972-5. But the euphoria which surrounded the Labour victory in 1972 was nowhere near so obvious on July 14 1984. There was, it seems, a collective sigh of relief that the Muldoon nightmare had ended—but there was also a recognition that there would be no rapid reversal of New Zealand's economic decline.

The Muldoon Government was tired, fragmented and devoid of new ideas. The 1984 election was more a matter of a government losing an election than an opposition winning it. Sir Robert Muldoon clung on to power with a majority of one. The sparking point for the election occurred when two of his MPs crossed the floor to vote for the introduction of a bill to impose a nuclear-free zone over New Zealand. He claimed that this defection meant he could no longer guarantee a working majority.

The Government's defeat was due to three main reasons. One was Sir Robert himself. He is basically a combative, pragmatic person, who thrives on abuse, confrontation, and being in the lime light. This pattern worked for a while but eventually even his own party developed doubts about it. Indeed, he managed to unite very dissimilar strands in New Zealand society in a way which was almost unprecedented—unfortunately they came together to oppose him. An attempted coup in 1980 to replace him failed—and added still more to his rugged self-confidence. A former friend, Bob Jones, a millionaire property developer helped form a new party (New Zealand Party) to campaign on less government intervention in the economy and an independent non-aligned foreign policy. The NZP attracted considerable support from National people who no longer

supported Sir Robert but who could not bring themselves to vote Labour or for the eccentric Social Credit Party. The NZP siphoned off National votes and helped Labour.

Party	*Seats*	*% of vote*	*% Increase/ Decrease*
Labour	56	43	+3.8
National	37	36	−2.9
Social Credit	2	8	−8.0
New Zealand	0	12.4	+12.4

The second cause was the Government's economic policy. From 1976 to 1978 Muldoon was predicting that there would be an upturn in the world economy. His 1976 Budget recorded the OECD's optimistic predictions about an economic upturn and he warned that 1977 and 1978 might 'see a return to dangerous boom conditions'. There was no economic boom. A new policy was introduced. In the 1979 budget, controls on overseas investment were liberalised, viable industries, particularly involving export, were to be supported financially by the state, and the farming sector was to be supported through minimum prices, livestock incentive schemes and loans for land development. While help to the farmers was a necessary economic and political holding operation, the new tack was the 'Think Big' policy. This was based on the assessment that such economic assets that New Zealand capital could profitably develop were too costly for it to realise alone. The Government started borrowing overseas on an unprecedented scale. The net external public debt for 1982-3 was US$6.9 billion—for a total population less than that of North London. While the bankers may worry about debts of Brazil, Mexico and Poland, it is worth recalling that New Zealand has now one of the highest debts per capita.

New Zealand in the late 1940s had probably the world's highest standard of living. It is still in the top league but nowhere near the top—and it is slipping down. Its dire economic situation colours all governmental thinking. During a lecture tour of New Zealand last November I had a long meeting with the then Foreign Minister, Warren Cooper, principally to discuss the arms race. Towards the end of our meeting, having reviewed the prospects of World War III, I asked him what was his main concern. 'The export of butter,' he replied.

The third cause was the growing peace movement. New Zealanders generally seem to have less enthusiasm about entangling alliances with the US than do Australians. Certainly the basic Australia, New Zealand US defence treaty (ANZUS) is held in less awe than in Australia. In Australia's robust politics, virtually anything can be called into question (the monarchy included). But few politicians in either of the main parties would ever criticise ANZUS—and none with ambition for high office would ever call for its cessation.

New Zealanders, being more pro-British than Australians, are less blindly pro-American. They display a reserve towards their American cousins which the British themselves used to do in the 1930s. Whereas Australia plays host to US defence bases (including one of the two most important US bases anywhere in the world), New Zealand has consis-

tently refused to have any such military base.

Sir Robert, true to form, took the defeat badly. He used his defeat as a way of scaring foreign investors about the dangers of a Labour Government. He did nothing to help the new Government ease itself smoothly into office. Sir Robert initially told his party that he would remain to fight the next election (due in 1987). But he was later forced to say he would leave the party leadership in January 1985. His remaining months will contain attempts to ease him out before then.

The new Prime Minister, 41 year old David Lange, is very different from Sir Robert. He is the son of a medical practitioner and is an articulate lawyer—thereby, ironically, putting him at the other end of the middle class stratum from Sir Robert. He became Labour Leader in February 1983. Hardly a charismatic politician, he was overshadowed by Sir Robert and did badly in the personality opinion polls. But he has since acquired a more favourable image.

Events across the Tasman were to assist him. Sir Robert Muldoon and Malcolm Fraser became Prime Ministers within weeks of each other in 1975. Both were conservative politicians who found that the real world of politics demanded surprising policy reversals (such as Mr. Fraser's opposition to South Africa's *apartheid* and Sir Robert's call for a new international economic order). Ironically, they did not get along too well. The aristocratic millionaire, Fraser, had little taste for the pushy, abusive accountant, while Sir Robert could not understand Mr. Fraser's worry about Black Africans.

Both Prime Ministers fragmented their nations. Both intervened in the economy to assist the rich at the expense of the poor. In 1983, the Australian Labour Party campaigned brilliantly on the theme 'Bringing Australia Together'. In 1984 the NZLP campaigned on 'Bringing New Zealand Together'.

The ALP Government, headed by Bob Hawke, has gone for caution. The apparent strategy is to tailor policies to help win the next election. If need be, long-standing policies will be ignored so as to maintain control over the political middle ground. The Opposition is in disarray. It is split between those who would like to go out to the far right and those who would like to contest the middle ground.

The Lange Government, by contrast, has embarked upon some changes. Beginning with the cabinet, the new developments are two Maoris, and a woman as Minister of Police (possibly the first such appointment in the world). Another New Zealand first is a woman as Junior Government Whip. Ten out of the total of sixteen women NZLP candidates got elected).

The Government's main domestic problem is the declining economy: divisions in the community, a high external debt, rising unemployment, low productivity and the risk of increasing inflation. The immediate challenges have been first, to reassure foreign bankers that a Labour Government does not necessarily mean rampant socialism, wholesale nationalisation and an end to private enterprise. Throughout the election,

campaign, the Labour Party emphasized the moderate position on economic problems. Nothing that the Government has done so far would suggest that it will embark upon rampant socialism. The irony of this approach is, of course, that the new Government is simply refining the old Government's discredited economic policies. After all, if Sir Robert's economic policies had been successful he would probably still be Prime Minister.

The other immediate challenge was to bring New Zealand together. Following the 1983 example of Bob Hawke's brilliantly-staged 'Economic Summit', in which Mr. Hawke brought together representatives from various strands of Australia's economic and social affairs, Mr. Lange held his own economic summit conference in mid-September, 1984.

The conference concluded with an endorsement of a communique in which competing groups confirmed general commitments made during the conference. Employers and unions remain divided on the specifics of several issues including the suitable degree of government intervention, the extent to which export oriented industries should be encouraged over established enterprises, and what form of price control, if any, should be imposed. The Communique endorsed the commitment by the participants to:

wage and price restraint;
improvements of the lot of low income earners including through government taxation and spending policies;
a broadening of the taxation base and a reduced government deficit;
the introduction of new technology to improve productivity.

The communique was presented to the participants in a closing speech by Mr. Lange, who simultaneously announced November 8 as the date for a national Budget and reiterated the Government's commitment to the relief of low income earners. The Conference was a personal triumph for Mr. Lange, who has succeeded in gaining breathing space from all the national divisiveness.

But underneath the new found feeling of national reconciliation, there remains the basic question of what precisely should be done to solve the nation's long-term economic problems. Thanks to the summit conference, at least the debate can be conducted in a more restful environment. But national consensus is only a means to an end—and not an end in itself.

An example of New Zealand's long-term problems is its economic relationship with the South Pacific super power—Australia. New Zealand was separated administratively from New South Wales (1,200 miles away) in 1840. The new colony was proclaimed on May 3 1841. Responsible government, after a false start, was established in 1854. During later discussions on the creation of an Australian federation, New Zealand was invited to send representatives. There was a chance that it could have been part of the Australian Commonwealth eventually declared on January 1, 1901. New Zealand decided to continue to go its way, though remaining heavily reliant upon both the UK and Australia.

The New Zealand-Australia link was forged by economic necessity and the two World Wars. A 1963 New Zealand initiative for a free trade area in forest products led directly to the New Zealand-Australia Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Protected industries each side of the Tasman were alarmed at the prospect of competition which protection had rendered them unable or unwilling to sustain. The New Zealand Brewers' Association told the New Zealand Tariff and Development Board that Australian beer should not be allowed into New Zealand under NAFTA: 'Strong Australian beers would impair New Zealanders' health and lead them into crime and drunkenness'.

NAFTA was the tip of a vast iceberg containing 71 major schemes for economic cooperation. The Closer Economic Relations (CER) agreement rationalised these schemes in 1983. The New Zealand Government sees the reduction under CER of trans-Tasman tariff, quota, and subsidisation barriers as a means of cementing the need for New Zealand industries to become internationally competitive—or face extinction.

This forms part of the original rationale of CER, whereby the two nations would allow free market forces to work out a natural redistribution of many industries between Australia and New Zealand based on comparative advantage.

Trans-Tasman trade had risen since CER was signed. In 1982-83, New Zealand exports to Australia totalled $A694 million, while exports moving the other way across the Tasman came to $A1.155 billion. In that year Australia was New Zealand's fourth largest export market, with a 12.3 per cent share, behind the US at the top with 15 per cent, then Japan and the UK. New Zealand held third place for Australia's exports.

Despite the complaints from domestic industries being undercut by cheaper imports from the other nation, CER will continue. It is much more significant for New Zealand than Australia. Sir Robert tried to convey this vision in a speech in London last May:

> The significance of the agreement lies in the fact that it will create a single Australian and New Zealand market. The advantages to any operation in New Zealand are considerable. Instead of looking to service a market of three million people, companies can plan ahead to service 18 million people—more than that, if companies have sufficient vision. For years our economy suffered from the 'Down-Under' syndrome. Economically, New Zealand would have been better placed in the middle of the English Channel than half-way across the globe as the fact of our geography dictated. Today that apparent disadvantage looks very different. Over the course of the 1970s the Pacific Basin region where we are placed has emerged as the world's most dynamic growth region. New Zealand's economic and political links are growing accordingly.

There are two long-term implications for New Zealand. One is that instead of being revived by the cold shower of Australian economic competition, it could perish through pneumonia. Second, New Zealand could eventually return to the Australian political fold via some form of trans-Tasman federation. Both prospects are a long way off—if they ever materialise at all. But they do at least represent possibilities for the embattled Lange Government which needs to develop a clear economic strategy if it is not to preside over the nation's continued decline.

Finally, on foreign policy, the Lange Government—as on the economic

summit—has scored a quick success. The Government has banned visiting warships which are nuclear-powered or nuclear armed. Since the only warships affected are US, this has been perceived as a direct threat to ANZUS.

Opinion polls indicate widespread support for the move. Mr. Lange has argued that the move is to be seen as New Zealand's contribution to forcing the pace on international negotiation for a South Pacific Nuclear Free Zone (largely hindered by the US and France). Even Sir Robert had pressed for such negotiations and opposed French nuclear testing in the South Pacific. Additionally, Mr. Lange has pointed out that Norway has a similar policy but remains a NATO ally. The US has complained about the decision but evidently regards events generally in the South Pacific as being of less priority than, say, Europe or Central America. The Hawke Government, by contrast, has felt the decision more keenly because his Labour ally has done precisely what his Government has refused to do. Mr. Lange is now widely praised by the growing Australian peace movement, while Mr. Hawke continues to be criticised by it.

Mr. Lange faces two long-term problems. One is that—as on economics—he needs to develop and explain to the general public, a long-term disarmament strategy. A unilateral gesture such as this—no matter how commendable—should not be done haphazardly but should form part of a larger programme of proposals. There is no clear evidence yet of such a programme. How does he intend to continue to try to influence the US? What should be expected of the USSR in return? How should all the South Pacific nations work together to form the nuclear-free zone? What contingency plans exist to rebut US economic pressure on New Zealand to back down?

Second, Mr. Lange—like Mr. Hawke—has got the political middle ground. The Opposition party is in disarray and he is under no immediate threat from it. The risk comes, instead, from within his own party. The 1984 NZLP conference called, in effect, for the ending of ANZUS. Although there is scepticism in New Zealand about ANZUS, it is by no means clear that this resolution—which is not binding on the Labour Government—would be presently acceptable throughout New Zealand. This could come. The peace movement is gathering force. But there is also the risk that the peace movement may be running too fast ahead of public opinion. Mr. Lange's Government could be pulled a little off the political ground. This adds to the urgency of his developing an overall disarmament strategy and convincing the general public that he is following a clear programme.

In short, the new Government has one advantage over the Muldoon Government—it does not contain Sir Robert. Although Mr. Lange's popularity will decline (as happens with most politicians) the national divisiveness fostered by Sir Robert is unlikely to be generated by Mr. Lange. But he is still left with two problems which defeated Sir Robert—the declining economy and New Zealand's contribution to ending the arms race.

WASHINGTON'S SPACE TRICKS

by Y. Sadov

THE topicality of the problem of preventing the militarisation of space is growing from day to day. The urgency of solving this very important task is prompted by the nearness of that dangerous line beyond which it will be ever more difficult to establish control over space weapons. The appearance of space weapons will not only spur on the arms race, but will also drastically destabilise the military-political situation and increase the danger of nuclear war.

The Soviet Union is consistently working to prevent space from becoming the arena of military confrontation. Its proposals and practical steps in this direction are well known. Another important initiative taken by the Soviet Union was the proposal addressed to the US government to start at the level of specially appointed delegations, Soviet-American talks to prevent the militarisation of space. The USSR proposed that the talks should open in Vienna in September this year. According to the Soviet proposal, a whole class of attack space weapons, including any anti-satellite and anti-missile space-based systems would be banned and destroyed. At the same time the USSR proposed setting up on a reciprocal basis a moratorium on the testing and deployment of such weapons from the date of the opening of the talks, which would be a practical step towards solving this question and create favourable conditions for reaching agreement.

How then did the men in Washington treat the Soviet Union's initiative? The numerous statements released by the White House have shown that the US administration is not interested in preventing an arms race in space. Having taken a negative stand on the proposed talks, Washington is, however, trying to stage a propaganda show over the problem. On the one hand, the White House strove to get a handful of 'trump-cards' in the pre-election campaign and to create an impression among American electors, discontented with the President's militaristic policy, that the administration allegedly favours talks with the USSR and is ready to send a delegation to Vienna, adding that rooms for members of the US delegation have already been booked in hotels there; while, on the other hand, doing everything possible to prevent the USSR-proposed talks from taking place.

Concerning the subject of talks, the men in Washington proposed that they should be limited to studying only some sort of 'approaches' to the problem of a general character. Simultaneously, they rejected such an important element of the Soviet proposal as the setting up of a mutual moratorium on the testing and deployment of space weapons. In order to sidetrack the talks they proposed that the problem of space should be complemented by questions of strategic and European nuclear weapons and, in order to render the talks finally impossible, Washington fully modified their purpose, proposing that the subject of negotiations should

be 'militarisation of space'. That is, in fact, legalisation of a race in space weapons, and not the prevention of militarisation of space.

The purpose of these tricks is obvious. If the USSR refused to accept such conditions, the USA would appear as a peacemaker in the eyes of the public, while the blame for the 'disruption' of the talks would be shifted onto the Soviet Union. If, however, the USSR agrees to accept the conditions, the Americans would create a deadlock situation, while at the same time speeding up the implementation of the programmes for an arms build-up in space aimed at turning space into a sphere of aggression.

Washington does not conceal that the militarisation of space has been chosen as one of the chief directions in attaining the United States' military superiority over the USSR. The Pentagon's plans for supremacy in space have met with support in the White House at top level. The head of the US administration has already given the green light to the development of space weapons of mass destruction.

Various types of space weapons are being developed in the USA for fighting 'star wars', and variations of using such weapons are being studied there. Flight tests of the ASAT Aerial Anti-Satellite System have already been held. US experts declare that there would have been no point in developing anti-satellite weapons by the United States, had it not planned to deliver a first nuclear strike. A new global anti-missile system is being developed there, designed to be an organic part of a first-strike nuclear capability, and a search is under way for methods of using laser and beam weapons in anti-missile and anti-satellite systems. In addition to the shuttle space craft, US companies are engaged in developing a new reusable combat space mini-craft. There are space commands functioning as part of the US Air Force and Navy.

The US programmes for an arms build-up in space are being lavishly financed. The allocations for them for 1983-1985 fiscal years came to 8,500 million, 9,300 million and 12,900 million dollars, respectively. There are also plans for further inflating the military space budget in real terms, which can be expected to increase to 20,000 million dollars in 1988. Are not these facts a proof that the USA has not abandoned the venturesome design to crowd space with arms and to go ahead with preparations for 'star wars'?

The danger of such a policy is obvious. Washington's striving to prepare the ground materially for space war is playing with fire. In order to prevent a very dangerous round of the arms race in space, the Washington administration should stop feigning readiness for talks on space and take urgent and effective measures to curtail its space militarisation.

[Colonel Sadov is a Soviet expert on military and defence affairs.]

THE HAUNTING SPECTRE OF THE HORN OF AFRICA

by J. B. Wood

THE sufferings of the population in this north-eastern corner of Africa have again become the subject of extensive media coverage. This time the spotlight of attention has been focused on the sufferings of women and children in the north-western parts of Ethiopia. Similar scenes were shown on the media in 1980/81, that time in the north of Somalia. Considerable credit must go to British television for bringing these tragic events so forcefully to world attention as well as to voluntary agencies such as the Save the Children Fund and the Red Cross for their response to these needs.

Between these two peaks of public attention, there have been a series of persistent, though less dramatised, appeals for help from the populations in the Horn of Africa addressed to international and voluntary agencies in various countries to alleviate suffering arising from drought, starvation or malnourishment, displacement of populations, disease, breakdown of infrastructure. This process has been going on for well over a decade. Most of the appeals have been couched in terms of 'emergencies', largely because this is seen by the petitioners as the surest and easiest way of eliciting a quick response from potential benefactors. A considerable amount of assistance was—and still is—given in respect of these various requests that ranged from short and long term capital grants and credits, technical assistance and food aid. For instance between 1978 and 1982 Ethiopia received from the Western donor community an average of 180,000 tonnes of cereals per annum in food aid. In 1982 Somalia, with a population of around 5 million as against Ethiopia's 32 million, was in receipt of some 140,000 tonnes of cereals in aid.

The fact that these problems of suffering populations have not gone away after more than a decade of national and international attention and effort surely denotes that something far more serious is at stake than 'emergencies' to be satisfied by a palliative airlift or two.

The easy way out is to assume that the whole area stretching across Africa, through the Sahel and the Sudan to Ethiopia and Somalia is undergoing an irreversible climatic change and that all blame should consequently be placed on the weather, allowing any other possible causes to go uninvestigated. A closer look at long-term data, however, does not substantiate the theory of irreversible change. There is the biblical record of a seven year drought cycle in pharaonic Egypt. More recent data from tree rings in various parts of the affected areas show varying cyclical growth patterns.

The operative factor would then appear to be an inability or at least a decreasing ability of the populations concerned to handle or to survive the drought cycles that have been a feature of many parts of the region

for perhaps a millenium. Some of the problems arising in the Horn of Africa are similar to those arising in other arid regions, but others are peculiar to the area and are worthy of particular attention.

For the purpose of this article the term 'Horn of Africa' is particularly appropriate since it is a cartographical concept that overrides nation-state boundaries and although most of the world's attention focuses on the individual crises that periodically arise in one or other of the nation-states involved, the phenomena are in fact regional ones, in which cross-linkages between the nation-states concerned as well as those within and between the various regions of each of these member states, play a part.

The Horn of Africa has come to be associated with various natural and man-made disasters, in which starvation, displaced persons and drought seem to have been the predominant features. There are in fact, wide climatic differences within the area, ranging from the virtually rainless regions near the Red Sea to equatorial forest and fertile savannahs and grasslands in parts of Ethiopia. Rivers flow from the Ethiopian highlands through to the southern part of Somalia providing the basis for her second largest export-earner—bananas. Against this background it is surprising to find that the most arid areas are not devoid of population. In Somalia rather the contrary is the case. Some two-thirds of the country's population are nomadic or gain their livelihood from the nomadic life. In so doing they support themselves and account for some 80% of the country's export earnings in the form of livestock and derivates. Their habitat is what outsiders would regard as the most inhospitable areas of the country, mostly semi-desert of thorn and scrub on which the nomads maintain a herd of over five million camels—around 20% of the world's camel population—along with some 25 to 30 million sheep and goats.

On a climatological basis, one would have thought that these groups who also have their equivalent in the Ethiopian Ogaden (Harerge) would be the first to clamour for assistance, but they are not: the appeals come from the sedentary and urban groups who live in areas considerably more favoured by nature. Regrettably, central governments have tended to treat nomadic populations with contempt and have frequently harassed rather than assisted them. International bodies have been of little help as their principal concern seems to have been devising means of settling the nomads. There are lessons to be drawn from the survival potential of the nomadic populations and from the contradictions between that and the failure of the urban sedentary groups.

The three principal elements that appear to have contributed to nomadic survival potential are: mobility, a strict social order, respect for the environment. One could correlate the absence of these elements to some of the problems of the urban/sedentary groups.

Mobility is a key element of survival in a nomadic habitat—mobility to move with seasonal rainfall, to exploit microclimatic conditions, to allow grazing lands to regenerate, to ensure access to water points and to markets. Though apparently haphazard, such movements are programmed

to meet the changing exigences of seasons, production, markets etc. In such a context nation-state frontiers, often cutting across traditional routes of seasonal migrations, are meaningless to the nomad. Mobility is not just a question of one or two members of a family going off to market but involves moves of whole family units and clans, the camels providing the cargo capacity including the collapsible dwellings that are made of local materials and can be disassembled and re-erected in another site in a matter of hours. This means that mobility can be achieved without costly infrastructure such as roads.

Nation-states, however, do not like people who cannot be registered and controlled, especially highly centralised ones. Almost everywhere a person of 'no fixed abode' is suspect. In putting obstacles in the way of mobility, nation-states disrupt many of the established nomadic patterns of migration, grazing and trading. Fortunately for the nomadic population their habitat is not popular among frontier and customs officials, and police and military supervision of hundreds of miles of virtually uninhabited semi-desert is a costly business—not even the USA can keep out Mexican 'wet-backs'. Some mobility can thus still be maintained. Such nation-state restrictions on mobility in the Horn of Africa are not only a nuisance to the nomadic societies, but they also act to the detriment of the nation-states concerned themselves by thwarting or slowing the free movement of goods and persons from one region of the state to another. In most developed economies regional shortages or even disasters such as earthquakes or cyclones and their effects can be absorbed thanks to the capacity of the transport infrastructure and well established financial channels to bring assistance rapidly to the sensitive point. In the countries of the Horn, except for Djibouti with its small land area, the communications' infrastructure can barely handle normal requirements, let alone any emergencies or abnormal seasonal demands. Surpluses are not moved from one area to another, bureaucratic controls on marketing systems and price regulations along with various formalities for the movement of goods within country, the existence of numerous road block controls and so forth all act to impede mobility. Improvement of the communications' infrastructure requires massive capital investment which might become available from external sources in the longer term, as well as funds for the maintenance of the facilities which would most likely not be available. In sedentary situations mobility is generally limited to movements of individuals within a small radius; anything more ambitious requires either some form of capital investment or lost opportunity cost in transport and time. A total move for a sedentary unit is generally a traumatic experience and, as such, strongly resisted. This means that in agricultural situations available land becomes exhausted, unless rectified by fertiliser which, if available, is usually out of a smallholder's reach, so degradition, low yields and eventually erosion build up. Yet other land is often available but not taken up for lack of mobility. This resistance to mobility has also caused many well-intentioned resettlement/development schemes to fail. There are also

many legislative and bureaucratic impediments to mobility, such as land tenure procedures, state control over place of residence and type of occupation, unavailability of agricultural or building credit etc. These are nevertheless all within the power of the nation-state to modify.

In nomadic societies, the social structure is generally designed to ensure survival. Since in their case survival without livestock is not possible, the social patterns are designed as much to ensure their survival as that of the humans. Again, since the livestock depend on the fodder and water provided by the range, there is respect for the environment, built-in as complex procedures for grazing and water rights, migratory areas, access to markets etc. The maintenance of this equilibrium can result in hard choices and harsh realities in which the weak are often not expected to survive. There are degrees of expendability in cases of adversity; the essential core being all active males, children old enough to manage flocks (around 9 years old) women without under-age children as well as the camel herd. Non-reproductive female camels can be written off and the sheep and goat stock run down to a core sufficient to ensure regeneration in the following season. The elderly and women with young children are generally taken care of through the extended family system which usually includes many semi-nomads who ensure access to markets and take care of some seasonal cultivation of grains. It will have been seen from the media that the greater part of the afflicted persons in food distribution centres are in those categories, the active males and elder children are either looking after the livestock or taking up arms. The mechanisms for accommodation to adversity are thus available and it is recognised that any type of overpopulation relative to the prevailing conditions can lead to disaster. Interestingly, a programme to put in a number of new wells in and near rural villages in Somalia was criticised by some of the nomadic communities as it represented an artificial distortion of the bearing capacity of the range and could lead to overgrazing and degradation. This concern for the optimum use of the habitat is also the source of their prosperity. The image of nomadic families as always poor and destitute is not a true picture, the resources are generally pooled within the extended family or clan, and used for the acquisition of seasonal residences for women with young children, the education of children or simply investment.

By contrast urban societies have little or no concern in general for the environment, which is too often looked upon as a base-plate on which to carry out their necessary expansions; provision of the necessities such as food are seen as coming from 'somewhere else', the welfare of which is no concern of theirs. Yet the attractions of urban life continually erode the rural population and thus the productivity of the sedentary agricultural population. Urban markets offering better prices sometimes force up delivery quotas and often lead to nutritional deprivation in the rural areas, and thus to an eventual lowering of production. Pessimists, detecting a megapolis trend similar to that in Latin-America, see a future in which the urban populations of the region will become permanently

dependent on external grant aid.

The irreversible trend that is more real is not the meteorological one, but rather the generally low priority given to the sedentary agricultural sector—let alone the nomadic one which has no priority at all. This low priority is frequently accompanied by high priority given to industrial development, copying foreign models which, coupled also to greatly improved health services, lead to an accelerated increase in urban population. Neither of these developments is paralleled by a proportionate increase in priority to, and investment in, the production necessary to support them in terms of food and fibres.

Many of the ingredients of the formulae that have ensured the survival of the nomadic populations, could be applied in some degree to other sectors. The mobility principle, linked to a development of the communications infrastructure, could be developed to permit a freer interchange of produce from surplus areas as they seasonally occur—not just to supply major urban centres, but also made available to other regions to pre-empt local deprivation or seasonal famines. Nomadic societies give priority to ensuring the nutritional base at all times, urban societies tend to develop other, more sophisticated priorities before the nutritional base has been adequately assured, through optimum land use, equitable pricing policies, flexible land tenure systems etc. The sedentary agricultural sector is generally as cognizant of the need to respect the environment as is the nomadic, but room for manoeuvre is generally too restricted by structural questions.

The fact that the nomadic populations have devised mechanisms for survival and for production in the harshest areas of the region, indicates that adequate solutions for the ecologically richer areas of the sedentary population lie within the grasp of human organisation, provided remedial action is taken before soil degradation, deforestation, erosion and overpopulation convert the remaining productive lands into another Sahara. Until something is done to tackle some of the structural problems, external benefectors will continue to be presented with new (and largely predictable) 'emergencies'.

Has the time not now come for the kind of enthusiasm and response generated through the presentation of 'emergencies' to be channelled into providing the wherewithal to tackle the problems at their infrastructural and structural/organisational roots, instead of just applying soothing lotion to the spots?

[John Wood is Visiting Fellow to the Institute of Development Studies based at the University of Sussex. He has served as UN Resident Representative for UNTAB (UNDP) in Iraq, South Vietnam, Greece and Malawi, also with World Food Programme and Unesco.]

IN DEFENCE OF SURROGATE MOTHERHOOD

by Hugh V. McLachlan

IN the recently published *Warnock Report*[1] the expressed views of the majority of the committee's members are very dubious. The committe's dissenters adopt a more reasonable line, even if it is not totally acceptable.

The recommendations of the majority are as follows:—

> We recommend that legislation be introduced to render criminal the creation or the operation in the United Kingdom of agencies whose purposes include the recruitment of women for surrogate pregnancies or making arrangements for individuals or couples who wish to utilise the services of a carrying mother; such legislation should be wide enough to include both profit and non-profit making organisations. We further recommend that the legislation be sufficiently wide to render criminally liable the actions of professionals and others who knowingly assist in the establishment of a surrogate pregnancy. (*Warnock*, p. 47.)

The first claim made in support of the recommendations is as follows:—

> In the first place we are all agreed that surrogacy for convenience alone, that is, where a woman is physically capable of bearing a child but does not wish to undergo pregnancy, is totally ethically unacceptable. (*Warnock*, p. 46.)

It is not clear what are the reasons for supporting this claim or that it is self-evidently true. Perhaps, lying behind it there is some puritanical notion such as that women should suffer, or at least be prepared to suffer for their own children, or that women who are not prepared so to suffer would make unworthy parents. In what lies the immorality of the action? Given that the carrying mother freely consents to the arrangement and presuming, as seems likely, that the carried child is unaffected by it there appear to be no victims in this situation. While one might talk freely about 'victimless crimes', the notion of a 'victimless immoral action' is not easily entertained.

Presumably, even among normal healthy women, there are different degrees of apprehension at the prospect of pregnancy. Furthermore, there are degrees of physical capacity to undergo pregnancy. In some circumstances, it might be positively advantageous for a woman who possibly could carry her own child to have it carried by some other willing woman who was even more physically capable of and/or less daunted by the prospect of carrying it. More importantly, the committee's attitude towards 'convenience' seems to be questionable. After all, non-puritanical people are, other things being equal, very much in favour of 'convenience'. Furthermore, the word is used in such a way as to suggest that non-medical reasons for not wanting to become pregnant or to continue a pregnancy to term are necessarily flippant ones. That this is so is merely assumed rather than argued for in the report. It is not self-evident that in a situation, say, where a woman's career at a particular time, and perhaps for ever thereafter would be fundamentally adversely affected by pregnancy, the woman would be acting flippantly, far less immorally, in utilising the services of a willing surrogate mother.

Even if surrogate motherhood for 'convenience' is immoral, it is surely something of an exaggeration to describe it as 'totally ethically unaccept-

able'. This description conjures images of rape, pillage or mass murder. At the very worst, how could such surrogacy be considered more morally heinous than, say, an occasional bout of laziness or self-indulgence? Furthermore, even if it were to be considered immoral, it does not follow that it would be wise to make it illegal or to criminalise activities designed to further it. For instance, telling lies, committing adultery, gambling and drinking excessive amounts of alcohol might, at least in some circumstances, be considered immoral, but it does not follow that it would be wise to criminalise such activities (even although there are often innocent victims of them, unlike in the case of surrogate motherhood). Further, it does not follow that it is wise to outlaw organisations which facilitate such activities.

The second claim in support of the recommendations is no more convincing than the first. The report continues:—

> Even in compelling medical circumstances the danger of exploitation of one human being by another appears to the majority of us far too outweigh the potential benefits in almost every case. That people should treat others as a means to their own ends, however desirable the consequences, must always be liable to moral objection. Such treatment of one person by another becomes positively exploitative when financial interests are involved. It is therefore with the commercial exploitation of surrogacy that we have been primarily, but by no means exclusively, concerned. (*Warnock*, p. 46.)

Unfortunately, the committee does not indicate who it considers is exploited by whom in such circumstances. It seems easier to imagine that the commissioning mother might be exploited either by being charged an exorbitant fee or by failing to receive a promised child after having paid a fee. This latter danger is highlighted in the report. In a discussion of the present legal position it is claimed that:

> . . . if the carrying mother changed her mind and decided she wished to keep the child it is most unlikely that a court would order her, because she had previously agreed to do so, to hand over the child against her will. Nor in such a case would a court order the surrogate mother to repay any fee paid to her under the terms of the agreement. (*Warnock*, p. 43.)

However, if it were implemented, another of the committee's recommendations might increase rather than decrease the chances of a commissioning mother's being exploited. They conclude:

> While we consider that most if not all, surrogacy arrangements would be legally unenforceable in any way of their terms, we feel that the position should be put beyond any doubt in law. *We recommend that it be provided by statute that all surrogacy agreements are illegal contracts and therefore unenforceable in the courts.* (*Warnock*, p. 47.)

Exploitation is possible in most human relationships. However, it is often unwise to create legal barriers to such relationships where adults voluntarily enter into them. For instance it is often argued that marriage is an exploitative institution but not that this is grounds for arguing that marriage or commercial marriage agencies should be outlawed. The situation would seem to be similar in the case of surrogate motherhood. The fact that some commissioning mothers might be exploited does not justify rendering surrogate motherhood illegal or banning surrogate pregnancy agencies. Indeed, it would be far simpler to try to eliminate such possible exploitation by legalising surrogate pregnancy agreements and ensuring that any fees paid are returned if the carrying mother

decides that, after all, she wants to keep the child. As the American experience of prohibition suggests, it is not clear whether a legal ban on surrogate motherhood agencies would increase or decrease the number of those entering into surrogate motherhood agreements. However, it would seem likely that the chances of commissioning mothers being exploited would be increased by the likely furtive nature of illegal surrogacy agreements.

If they relate to the carrying mother, the committee's claims about exploitation are extremely curious. One could hardly say that surrogate mothers are always exploited and even more exploited, or 'positively exploited' when they are paid for their services. Indeed, it would seem that a voluntary surrogate mother could be exploited only when she is not paid a reasonable fee but, even here, given that the 'exploitation' is voluntarily incurred, can there be any need to place legal barriers in its way? (Other actions such as the forcible removal of the carried child would, I think, be wrong but would not be exploitative.) Contrary to the views of the committee, the introduction of financial considerations could lessen rather than heighten the chances of the carrying mother's being exploited. The claim that:

'That people should treat others as a means to their own ends . . . must always be liable to moral objection' seems to be false and to betray a misunderstanding of Kant's dictum. It is often perfectly morally defensible to use other people's services as a means to our own ends, especially when such services are on offer. After all, that is what we do when, say, we go to the dentist or ride in a taxi. In these circumstances, those making use of the services are not acting immorally; nor are those offering the services necessarily being exploited (although, depending on the rewards, they might be).

Some limited support for surrogacy, strictly on medical grounds, is given in an expression of dissent signed by W. Greencross and D. Davies. They write:

> We go along entirely with our colleagues in our disapproval of surrogacy for convenience. We also agree that the criminal law should be brought in to prevent the operation of profit making agencies in this field, although our reasons for this are somewhat different from those of our colleagues. In our view the question of exploitation of the surrogate mother, or the treatment of her as a means to other people's ends, is not as clear cut a moral issue as our colleagues assert. On the other hand we hold firmly that the very difficult personal, legal and social issues raised by surrogacy lie close to those raised in adoption and fostering and hence that there should be no place for commercial operations just as there is no place for commercial adopting agencies . . . We believe that the licensing authority proposed in Chapter Thirteen should include surrogacy within its remit. The authority would have the power to license an agency or agencies to make arrangements for surrogacy. These arrangements would include the matching of commissioning parents with surrogate mothers, and the provision of adequate counselling to ensure that the legal and personal implications of surrogacy were fully understood. The only agencies which could be licensed would be those in which child-caring skills were well represented and in which there was no commercial motive. Thus adoption and fostering agencies or some new agency, similarly staffed and run, could be appropriate candidates for licensing. . . . Access to a licensed agency could only be by referral from a consultant gynaecologist. (*Warnock*, pp. 87; 88.)

Again, it is not clear why they disapprove of surrogacy for 'convenience'

and nor is it clear why such disapproval is any justification for trying to ban the practice. I think that dissenters are right in saying that non-commercial surrogacy agencies should be allowed to operate. However, it is not clear that commercial ones should be outlawed. Obviously, there are general arguments against the free market. However, since the report is not couched in terms of advocacy of socialism, these general arguments are not at issue here. The question is: 'What is the case against "commercialism" or "profit making" in this particular area?' Consider the comparison with fostering and adoption. To buy and sell children would be, to say the least, distasteful; yet, with surrogate motherhood, payment is not being made for the child. Payment is being made to the carrying mother for her services and, in some cases to those involved in the entrepreneurial and administrative task of liaising with commissioning and carrying mothers. Furthermore, commercial adoption and fostering might well be against the interests of adopted and fostered children where there seems no reason for thinking that commercial surrogacy would harm the relevant children. Perhaps it might be worth allowing both sorts of agencies to operate and, if they emerge, to review the situation in the light of their practice.

According to the report 'There are strongly held objections to the concept of surrogacy, and it seems from the evidence submitted to us that the weight of public opinion is against the practice.' (*Warnock*, p. 44.) One wonders whether the general public actually are terribly concerned about surrogacy.

No convincing argument has been presented which suggests that new legislation is required in this area apart, perhaps, in relation to the legal parentage of a carried child (which the report proposes) and in relation to the legality of surrogacy contracts (which the report does not propose).

In its comments on surrogate motherhood, and related problems, the overall tone of the report would seem to be intemperate. It is an over-reaction to a probably imaginary evil. There is a dearth of impartial argument and too many dogmatic assertions. In the cases where reasons are suggested for conclusions, they are not convincing. It would seem wise at least to await the general outcome of surrogacy agreements before placing legal barriers in their way.

NOTE:
(1) *Report of the Committee of Inquiry into Human Fertilisation and Embryology*, Chairperson, Dame Mary Warnock, July 1984, (Her Majesty's Stationery Office, Cmnd. 9314).

[Dr. Hugh V. McLachlan is Senior Lecturer, Department of Sociology, Glasgow College of Technology.]

THE POLITICAL SCENE IN AMERICA: AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE

by Paddy Ashdown, MP

THE size of President Reagan's victory tempts us to view the US political scene as firmly settled for the next four years. In fact, this seems to me to be far from the case. Even the apparent ascendancy of the Right is less solid than it appears at first sight. There is no doubt that there is disarray on the Left of US politics—much as there is an equivalent disarray amongst the 'progressive forces' in Europe. Indeed, observing the American election at close quarters, I was struck by the similarity between the present state of their politics and ours. There, as here, the victory of the Right has occurred as much because of the loss of confidence and lack of commitment of the Left as for any other reason. It was only at the very end of his campaign, when he knew he had nothing further to lose, that Walter Mondale was prepared to throw caution to the winds and start articulating the alternative to Reaganism with passion and conviction—and, in consequence, started looking like the leader he so obviously wasn't earlier on.

All this is not to underestimate the scale of 'political engineering' which Reagan has achieved. Like Margaret Thatcher in Britain, he has succeeded in changing the whole style and content of the political debate. I recall very well the feeling, as an active participant in politics, when the Thatcher earthquake first started to be felt. I remember detecting something odd happening about a month before the Falklands which, contrary to popular myth, did not create the tidal wave which then engulfed us, but merely enlarged it. Three months later, Mrs. Thatcher had moved from being the most disliked Prime Minister in British history to a position of unassailable popularity. The whole scenario of politics had changed and the rest of us didn't know how to react to it. We still don't.

It is clear that the left in US politics is equally bewildered. What seems almost certain is that the old Roosevelt coalition, which gave the Democrats a 'natural' majority in the country, is now gone or going fast. Americans are currently speculating as to whether Reagan has altered the underlying political geology of the country by creating a new 'natural' Republican majority in its place.

I suspect he has not. The recent vote was for Reagan, not the Republicans—a fact which was clearly seen in the lack of a substantial 'coat tail' effect in the elections to Senate and Congress. Will 'Reaganism' then, die with Reagan? It very well may. It is possession of the White House machinery which really matters in American politics—especially under a President who leaves so much to his advisers. Despite the unpleasant signs of an emergent extreme Right at the Dallas Republican Convention, the White House is increasingly in the hands of Vice-

President Bush—a man as different from President Reagan as Francis Pym is from Margaret Thatcher. Bush's control over the White House machinery has, if anything, strengthened recently—all of which is a good thing for continuity considering that he is a very elderly heart-beat away from the Presidency itself. But it could be a bad thing for the emergent Right, who must know that a Bush White House blocks their way to the kind of ideas with which they were filling up the Republican 'platform' at the Dallas Convention. Their best hope would be for a clear Right Wing contender to start running for 1988, now; which is, of course, exactly what Howard Baker has started to do. At present, however, the odds must be on Bush.

On balance, therefore, a further shift to the Right by the administration does not seem very likely.

On the Left, however, things will have to change and Democrats know it. Here there might be some polarisation from traditional positions. The Democrats' flirtation with Gary Hart may indicate a thirst for a new, more crusading and flamboyant style; one which Mondale himself took up towards the end of his campaign. Most notable of all was Jesse Jackson's style on race. Many Americans fear that the tenor and tone of the Jackson campaign has done terrible damage to the emerging consensus on this, the most explosive of US domestic issues. There is a fear that race will become an increasingly polarised issue in future elections.

The real question is, who have the Democrats got? Mondale will not stand again, Hart should not, and Kennedy almost certainly cannot. There are a few likely hopefuls, to be sure. But before Democrats choose the new person, they will probably first have to find the new style. And there isn't much sign of that appearing yet.

But if this recent election has not settled the US domestic political picture, the external one seems equally in flux. Will this second-term President look for a place in the history books? Will he do on US/USSR relations what Nixon did to US/China ones? Will he imitate the first Roosevelt in Central America? Is the US turning away from Europe, toward the Pacific basin?

The answer to the first three questions is, perhaps, and to the last one, yes. The precise nature of US foreign policy will, again, depend on who dominates in the White House—Schultz or Weinberger? Apparently, they both wanted to leave after the election, but each disliked the other so much that they both decided to stay. The Weinberger style has dominated up to now and I would be surprised if this were to change much. We can only hope!

What is more certain is that American's new interest in the Pacific basin is much more fundamental than merely the result of having a Californian in the White House. Americans perceive a shift in power and importance away from the Atlantic and towards the Pacific. By and large, most responsible views see this, not as a total shift, but a relative one. But there are more dangerous voices in the US, just as in

Europe, in favour of an 'estrangement'. Europeans should be particularly worried that the recent amendment calling for a partial withdrawal of US troops from Europe, unless we carry more of our defence burdens, was moved by Senator Nunn, who is well known as an Atlanticist. His concern was to reform the relationship. There are others who wish to diminish, if not abandon, it.

In Europe, we have the same two opinions. Many now share with Kissinger and Kennedy a vision of a 'twin pillar' NATO, with Europe operating more independently within the Alliance. Other, more extreme voices, call for us to leave NATO altogether. There is no doubt that Europe's relationship with the US is moving into a period of considerable strain. The trick will be to manage positive changes for reform, rather than allow negative forces on both sides to threaten the relationship on a permanent basis.

In theory, President Reagan's landslide victory should provide a climate of stability in which to bring about change—but then, as I said at the beginning, I don't think things within the US are as settled as they appear to be.

[Paddy Ashdown is Liberal Member of Parliament for Yeovil. He is spokesman on Trade and Industry Affairs within the Liberal/SDP team in the House of Commons. Formerly an officer in the Royal Marines, serving in Borneo, the Persian Gulf and Belfast, he has also held appointments in the Foreign Office and with the British Mission to the United States in Geneva.]

The February issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Village People: Japan's Burakumin* by Anthony Head (held over from the January issue), *Central America After the Elections* by Peter Calvert, *The Dangers of Unilateralism* by Philip Hanson and *Light Over Aragon* by Bryn Gunnell.

THE INCONCLUSIVE ELECTIONS: THE ISRAELI GENERAL ELECTION 1984

by David B. Capitanchik

UNTIL 1977, Israel was ruled by a series of coalition governments headed by a single dominant party grouping, the Labour Alignment, whose partners were the more moderate of the centre and religious parties. That dominance came to an end with the victory of the Likud bloc in the 1977 elections and this was confirmed when the Likud, under Menahem Begin's leadership, was returned to office, with a more substantial share of the votes, in 1981. The Likud had been able to take advantage of underlying changes in Israel's demography to transform itself from a minor party to one of two dominant blocs. It did so by exploiting its status as the party of the outsider in Israel society so as to attract the votes of up to three-quarters of the country's underprivileged Oriental community.

Support for the two major parties, then, follows very largely the so-called 'ethnic' divide in Israel's population, a little over half of which now originates from the countries of the Middle East and North Africa while the remainder are from Europe and North America. Although the latter are broadly more middle class, and the former consist mainly of unskilled or skilled manual workers, it is 'ethnicity' rather than class which divides them. This is because while there is resentment among upwardly mobile Jews of Oriental origin over their perception that they are economically disadvantaged, they also reject the wider social and moral values espoused by the dominant European culture.

Historically, the original Labour Party (Mapai) was never stronger than either of the two parties that currently dominate the Israeli political system. However, neither of them exercises the same degree of hegemony as the old Mapai because of the existence of the other. In the past, with a single dominant party, the 'religious camp' was able to wield only a limited amount of influence. The religious parties had little alternative other than to be dependent upon Labour for whatever that party was prepared to concede in return for their support. As the Likud was formed and gathered strength, the 'religious camp' became more independent and, along with a host of other minor parties, it was increasingly willing and able to take advantage of the competition between the two major parties for its support to extort the maximum concessions to religious demands.

Thus the experience of the two-bloc system between 1977 and 1984, seemed to suggest that very minor parties, provided they could win at least one Knesset seat, could exercise influence over the affairs of the country far in excess of their size and degree of support among the electorate.

Israel's electoral system reinforces the tendency of a multiplicity of

P4473

minor parties to contest elections. It consists of one of the purest forms of proportional representation in the world. Under it, parties gaining a mere 1% of the total number of valid ballots cast nationwide are eligible to participate in the allocation of seats in the Knesset. In other words, the total number of votes cast is divided by 120 and parties that have cleared a 1% threshold are awarded seats in strict accordance with their share of the poll.

The encouragement this gives the minor parties to contest elections is by no means diminished by two further requirements designed to prevent frivolous nominations. Under Israel's electoral laws, parties wishing to enter lists of candidates at General Elections must submit a bond equivalent in cash value to £1,800 sterling, which they forfeit if they fail to clear the 1% threshold. Along with the bond, they must also present to the Central Elections Committee, a list of 2,500 supporting signatures. Neither of these requirements has prevented an exaggerated number of parties from entering the fray. In 1977, 22 parties were registered and in 1981 the number rose to 34. Of these, however, only 12 parties in 1977 and 10 in 1981 succeeded in clearing the 1% hurdle and win Knesset representation.

In 1984, however, there was a different kind of result. Out of the 26 parties between whom the voters had to choose on polling day (July 23rd), 15 won seats. Eighty-five of these were divided almost equally between the two major parties, with 44 going to the Labour Alignment and 41 to the Likud. The remaining 35 seats were divided between 13 minor parties, the largest of which, Tehiya-Tsomet (the right-wing Renaissance Party) won only 5 seats with 4% of the poll.

For 16 years, in five successive elections, Labour and their largest opponents had increased their share of the poll at the expense of the minor parties, albeit disproportionately. The Labour Alignment's vote increased by some 90,000 between 1965 and 1981, while during the same period, the Likud's vote went up by 464,000. In 1984, the total number of Israelis eligible to vote was 2,654,613, out of whom 2,091,402 (78.8%) actually voted. This represented an increase in votes cast of 135,955 over the previous election when the turnout was 78.5%. However, in 1984, Labour increased its vote by only 15,538 and its share of the poll actually fell from 36.6% to 34.9%. The Likud received 57,639 votes fewer than in 1981 and its percentage of the poll fell from 37.1 to 31.9.

For the most part, the opinion polls conducted during the election failed to reflect the voters' true intentions. A few weeks before polling day, the Labour Alignment had been expected to be swept back into power. For the first time, it seemed conceivable that one party, Labour, would win an overall majority in the Knesset, thus making it possible for it to form a single-party government and pursue policies undiluted by the demands of coalition partners. The Polls seemed to confirm what many instinctively believed. The combined effects of the Lebanese quagmire and the parlous state of economy would, in themselves, produce a reversal in the voting trends of the past two decades. Low income voters

of Oriental origin whose real incomes had suffered the first real erosion for 17 years would, it was felt, return to Labour in droves. Whatever their attitude towards Labour's policies and however distasteful they might find its leadership, these had to be preferred to a government with the worst record in Israeli political experience.

In the event, the results of the 1984 election were so inconclusive as to produce deadlock and stalemate. There was a virtual deadheat between the two major contestants and there was a further splintering of the already-fragmented extremes of the political spectrum.

The elections marked a watershed in the political life of Israel's Arab citizens. For the first time since the establishment of the State, there was a clear majority in the Arab sector for parties which could be described as being outside the mainstream of the political continuum or otherwise opposed to the 'national consensus' on basic principles. The Arab vote represented a clear protest against the 'Zionist' parties and symbolised Israeli Arab solidarity with the Palestinian cause. Thus, the Arab turnout was high, around 76% compared with 68% in 1981. The two parties thought of as being 'Arab' in this election were HADASH (Popular Front for Democracy and Peace) which consists primarily of the Israeli Communist Party and a few small allied factions, and the Arab-led Progressive List for Peace, a recently-created party combining radical Jewish and Arab groups. The competition between the two for the allegiance of the Arab voters seems to have been largely responsible for the increased turnout. As a result, the Communist share of the poll declined by about 2%, but between them the two parties won a clear majority among the Arabs, winning 6 seats in the new Knesset. The Labour Alignment, on the other hand, which traditionally won the largest single percentage of the Arab vote, saw its share decline from 27% in 1981 to 21%.

The more significant movement, however, occurred on the right of the political spectrum. There the dominant Likud bloc, which headed the last two coalition governments, had its share of the poll reduced by 5.2%. Many of its former voters switched to the more right-wing TEHIYA-TSOMET Party, which virtually doubled the amount of votes it received in 1981, increasing its share of the poll from 2.3% to 4%. TEHIYA-TSOMET, with 5 seats, emerged from the elections as the third largest party. It differs from the Likud mainly in that it advocates the immediate, outright annexation of all the territories occupied by Israel in 1967. A new, additional right-wing religious party MORASHA (Heritage) won a further two seats at the expense of the Likud, and on the extreme right, the avowedly racist Rabbi Meir Kahane's KACH Party, also won enough votes (1.2%) to elect their leader to the Knesset.

There was also some movement of votes between the religious parties as the 'ethnic factor' produced further divisions among Israel's orthodox citizens. In 1981, the TAMI Party (Movement for a Traditional Israel) broke away from the National Religious Party in time to contest the elections as a separate list representing orthodox Sefardi (Oriental) Jews

of mainly Moroccan origin. It emerged from those elections with three seats, two of which were lost in 1984. It is assumed that many of TAMI's erstwhile voters turned instead to the new Sefardi Torah Observance Party (SHAS), which appeared for the first time on the eve of the 1984 elections. SHAS is led by the virtually unknown Rabbi Yitzhak Peretz, but it is inspired and guided by the former Sefardi Chief Rabbi, Ovadia Yosef. SHAS won 63,605 votes and its 3.1% share of the poll was enough to give it 4 seats in the new Knesset.

Altogether, the so-called 'religious camp' held on to the same overall total of 13 seats, which they had in the last Knesset. This is about 4-5 seats less than it won in the years before Mr. Begin's rise to power, and is a reflection of the decline in the strength of the previously powerful National Religious Party. The NRP is down to 4 seats, compared with the 12 or so it once regularly held, and many of its former supporters now owe their allegiance to the Likud.

The blame for the inconclusive results of the 1984 elections, from which so much had been expected, has been placed largely on Israel's electoral system. The country's extraordinarily severe economic crisis and its failure to resolve its security problems by reaching some accommodation with the Arabs, have all been explained by reference to a prolonged period of weak coalition governments. The effect of an electoral system, which enables so many minor factions to win parliamentary seats, while denying any single party a clear working majority, has led to immobilism in government of the most damaging kind. All manner of concessions have to be made to a broad spectrum of groups if a government is to be formed and survive and few determined policy initiatives are possible. Hence demands for some reform of the electoral system accompanied the general dismay at the outcome of the 1984 poll.

It was the governing Likud bloc which lost most votes, and consequently most seats in the July elections. However, its main opponent, the Labour Alignment, suffered a greater moral setback. The Likud had expected to lose heavily and, with some justice, it counted the fact that it ended up only three seats behind its main rival as a significant victory. Labour on the other hand, had expected to gain votes and seats. The fact that, contrary to most expectations, it won a lower percentage of the poll and finished up with three seats fewer than in the previous Knesset, was a major disaster for the Party which had ruled Israel for the first 29 years of its existence.

Labour's leader has become Prime Minister of the new government of 'national unity', but this brings the party little consolation for its poor performance at the polls. All through the election campaign, they had strenuously opposed the idea of forming such a government with their despised opponents. Now they have been obliged to enter into such an arrangement, and have suffered as a consequence a break-up of the Party's alliance with the left-wing MAPAM (United Workers Party) and defections of some of its senior figures, like its election campaign chief, Yossi Sarid.

However, while it was undoubtedly a large contributory factor, Israel's electoral system was not the main reason for the outcome of the 1984 election, nor is it the main cause of the country's economic and political crises. Israel's elections have always been contested by a large number of lists of candidates representing a variety of social and ideological gradations.

The major parties have now come to represent the great 'ethnic' divide in Israeli society, and it is this divide, rather than the electoral system, which has given rise to the present situation. For the electorate is divided roughly equally between the Sefardi (Oriental) Jews who tend to support the Likud and the Ashkenazi (predominantly European) Jews, most of whom support Labour. The Likud reflect the idea of a society based on religion and tradition; they are anti-collectivist and fiercely nationalistic. Labour has always identified Israel much more with the liberal secular democracies of western Europe and North America. Labour's relative decline in recent years has been a consequence of the decline of the importance of the Ashkenazi element in Israeli society. The oriental Jews who support the Likud come from much larger families and are generally younger than Labour supporters. This was borne out by the results of voting in the recent elections among personnel serving in the armed forces. Among those on active service on polling day there was exactly equal support for Labour and the Likud and the right-wing Tehiya-Tsomet Party polled three times the number of votes they obtained among civilian voters.

Regardless of the outcome of this year's elections, the future seems to be on the side of the Likud. But with the electorate so finely balanced, proportional representation reflects this far more accurately than any other system ever could. Not only would reform fail to make enough difference to the results of elections so as to produce strong one-party government, but it might have the seriously destabilising effect of withholding proper representation from one side or the other of the country's great 'divide'.

Israel has been forced to come to terms with the idea of a government of 'national unity'. It embraces 97 out of the Knesset's 120 members and therefore represents a very broad section indeed of the electorate, cutting right across the country's two great communities. Moreover, its paper majority is so large that it can afford to exclude the extremists of the Left and Right. During the election campaign, both parties were believed to be suffering from the departure of their original leaders and the lack of charisma among the new generation. However, the new generation of leaders have less regard for ideology than their forebears and they are far more concerned to find practical solutions to the country's many problems. In sum, they are far more willing and able to find grounds for agreement among themselves in pursuit of such solutions.

The power of the religious parties has been effectively curtailed as was clear when they agreed to participate in the new government without

prior guarantee of the Religious Affairs portfolio. This was retained by the Prime Minister who, so long as he can agree with his Likud Deputy, Mr. Shamir, can afford to pay less attention to religious demands.

Under their present leaders, the vast ideological gulf between the Labour Party and the Likud does not prevent them from collaborating on at least two of the most important issues facing the country, while leaving the remainder on the back-burner.

An annual inflation rate of at least 400%, as Dr. Johnson remarked about hanging, concentrates the mind wonderfully and certainly acts as an incentive to produce a common policy over the economy. The gulf over Lebanon is no longer very wide. Disagreement might still exist over the exact timing and circumstances of an Israeli withdrawal from that particular quagmire, but all now agree that a withdrawal is necessary at the earliest possible date and on terms that will ensure the security of the country's northern border.

As for the rest, there is little need for argument at this time. No Arab leader has shown any interest in what the Likud, with their autonomy plan for Palestinians, or the Labour Alignment, with their proposals for territorial compromise, have to offer by way of a Middle East peace plan. So there are no grounds for disagreement over some hypothetical Arab response to either. The needs of the economy alone will place severe constraints on further settlement of the occupied territories. Finally, the commitment of all parties in the coalition to reconciling Israeli Arabs with their citizenship in the Jewish state also means that the toughest measures will have to be adopted to deal with the ugly racist elements supporting Kahane and his KACH Party.

Seen in this light, the prospects for Mr. Peres's government might not be as gloomy as is commonly predicted. It is, avowedly, a government of 'national unity' not 'national consensus'. It will not resolve the society's fundamental problems, nor is it designed to achieve peace with the Arabs. But given the severity of Israel's many crises, it might just be capable of creating the conditions in which the views of responsible Israelis can prevail.

[David B. Capitanchik is Senior Lecturer in Politics at the University of Aberdeen.]

A GARDEN IN SIBERIA

by John Elsom

AFANASI Koptelov, the novelist, lives with his brother, the hunter, in a wooden cottage in a small village some twenty miles from Novosibirsk. I met him in late November before the rigours of winter had set in, but it was still cold enough, at minus twenty-five degrees, for Valery, our guide-interpreter from Gosteleradio, to quote Pushkin at us, 'Sun and frost, a fine day!'. The garden could only be identified and admired through indentations in the snow, as with ancient burial mounds, although a few low apple trees defied the elements.

There were home-grown apples at lunch, and sliced tomatoes, but shamefully I did not taste them, not realising how significant they were. I gorged myself on the little meat-filled dumplings called *pilmeni*, for Afanasi explained how mail riders used to gallop from staging post to staging post with frozen pilmeni in their pouches, which could be placed in boiling water to provide a good hot meal in ten minutes, Siberian fast food. Yes, of course, there was Siberian vodka, too, and of course we were expected to drain the little glasses in single gulps, and then wait for a second or so, until the ethnic fluid hit the boots and bounced back again, melting the limbs from ankles upwards. And of course, this instant anti-freeze was accompanied by toasts to world peace and brotherhood and similar irreproachable sentiments, so that the visitor who did not down his vodka in one go would feel guilty and thus obliged to prove his manhood in another toast, until an unseasonable thaw set in, reducing us all to a kind of slush on the carpet, messy, of course, but *terribly* friendly!

Afanasi, I'm sorry to say, drank Pepsi-Cola, under doctor's orders, for he is eighty-one years old, but his brother, who kills bears, made sure that we lacked nothing in the way of fellowship, liquid or otherwise. The cottage was low-ceilinged, very warm, with hot-water pipes crossing the floor in the hall, and Afanasi's study was lined with books and stuffed in every cranny with mementoes, sometimes grand, like medals for literature, sometimes intimate and personal, like photos of his wife, who died last year, or of a box of apples, all tagged and labelled, which his son had photographed many years ago for display at school.

Those apples were a bit of a nuisance at the beginning, for we were supposed to be recording a BBC interview about Afanasi's latest trilogy, *Lenin in Siberia*, but whenever I asked some sharply-honed question, like 'What did Lenin think of Siberia?', Afanasi would talk about apples, and I would glance indifferently at these rather withered specimens of Golden Obnoxious and say, 'Very interesting, Mr. Koptelov, but what about your latest book?' and he would reply, light glistening from his gold-capped teeth, 'I'm glad you find them interesting, for I have another photograph of apples over here', and the lot would be translated by our patient Valery, before we began again; until eventually, struggling to find a middle way between politics, literature and horticulture, I asked Afanasi about his

early book, *The Garden*, which I had not particularly wanted to mention —but what the hell?

And then it transpired that what was tripping me up were not apples *per se*, but symbolism, for when Afanasi was a young man, there were no apples in Siberia, apart from some sour hedgerow crabs—but through careful grafting (described in his book), the crab stems were encouraged to nurture some more palatable specimens, until at last Siberia, with its three-months summer, could grow its own apples. Apples were only the beginning. Then came tomatoes, grown under glass, and various methods were devised for keeping plants with berries warm during winter, until that desolate tract of the Soviet Union, renowned for receiving those not welcome in Moscow, could be described as a potential garden. All around Novosibirsk now there were small allotments, each with wooden huts where one could store tools and even sleep, where the Siberian factory workers could get away from it all and try their hands at growing fruits and vegetables.

Who first noticed and extolled the untapped riches of Siberia—its minerals, its water and ice power, its mountains, lakes and valleys, its sturdy inhabitants and even its capacity to grow apples? Why, Lenin, who was also not blind to the strategic importance of Siberia, the land of the last retreat, of continental size and well-walled by mountain ranges, guarded by its harsh winters and self-sufficient. In Novosibirsk, there is the second largest opera house in the world, a lavish monument to culture, with a row of marble statues encircling the auditorium, where there are balconies like jury boxes and enough seats in the stalls for your average praesidium. But the strangest fact about this odd building is that it was constructed between 1942 and 1945, by Stalin's decree, in the heart of the war, when manpower and materials elsewhere were being rushed to the front. The official explanation is that Stalin was confident that the war would be won and was already planning the future—but the unofficial one is that he was contemplating a retreat across the Urals to the fortress of Siberia, where his government could be safe and watch opera.

Apples were Afanasi's way of demonstrating Siberia's development—not as dramatic, perhaps, as the hydroelectric dam over the river Ob, not as death-defying as those human 'walruses' who cut holes in the ice for their midwinter dips, not as sleek as University City with its exhibitions of avant-garde Estonian art, but more homely and practical than those other achievements. They also taught me a little about Afanasi's turn of mind, useful when interviewing a novelist whose language one does not read. In manner, Afanasi Koptelov reminded me of the late J. B. Priestley, slow-speaking, an odour of commonsense, down-to-earth anecdotes, a moralist. His books are enormously popular throughout the Soviet Union. They sell a million copies per title, in print runs of 100,000 which are insufficient to meet the demand. I asked for his address in Moscow and was told that 'Afanasi Koptelov, Siberia' would probably find him.

He is little known in the West for, as Valery acidly explained, he is not a dissident, quite the reverse. But I do not think that he could be describ-

ed as a propagandist either, except in unwitting ways, as we all are. Moralising is the curse of Russian literature, as it is of their drama. I have before me a collection of essays by a Lenin-prizewinning journalist, about the Soviet Union. It is titled *This Is My Native Land* and it reads in English rather like those stories in Arthur Mee's *Children's Encyclopaedia,* full of strange facts and daring adventures, each usefully supplied with a moral. President Chernenko himself insisted in a recent statement, praised for its liberalising approach, that 'the real extent of the influence that literature and art on the whole exert on the moulding of the ideological and moral frame of the people's mind is the most precise criterion of their success'; and Afanasi's books, I suspect, mould with the best of them. He explained how, in *Lenin In Siberia,* he wanted to show the human side of Lenin. How? Warts and all? Not exactly. Afanasi cited what Lenin must have been thinking when he approached the British Museum in London, where Marx sat and studied. His human Lenin must still have been thinking of Marx, not of the leak in his shoes, the cold at the back of his throat, dinner or the girl at the next desk.

Nonetheless, he is no party hack—or, rather, perhaps we in the West are too apt to see the presence of propaganda in works which would be seen by Russians in another light. Koptelov's appeal partly lies in his sense of Siberian history, his knowledge of folklore and his tales about how men pit their ingenuities against the elements. His book *The Great Trek* tells of the tribal migrations over the continent, how to survive against wolves, bears and winter. His adventure stories carry credibility for, as a Siberian peasant, Koptelov knows the landscape and his subjects so well.

But what might mislead Westerners, as it did me, is his sense of unforced optimism. The first impression which we receive of life in the Soviet Union is one of drabness, punctuated by instances of wild, prerevolutionary colour. In Moscow, there are the ponderous slabs of grey architecture, the tower blocks and the Teutonic, parade-ground avenues, with monstrously ugly statues of Yuri Gagarin or the crescent-shaped flight of a metal space rocket, hard, vainglorious, inhuman. The Metro may be a wonder of urban transport, but, with the US problem neatly reversed, there is too much public affluence, too much private squalor. The range of food in the supermarkets is depressingly limited, and subject to sudden gluts (a pile of salt fish) and shortages. You don't see such curious Western luxuries as paper handkerchiefs or Tampax; and in Moscow, sitting in an Intourist hotel, surrounded by foreign currency shops, a Westerner feels isolated by privilege. There may be no unemployment in the Soviet Union, but wherever you go, you see people grappling with menial and often rather silly tasks which would be despised in Britain. I have an image of a middle-aged woman, round and fat, with layers of assorted clothes, chipping the ice from the steps of the Lenin Library, with a heavy pick, while the flakes of ice thus detached, froze on the steps behind her before they had been cleared away.

To talk of the economic achievements of the Soviet Union under those

circumstances invites a rude response, and yet this is precisely what they do boast about. A 'leading Soviet economist' on the Voice of Moscow proclaimed that the gross national product of the Soviet Union had increased by 100% since 1917, not very impressive when you think about it, and that this had been achieved through the hard work of the Soviet People. He exhorted the Soviet people to work even harder so that the benefits could be even greater. The technological revolution which so concerns us in the West affected his peroration very little; and I guess that he would have regarded the proposition as unsound and ideologically suspect that the Russians should work less hard but more intelligently, even at the expense of full employment.

But when Afanasi Koptelov talked about the improvements in the Siberian way of life, the economic growth and expansion, and illustrated his arguments with apples, the perspective changed. What seems ludicrous in Moscow is credible in his little village near Novosibirsk; and Moscow is, after all, situated in an untypical corner of the Soviet Union. When Westerners sneer at the inefficiencies of the system, and the Five Year Plans whose targets are publicly over-reached but do not seem to make any difference, they may be seriously deluding themselves—for there has been great change. The economy in small and big ways has greatly improved, but it requires the perspective of Siberia, not Moscow, to appreciate this fact. And Koptelov with his knowledge as to what it was like in Siberia in the old days has chronicled their evolution.

A significant part of that troubled history lies in the legacy of the Second World War, and here again I suspect that we misread the situation. In 1985, the Ministry of Culture has advised theatres throughout the Soviet Union that they should find some way to celebrate the end of the war; and my initial reaction on hearing this vital news was to think, 'Well, what on earth have they been doing in 1984?'—for plays, films and books distantly or directly connected with the Second World War are everywhere, in Moscow, in Siberia. Leonid Reshetnikov, a former colonel in the Red Army who writes poetry and lives in Siberia, indignantly resented the suggestion (from a Dutch journalist) that the Soviet Union is obsessed with the subject, arguing that the younger generation must know about the desperate anguish which Russia suffered. 'Well,' replied the journalist, 'we all know that you lost more than twenty million lives. But we in lesser ways also suffered and we have made an effort to put the past behind us. You do the opposite. You want to remember the war.'

The Western suspicion is that war memories are encouraged to reinforce the idea that there is a continual military threat from the West, that the Soviet Union must continually arm itself to prevent another (and even more cataclysmic) war from happening and that the endless footage of Moscow under bombardment is being recycled for Cold War purposes. I saw a new film in Siberia which illustrates this point. It was regarded as a 'liberal' film in that it dealt with a love affair between a Russian soldier and a girl from a Nazi family who meet again later in peace. An

illiberal film would never have conceded that a Russian soldier could have had such a relationship. Many details seemed to reveal the inner message: post-war West German life was not only unbearably garish, with stripjoints ripping off the unwary Eastern customer, but also violent. The eyes of a West German at a fairground shooting gallery turned sinister and silver as he fingered the trigger of a gun. The shots of the Second World War were intermingled with mushroom clouds, the whole emphasis being that the West Germans have not changed and that the West itself is dangerously trigger-happy. Reagan and Thatcher, of course, are monsters.

War movies and plays are as popular in the Soviet Union as they once were in the West, and they usually point the moral that the West is still to be feared. In Siberia as in Moscow, there is the unquestioning assumption that the West intends to invade Russia with only the might of the Soviet army to hold them back. The American film, *Red Dawn*, as crude an example of cold war propaganda as I have seen, finds many parallels (though with the roles reversed) in Soviet movies, though these are usually more sober and less flippant. It is depressing to feel how far the frost has penetrated the soil, to what cultural depths, East and West, the Cold War has managed to sink—so that it is as incredible in Russia not to regard the NATO forces as poised for an immediate assault, as it is in the West not to view Russia as a colonising power.

And yet even here there are changes of nuance. The war, for example, is not instantly described as the Heroic Struggle of the Soviet people against the Forces of Fascism and International Capitalism. Leonid Reshetnikov no longer wants to write Kiplingesque lyrics about the heroic soldier, but about the horrors and destruction of war. Jingoism is old-fashioned. Another Siberian writer, Rasputin, who lives by Lake Baikal writes stories about the sad ironies of war, one of which is currently being performed as an opera in Moscow. It concerns a Russian soldier who left his post, not to desert but simply to see his wife and children again: he intended to return to his duties but while he was away, peace was declared. His tragedy was that nobody will believe that he did not intend to desert—for he has lost his opportunity to prove himself in battle. Under the guise of war stories, there are new pleas for tolerance and understanding, which partly mitigate the cold war tone. Perhaps there is more warmth in the soil than we imagine.

And perhaps this was what Afanasi Koptelov meant when he proudly showed us his apples and tomatoes—there is a little heap somewhere beneath the snow and even sour crabs can yield sweet fruit. Such a simple Arthur Mee-like moral may not cut much ice with Reagan or Gromyko, but the climate did seem a little milder as we journeyed back to Moscow.

POEM

THE HARVEST

Time has in our time reaped a fair harvest—
Dylan of the lilting word and voice,
Macneice, that eloquent dancer on the skills of language,
Lowell prophesying to the Quaker winds of Cape Cod,
These only three of the unvoiced who uttered
The word for our generations, whose oracles
Lie bound into books for ambitious freshmen
To wrest an A grade from . . .

And I remember in other times
Keats in Hampstead, his mind's acuity
As yet untouched by the failing lungs, and Father Hopkins
Dying, priest-harnessed, his heart shattered on a wheel of
dumb duty
Which had hovered with the bird's achievement,
Had exalted in the colour and polyphony of creation
(Heaped harvest and powdered stars,
The tiny paradigms of the thrush's eggs)
And deep, sad-singing Rilke going too early
Among the angelic orders.

And for these, and for all makers
I sing requiem. For all who on the side of the angels
Made, acclaimed or not, known or not,
As angry as Achilles or as gentle as Christ
Their songs and their testaments while the world wagged,
And who, from an idiot's tale, wrested significance.

FREDERIC VANSON

A SURFEIT OF STRIKES

by C. J. White

MOST working people these days have had the experience of being on strike, or maybe a sit-in or go-slow. In my case, it meant going in when most others had gone out. This was a variation of strike-breaking or blacklegging. We who were involved certainly regarded it as a means of making sure the strikers had a work place to go back to.

As an office boy at the end of the First World War I had been made a member of a then Clerks Union. The officials of the local branch, in their wisdom, decided that we strike in sympathy with another branch of which most of us had never heard. After two days it was decided to call it off. As the office work was easily brought up to date, the Colliery Company magnanimously made no deduction from the strikers' wages. To be paid for being on strike could surely be counted a Damp Squib, but never again!

The Coal Miners' strike of 1921 was a result of reparations from defeated nations causing reduced demand and lowered wages. A small colliery had closed and its staff, of which I was one, were drafted to another pit on what was called 'day to day contract'. It was agreed by local Lodge Officials that these people should work during the strike, otherwise they would be sacked and have no work to return to when the strike was settled.

The colliery was serviced by a range of coal-burning steam boilers, and a supply of washed small coal was a priority. Loaded wagons were shunted to the boiler stand and unloaded with large square shovels. There were no mechanical aids in those days. To amateur shovellers like myself the boilers' appetite seemed insatiable.

The fuel was obtained from a washing plant adjacent to the colliery, and our main job was to keep it in operation. Raw small coal was loaded from a distant dump by senior staff. The washery was an immense, old-fashioned stone building. The raw coal was taken to the top by a bucket elevator and descended by gravity through various processes.

Power was supplied by a huge steam engine in the basement. The various floors were laced with flapping belts and whirring wheels. The elderly foreman did his best with his volunteer crew but inevitably there were foul-ups, though fortunately no serious accidents. Our biggest problem was the deterioration of the wagons. The boiler fuel and larger lumps were loaded through chutes, and periodically there would be warning shouts.

Tons of coal would have fallen through holes in the bottom of the wagons and piled up on the track. This had to be laboriously shovelled back up over the sides of the wagons. It taught us to examine each wagon before loading.

When the next strike occurred in 1926, mainly from the same cause, I was a trainee mining engineer. With the mine's staff I was employed

below ground for most of the duration of the strike. Miners were less militant in those days. There were no pithead baths and we walked to the pit and back home in pit clothes but were seldom accosted. Our job was to keep the mine's galleries open and prevent flooding. The strikers well knew that if we were obstructed they would have no work to return to when the strike ended.

Incidentally, at this time I was a member of a small orchestra. We often played at concerts arranged for the strikers and their families. Little did those striking miners realise that one of their entertainers was employed in their mine when they were idle.

The strike dragged on for 30 weeks, and it became increasingly difficult to patrol the workings. There was relief all round when the dispute was settled. Our final job was not an easy one. The pit's horses had been put out to grass. The task of getting them back underground was a major operation.

My next strike experience was in 1931 and lasted 3 weeks, the cause being long forgotten. As a junior official I was deputed to act as an ostler on the afternoon shift.

The pit was not then mechanised and we had 100 horses below ground. My colleague, Joe, was a hauliers' foreman and knew the ropes. Also with us was 'Johnny Aye, Aye', so called from his prolific use of 'Aye, Aye' in conversation. He was in charge of a pump some distance inbye.

First we descended the No. 1 Shaft where there were 80 horses. It was winter, but warm in the stables, and Joe insisted that we sat yarning for an hour or more. Johnny was a Plymouth Brethren, and required little inducement to discourse on Bible topics.

Eventually Joe would peer at his watch, tell Johnny to get going, and then strip off. We worked furiously to feed and water the horses, then ascended the shaft to have our snack. The man in charge of the pit top, and, of course, tea-maker, was Parson Morgan, a lay-reader at the local Church. Joe was adept at getting him to practise his Mission-Church sermons on us and time passed quickly.

Then on to the 2nd shaft and 20 horses. The stables were infested with rats, about which Joe had a phobia. He would be lashing out with an iron bar and his metal-tipped pit boots while I fed and watered the horses. After that, it was a quick trip down the other shaft to collect Johnny Aye Aye from his pump and the shift was over.

One night Joe brought bad news. 'The old man's been on about exercising the horses,' he announced. His father was the stable boss and maintained that the horses were getting frisky from being idle.

Joe was somewhat afraid of his old man and said we'd have to have a go. We made sure all doors were closed, then he took the halters off half a dozen of the waiting animals. I perched well out of the way, while Joe dashed around like a dervish. It was a rodeo in miniature, with the horses galloping up and down. It took till the end of the shift to get them back in the stalls. 'Never again,' said Joe. 'The old man can exercise them himself.'

When the end of the strike was announced Joe insisted that we celebrate. We met at midday at his local. Johnny, of course, stuck to lemonade, and when we arrived at the pit for our last ostlering shift we were in a state of euphoria. Johnny led us to the stables, and what happened there was nobody's business. No doubt, some of our charges went hungry and thirsty, and Parson Morgan lectured us on the evils of strong drink. When I arrived home at midnight I was clutching a handful of a horse's mane!

By this time we were well into Nationalisation and I was on the Specialist Staff when next called to a strike. Arriving at the colliery one morning I found a phone message from the secretary of the association to which I belonged. The strike by wages clerks was unofficial and we were asked to co-operate in getting out a token wage payment for the workmen.

We were a mixed bunch. A surveyor, a ventilation engineer, a time and motion man and a couple of cost clerks. Fortunately, I had had office and clerical experience and was able to brief them.

Our task was to note every man's wages for several weeks back according to the shifts worked, then work out a token payment for the present week in a round sum. Any difference would be adjusted when the dispute was settled.

We used the office normally occupied by the strikers. Nearby, another office was staffed by girls belonging to another union, not on strike. At first relations were frosty, and they refused to supply us with tea. Then on Tuesday a girl appeared with a tray. We were forgiven!

The work was fairly straightforward and there was quite a bit of badinage between such a diversity of characters, and of course backchat with the neighbouring girl clerks.

Thursday morning brought anticlimax. The colliery accountant arrived with bundles of pound notes which he dumped on a desk.

'That's it then,' he announced. 'Sort that lot out.'

It meant filling numbered wage packets with amounts according to our calculations. There was no backchat that day, and by the time all had been checked it was well into evening.

Next day, Friday, came the crunch of paying out. Each of us sat behind a grille near the bathhouse with a tray of wage packets. A policeman patrolled nearby.

However careful we had been, there was always the chance of someone being missed out, and the accountant hovered around in case of such an eventuality.

There was some good humoured catcalling as pay packets were handed out by strangers, and disappointment when amounts were less than expected. There were sighs of relief all round when the trays were emptied and no one left without a wage packet. Good for us! While drinking tea in the canteen the news came that the strike was over.

My next strike could not have been in greater contrast. Again, it was unofficial, and involved underground junior officials, those responsible for

colliery safety. Their absence meant that production ceased, but volunteers were required for safety inspections. I was asked to report at a large colliery, but first came a hurried journey to a local college to check my ability to test for gas with the flame lamps then in use; this because the law requires periodic re-testing, and my deputy's certificate was years out of date.

All was well, and next morning I reported at the colliery, where I was asked to take charge of the night shift. This suited me, as there was only one man below ground, in charge of pumping plant.

We were a team of four; the pumpman, who would spend his shift below ground; a mechanic in case of trouble with the pumping machinery and a First Aid man.

We descended the shaft and proceeded along the underground roadways to the pump house. I went first, periodically testing for any sign of gas. The presence of Methane gas in the atmosphere is indicated by an aura on the flame of the lamp, and warns the tester to take precautions. Methane is lighter than air and the lamp is held near the roof. Carbon Dioxide, an inert gas, is found near the floor. It dims and eventually extinguishes the flame. While the pumpman started up his machine we checked the roadways adjacent to the pumphouse. Then we returned to the surface. The pumphouse was connected by telephone in case of trouble.

Towards the end of the shift another inspection was made, a procession of three this time. The same procedure went on through the week, the weekend and into a second week. Then, one night, I arrived at the colliery to find unusual activity. Many more cars, and workmen entering the bathhouse. Obviously, the strike was settled and I had not been informed.

I made my way to the colliery office in some trepidation, wondering about my reception. I need not have worried. Although at the doorway I was met with blank stares from the officials, most of whom I knew, the senior overman came forward and shook hands.

'Thank you,' he said, 'For keeping the place open. We should never have stopped.'

And so another diverting episode was over, and it was back home and to bed with time to ponder on the variety of my strike experiences. I decided that I had now had a surfeit of strikes. As it happened, it was the last in which I would be called on to participate.

LITERATURE AND OBSCENE LANGUAGE

by Leslie Paul

THERE was a romantic, even sentimental notion current in the twenties and thirties that 'Bad' language, censored then in books and plays and in polite speech, could be redeemed. The argument at the time was that those coarse and lusty four-letter words for sexual and excremental acts and organs (no doubt descended from our Saxon forebears) were part of our language and need not be put under a ban because of so-called 'Victorian' prudery. They ought to be re-introduced and made part of acceptable, common speech and the slur of 'dirt' and 'obscenity' removed. D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce were in the vanguard of that movement and certain of their works could not be published, (*Ulysses, Lady Chatterley's Lover*). The high point of this campaign was the trial after World War II of Penguin over *Lady Chatterley's Lover* which the publishers won. After that, the floodgates were open, as some said. I remember that at the trial Richard Hoggart, giving evidence for the defence, described Lawrence as a 'Puritan' to the astonishment of the prosecution. After all those explicit descriptions of the sexual acts and the four-letter words, how could this be? But Hoggart was right. Lawrence's motives were moral ones. He wanted to redeem sexual acts and sexual language from 'filth'. He saw both in a rapturous, even holy light. That thirties campaign succeeded and now it is hard to pick up a book, even by dignified leaders in literature, without encountering explicit descriptions of sexual acts and often in what was once forbidden language.

Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers* is full of this to the point of *ennui* and so is D. M. Thomas's *The White Hotel.* It is to the point of my case that Thomas nearly won the Booker Prize and may one day win the Nobel Prize for literature. So the highest courts of literature in the world do not simply sanction but enthusiastically acclaim as great literature works which a generation or so ago would have been described as pornographic and sold only in brown paper covers in back-street shops.

I came across a remark in a book recently which illustrates the point: 'Language does not change by official order'. Or unofficial order either, I might add. This goes for sexual language too, for language needs to cover every human experience; the degrading as well as the sublime. It is more than a communicator, it is a weapon. When a teacher wounds a child with sarcasm he is 'putting him down', degrading him by the use of words. If the aggressive use of language as a weapon to humiliate, degrade, tyrannise over others is accepted as one function of language there have to be words of special force to effect this, hence the vast linguistic vocabulary devoted to insult and abuse. The more forbidden that language is the more effective it is. The more it penetrates into the secret and concealed, the more savagely it strikes home. It is for this reason that the language of outrage seizes upon sexual, excremental and religious themes for its

weapons. In all civilised societies people strive to keep part of their lives and habits private. They don't normally take baths naked and in public. They clothe themselves. On the beaches they conceal their private parts. Loving acts are private acts, free from intrusion, even verbal intrusion.

To be destructive, brutal, wounding, to rob people of their self-respect, to dehumanise them, sexual and excremental epithets are powerful weapons. Men and women have a right not to be violated, even by words. The principle is actually enshrined in more that one Act of Parliament. To use certain words and descriptions about racial minorities is to be guilty of inciting racial hatred. The Blasphemy Act, which so many would like to see repealed, has the same protective intention. And why not? Imagine the consequences for racial harmony of certain sexual epithets applied to the sacred name of Mahomet! Areas sacred to particular groups and churches should be protected.

'Language does not change by official order.' So, banning obscene language does not abolish it, rather it may strengthen it. The banned phrase or epithet may become that much more powerful in its effect because it is forbidden. So why not exorcise the bad language, bring it into the light of day, remove its poison as one removes the venom sacs of a cobra? This was the Lawrence programme—not to neuter that language but rather to make it holy.

What has actually happened is that the effort to redeem the four-letter words has failed. Instead, it has just produced double standards. The words continue to be used in their original intention as weapons of insult and humiliation. But if the words have not been redeemed, what then?

When a serving soldier's every sentence consists of four-letter words —one's subconscious brushes them aside. Now, their overuse in 'good' literature could produce the same anaesthesia. However, there is a further paradox.

Writers and poets are not a class apart from society, united in defending the higher culture, and language itself, from degradation. They are ordinary people, though with special gifts, but not insulated from the influences and fashions of society. The importance of a great novel, as Richard Hughes has said, is that it is the one instrument we possess which penetrates other lives with such empathy that we feel we could live them as our own. But to achieve this greatness there must be selection and restraint, and freedom from self-indulgence. It is a purely romantic notion that everything can be said and everything experienced. That way both boredom and madness lie.

[Dr. Leslie Paul is Writer in Residence at the College of St. Paul and St. Mary, Cheltenham. Publications include *Pioneers O Pioneers!* Honor Oak Press, £3.50.]

JAMES TISSOT—AN UNEXCITING ENIGMA

by Muriel Julius

FOLLOWING the huge success of the Pre-Raphaelite exhibition at the Tate Gallery early last year, it would not be an exaggeration to say that a big hype in 19th century painters is afoot in London. Just now the spotlight is on James Tissot in a huge retrospective exhibition, sponsored by the Peter Stuyvesant Foundation, that can be seen at the hideous Barbican Centre in the heart of the City of London.

Few painters have suffered such swings of favour and obscurity as Tissot. So pertinent a connoisseur as Sacheverell Sitwell wrote in 1936 in his book *Narrative Pictures:*

> He is anathema to strictly contemporary taste and an unalloyed pleasure to those who do not take their delights too seriously . . . his fascination lies in the impenetrable mists that surround him.

Reviewing the present exhibition, Mr. John Russell Taylor, the very excellent art critic of *The Times,* speculates: 'Was he, in his pictures of bourgeois society, a subtle social critic, or a cynic pandering to the lowest tastes of his audience, a gossip columnist in paint?'

Certainly, Tissot is an essential adjunct to the social historian and the costume designer of today. He reflects in the clothes, poses and pastimes of his subjects an exact strata of rich, middle class urban society in the second half of the 19th century; but if these pictures were the source of his fame and, later, the reason for its eclipse, they were undoubtedly beautifully painted. His canvases gleam with a wealth of surfaces, and no one could depict the minutiae of a *toilette,* the fall of a flounce, or the set of a hat better than he. He was expert in depicting the texture of silks, satins, organdies and lace that encase his carefully posed women. In short, he was truthful but unexciting.

Yet, for all their glamour, there is an undertow of melancholy, a feeling of lassitude in the social scenes depicted that left me with no positive feeling of pleasure. No one seems really to be enjoying themselves; the general mood is autumnal. Nor is there the slightest sensuality. No one touches another. Even the soldier, tightly squashed between two pretty young women in the stern of a rowing boat in 'Portsmouth Dockyard' has his hands demurely clasped round his knees. And the man looking so devotedly at the fragile woman in 'The Last Evening' only dares place his hand on the back of her exquisitely painted Thonet caned rocking chair. Only in his pictures of children, whom he evidently loved, does any emotion appear. When Tissot depicts women waiting or saying goodbye, as he often does, the viewer is left with the impression that something more will happen. How different this is from an Impressionist painting, where the stress is on the moment: the viewer feels that what he is presented with is all there is to the painting, both visually and in a story sense. It is this point that most strongly separates Monet and Tissot, both of whom were painting scenes of picnickers, pleasure seekers and elegantly dressed women in the late 1860s and 70s.

What, then, is the story behind this ambiguous personality? Dr. Willard Misfeldt, who surprisingly wrote his doctoral thesis on Tissot, discovered that his family, Italian in origin, was very ancient indeed. His father's family had been settled for two centuries in the same town in France, but he decided to leave and established himself in the seaport of Nantes. There he prospered handsomely as a dealer in ladies' fashions and haberdashery and married a Marie Durand who had run a millinery establishment.

The second of four sons, Jacques-Joseph, who later called himself James, was born in 1836. The sea and ships which he painted so beautifully were a lifelong fascination to him, an interest no doubt shared with his father—a conchologist. From his parents, too, he would have learned a great deal about fashionable female attire.

When he was twenty, he was allowed to go to Paris to study painting. He was a tall, handsome dandy in the Paris of the Second Empire, and his charming manners and good looks earned him entry to the best society. With a studio above that of the writer Alphonse Daudet, he became friends with Whistler, Fantin-Latour and Manet. Degas, too, who painted him, immaculately dressed, in a studio, yet strangely tense. Michael Wentworth suggests that Degas, with his intuitive sense of character, was depicting the neurotic, contradictory elements in his sitter.

Almost from the beginning, when he painted mainly historical or religious subjects, Tissot sold well, but the Franco-Prussian war brought an end to this happy existence. Having behaved bravely during the Siege of Paris, he became turncoat with the arrival of the Communards and when they were defeated was forced to flee to England. Jacques-Emile Blanche, the painter, recounts in his autobiography that Tissot had thrown in his lot with the Communards who were frenziedly destroying the major monuments and anything else they could in Paris, in order to safeguard the treasures in his studio in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Although he was considered a coward, Blanche writes: 'Tissot had more fascination for me than anyone else in France; there seemed a mystery about his disconcerting personality.'

For some time, Tissot had been contributing portrait sketches of English public figures to the magazine *Vanity Fair*, and on his arrival in London went to stay in Hyde Park Gate with its owner Mr. T. G. Bowles. But it was not long before this 'dealer of genius,' as John Singer Sargent described him, was able to buy himself a large villa in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood—Alma Tadema country.

Within three years, Tissot was the popular spare man for social occasions. Handsome and rich, the reserved British manner he had adopted was as reassuring as the English cut of his elegant clothes. He lived in a certain style, too, as Edmond de Goncourt enviously remarked in his Journal of 1874:

> Today, Duplessis told me that Tissot, that plagiarist painter, has had the greatest success in England . . . a studio with a waiting room where, at all times, there is iced champagne at the disposal of visitors, and around the studio a garden where, all day long, one can see a footman in silk stockings brushing and

shining the shrubbery leaves.

The first part, anyway, was true; but all this changed radically when, in 1876, Tissot met the woman who was to be the great love of his life.

Kathleen Newton was a slender, ravishingly pretty young Irish woman with an unexpectedly wanton past. Then aged 22, she had been married at 17, and speedily separated from her husband on confessing to a *liaison.* She was the mother of two illegitimate children. They were lovely children, particularly the boy, with his golden hair, dark, saucy eyes and rosebud mouth. They figure in some of Tissot's most charming paintings. When Kathleen Newton came to live with Tissot in St. John's Wood, the children stayed conveniently nearby with her sister and visited their mother for tea each day.

She became Tissot's favourite and his constant model. The most alluring of his many paintings of her is called 'October' (Montreal Museum of Fine Arts). Mrs. Newton is walking away from us on a carpet of fallen bronze horse-chestnut leaves, against a background of leaves made more golden by a late sun. Her head is turned over her shoulder to regard us—a frequent Tissot ploy—while her neat head is framed in a large black feather-trimmed hat. She wears a fitted black jet-embroidered jacket with fur at the throat; her small, fine hands raise a silk, damson coloured skirt, all ruffles and frills, revealing a glimpse of a lace-trimmed white petticoat. She wears small, louis-heeled black shoes. Under her arm she carries a book, a French book, for it has paper covers and its edges have curled. It has become too cold to stay outside. She does not smile; there is no coquetry here; she simply looks. The dark clothes, the autumnal hues signal the approach of winter. No one will ever paint quite like this again, for the camera can do it all too easily for us instead. Attractive though this picture is, it is little more than a fashion plate and equally undemanding.

More successful as a portrait is that of Colonel Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, 1870 (National Portrait Gallery, London)—a real *Boys Own* character, a dashing cavalry officer, the hero of a ride from Kazala to Khiva, who was soon to be slain by Dervish spears at Khartoum.

The great height of Burnaby is cleverly shown. He is seated, lolling negligently, cigarette in hand, the epitome of military elegance. His immensely long legs are highlighted by the red stripe on his trousers. Splendid play is made with his helmet and breastplate lying beside him. A large map on the wall indicates his foreign travels. This portrait, so different from the earnest, meaningful likenesses of his pre-Raphaelite contemporaries, or the subtle sophistication of the Impressionists, has more in common with 17th century Dutch genre paintings that can be read like a story.

Perhaps the painting that most encapsulates Tissot is 'The Ball on Shipboard' (Tate Gallery, London), the most ambitious of all his English paintings. Opinion differs as to whether this was a carefully arranged studio 'mock-up,' incorporating costumes and props the artist used in other paintings, or that it represented a dance given on board the Royal

Yacht during Cowes Week in 1873. It has been suggested that all the persons represented are portraits, including Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales, wearing a smart sailor straw hat, and that the gentleman beside her may be the Czar Alexander II, which explains the double-headed eagles that figure so prominently in the mass of gay bunting and flags above their heads. Even so, very little of the dancing couples below deck can be glimpsed. The young woman staring straight out at us looks bored and disappointed.

Ms Krystyna Matyjaszkiewicz, who edited the excellent catalogue and contributed the article 'Costume in Tissot's Pictures,' writes that the wide range of fashions shown were either hired, borrowed or bought. In one painting Tissot uses the same dress no fewer than four times.

With the advent of Mrs. Newton these costumes changed. She preferred fewer pleats and ruffles, less decoration. Her style is seen to perfection in 'Woman with a Parasol, Mrs. Newton' of c. 1878 (Musée Baron Martin). Her slim fitted black dress is relieved only by the splash of a red posy and a touch of white at neck and wrists.

When Mrs. Newton died of consumption early in 1882, Tissot fell apart. Arnold Bennett, among others, spoke of him driving her to suicide: Sitwell states that her grave shows she was married to the artist just before her death. Tissot turned to spiritualism, then a new vogue, and held seances every afternoon hoping to contact his beloved; but by November of that year he was back in France.

For the next three years he was engaged on a series of large paintings of Parisian women—society ladies, shop girls, demi-mondaines, circus performers; and just as he was unable to capture the essential essence of Englishwomen, so his 'La Femme à Paris' series failed also.

Shortly after he completed 'La Femme à Paris' Tissot experienced a mystic vision. It decided him to embark on illustrating the life of Christ. He twice visited Palestine and spent the next ten years on this task. Apart from paintings, he produced 365 drawings. They were exhibited in Paris amid scenes of high religious fervour, and in London where the public were more restrained. His *gouache* illustrations toured North America and were purchased by the Brooklyn Museum who have loaned some of them to the present exhibition. The drawings were published and Tissot was paid one million francs for the reproduction rights.

After a third visit to Palestine, he undertook to illustrate the Old Testament. He was engaged on this when, in his 66th year, he died at the family Château de Buillon near Nantes.

In terms of ultimate artistic achievement Tissot was not a great artist. As a salon painter, he does what he does with immense skill. If these pictures do not amount to much more than a fascinating costume display, devoid of emotion, they are at least worthy of a second glance.

The exhibition continues at the Barbican Gallery until January 20th. It tours to the Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester (2nd February-17th March) before going to the Musée du Petit Palais, Paris (April-June, 1985).

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WORK OF THE McCARRISON SOCIETY

Dear Madam,

Michael Hallowell's article on 'Natural Medicine', (Contemporary Review No. 1423 Vol. 245) prompts me to tell your readers something about the McCarrison Society. Its 500 or so members—doctors, dentists, other professionals and lay people—are dedicated to the belief that nutrition is the key to good health.

The Society is named after the great pioneer in nutrition, Sir Robert McCarrison (1878-1960). When working in India he asked why most of the Himalayan Hunza people were so strong, healthy, physically active and long-lived, while people from some other parts of India were often puny, sickly, inactive and prone to early death. His researches soon revealed marked differences in nutritional habits. The Hunza diet consisted of whole grains (wheat, barley and maize), vegetables and fruit, with moderate amounts of milk products and meat. In the poorest regions of India people were trying to survive on polished rice or tapioca, with few vegetables or fruits and almost no meat or fish.

Evidence is that European and North American diets of 'refined' foods are also inadequate, and can lead to degenerative diseases such as dental decay, coronary disease, haemorrhoids, varicose veins and gastro-intestinal disorders—peptic ulcers, appendicitis and colon cancers.

The ideal is a varied diet that includes bread made from freshly-ground wholewheat flour; fresh vegetables and fruit grown on healthy soil; meat and poultry reared under natural conditions; as little as possible of preserved, canned or frozen foods; no processed foods, artificial colourings or flavourings.

The Society disseminates its findings through annual conferences at Oxford and periodical lectures, with contributors of international distinction. It has been possible to show the benefits of good nutrition on child-bearing, mental health and social behaviour. This year's conference is covering Nutrition and the Prevention of Degeneration.

The McCarrison Society's work has shown that diet is a vital link in the world ecological nexus. Nuclear war may seem the most dramatic threat, but the quiet, insidious attack on people's health by denatured or adulterated food could in the long run claim even more lives. A healthier diet might spark off a change of direction in human affairs. Information about the Society can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Pauline Atkin, 23 Stanley Court, Worcester Road, Sutton, Surrey SM2 6SD. (Tel: 01-643 2812).

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, Surrey. RICHARD ALLEN

OUR GREATEST DILEMMA

Dear Madam,

Dr. Joseph Pilat's article in *Contemporary Review* (Vol. 245, No. 1423) prompts me to make the following observations. The worst enemy of mankind and nature is our population explosion, followed by road transport on account of the land it uses and the numbers of people it kills and maims and thirdly, war with its nuclear and pollution potential.

Having now studied war for over fifty years since I had a World War I conscientious objector as a teacher, my conclusions are that why it starts or whom we fight are all irrelevant to the reason why we fight wars. Of the five various reasons why our species collectively fights each other, the success of our species on this planet is evidence that we can ignore the four zoological or epigenetic reasons.

It is the fifth reason that poses what must be the world's greatest dilemma which, to make it thinkable, I call the 'Moneytheist' reason. 'Moneytheist Prosperity' (MP) is defined as the prosperity that results when the figures/paper/coin lubricant for our non-leisure activities, which we call money, actually activates human energy.

It is only the activation itself that produces MP and not why or what for. For example, the recent British coal miners' strike activated MP worth around a billion pounds, the Northern Ireland troubles create MP worth about ¾ billion pounds a year, and World War III—already, before it hots up—creates jobs and MP worth some £450 billion world-wide. All this is very real prosperity without which activated human energy and unemployment would be, perhaps, double or treble.

The dilemma is that, as happened around 1929 when World War II actually started, nothing else was big enough, labour intensive enough or expensive enough to cure that Great Depression, and for the same reason we now need World War III as the cure for the mass unemployment of the 1980s. Hence the need for a limited nuclear war to give us another few decades of Moneytheist Prosperity such as resulted from all the saturation bombing and destruction of World War II. There is nothing wrong with this prosperity except that, in war, the ultimate MP, people, get killed and the damage is mostly indiscriminate.

I know only two alternative solutions to war as the most successful form of Moneytheist Prosperity. One is war with electronic-controlled 'dehumanised' weapons that kill only each other. The second is Multi-Currency. This is my concept of splitting money according to use, such as one currency for food, another for health, housing, education, defence, etc. Thus, instead of adjusting our lives to suit the workings of a should-be obsolete single currency, we adjust the figures/paper/coin to fit the workings of our non-leisure activities.

Does anyone else know a third solution to this great dilemma? Or is anyone else thinking along the same lines?

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT D. LEAKEY

The Multi-Currency Society, Settle, Yorkshire.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

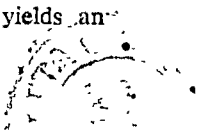
QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Empire in the Sun. J. C. Ballard. Gollancz. £8.95. *The Fabulous Englishman.* Robert McCrum. Hamish Hamilton. £8.95. *Class Differences.* Tim Heald. Hutchinson. £8.95. *The Witches of Eastwick.* John Updike. Deutsch. £8.95. *The Foreigner.* David Plante. Chatto & Windus. £9.95. *Short of Glory.* Alan Judd. Hodder & Stoughton. £8.95.

From the earliest days of fiction writing, novelists have been tempted to draw upon their own experiences. How could it be otherwise, even allowing for the creative process which enables a writer to place his characters in unfamiliar situations? Two of the season's outstanding novels demonstrate the advantages of blending fantasy with fact. In *Empire of the Sun,* J. C. Ballard finds inspiration in his boyhood memories of World War II. These relate to the Japanese invasion of China in 1937 and subsequent occupation of Shanghai. Before this blow stunned a relatively complacent and carefree community, eleven year old Jim had enjoyed a privileged existence. When the British residents moved out of their palatial villas, Jim became separated from his parents and after a hedonist interlude in the deserted mansions was picked up by the Japanese forces. He then became a member of the hapless convoy of displaced Europeans destined for a detention camp. After many tragic vicissitudes the dwindling party reached the ramshackle structure which was to be their home for the next few years. Surprisingly, the place was no Belsen although the internees resembled the starved inmates of a concentration camp. No one was subjected to deliberate maltreatment, but rather to a slow process of malnutrition on account of there being virtually no food available. As always in such conditions, there were some survivors. Jim was one of them, for he soon learned that by keeping on the right side of the Japanese guards various minor privileges came his way. Buoyed up by the conviction that he would one day be reunited with his parents, he pursued his cynical course and the wonder is that he emerged mentally and physically unscathed. When the war ended there was confusion but also hope of a new life in England. By distancing himself from the child he once was, J. G. Ballard has contrived to present his privations as the basis for an exciting thriller-documentary.

Facts, though of a more tenuous kind, also provided the inspiration for Robert McCrum's new novel, *The Fabulous Englishman.* It seems that Robert McCrum once received an enquiry from a Prague bookseller about one of his books, in reply to which he sent a copy. From that slender initiative invention takes over, resulting in a quite brilliantly constructed 'plot within a plot', in which a correspondence is inaugurated between a writer, Christopher Iles, living in Hampstead, and the bookseller, Peter Cizar, some thousands of miles away in Czechoslovakia. As is often the case with correspondents who have never met, much private and personal information was revealed. The 'failed' novelist. Christopher, 'famous for fifteen minutes', is obsessed by a desire to recover his short-lived notoriety, at the same time mourning his youthful love affair with a young Czechoslovakian actress; while Peter Cizar is frustrated by a lack of contact with the free world. At last Christopher decides to visit Cizar in Prague. The rendezvous is not kept, but the journey yields an



encounter with a larger-than-life character, one Dr. Augustus Kuhn, who has a life story to tell so bizarre that Christopher decides to record it in a book which will regain for him his vanished fame. It proves to be an illusion, as even the gullible Christopher might have anticipated. However, Christopher returns to Prague, this time determined to make contact with Peter Cizar, only to discover that the bookseller is dead and that his family have been replying to the letters as a kind of group activity. Perhaps Christopher is not as indignant as he might have been for he finds the Cizars likeable, sincere people, while their young relative, Hana, bears an uncanny likeness to his lost love, Milena: yet there is no future for the relationship. Soon, Christopher is on his way home, a chastened and wiser man, ready to come to terms with his only partially successful marriage and diminishing creative powers. *The Fabulous Englishman* leaves behind it an impression of having journeyed far into unfamiliar territory. Although Christopher's interesting impressions are conveyed at second-hand through a shadowy narrator the picture of an East European city, first in the turmoil of the 'Prague Spring' and later half suffocated by the subsequent 'regime', comes across with a striking clarity.

Tim Heald also draws on personal experience although in a more immediate sense. He was a pupil at one of those small, privately owned boys' preparatory schools which flourished before World War II and have survived up to the present time. Not really subjected to any rigorous official inspection, such institutions in the sixties relied on the integrity and competence of the men who owned them. In this respect Mr. Burnam (Sir) was no worse and a good deal better than many, for he was just and compassionate and managed to get his boys into the top public schools.

That said, what emerges from *Class Differences* is the limitation of an enclosed world wherein most of what takes place outside the school 'grounds' is studiously ignored or at best wrongly interpreted. The food is execrable, the teachers a bizarre group with dubious qualifications—an alcoholic, a social misfit and a student awaiting university entrance. One of the 'matrons' is a sixteen-year-old girl who bathes naked with the student in a muddy pond. Understandably, Mr. Burnam plays down the resulting scandal; but this overt threat to his livelihood is only one of his many problems and it is scarcely surprising if, at the end of the summer term he and his wife take leave of the departing pupils in a state of nervous exhaustion. To the adult view, it all seems deplorably trivial. The problem of writing about tedious happenings is to avoid boring the reader, and in this Tim Heald is only partly successful; yet *Class Differences* serves as a timely reminder that dedication to the day-by-day minutiae must be the first priority for a successful teacher.

The question of the power of the supernatural is one of perennial interest. When it comes to a specific examination of evil influences the subject tends to become menacing. The normal human being recoils from the ability to encompass disaster, even death, particularly when the sinister power is exercised by women. One day someone is going to write a serious novel about the mentality of the witch. *The Witches of Eastwick* does not aspire to do so, for John Updike is essentially a humorous writer and his account of three deserted wives living in the small town of Eastwick on Rhode Island, despite its grisly moments is essentially a comedy. The women meet frequently to gossip about their love affairs and domestic problems. Apart from a few trials of strength over trivial issues, nothing momentous occurs to inspire their wrath; but the situation does not remain static. Darryl van Horne comes to live among them after purchasing a ramshackle mansion on the outskirts of

the town. Strangely, the women fall for this hirsute, overweight individual and seem content with a sharing role, even introducing a young acquaintance, Jenny, into the charmed circle. Too late they realise that Darryl plans to marry her; whereupon the witches are prompted by jealously to embark upon an ugly ritual of curses and effigy-making. Soon, the hapless Jenny is in a physical decline. Eventually, despite the witches' last minute remorse, she dies; and then the irony of the situation is uncovered. Darryl did not love Jenny. He was having an affair with her brother and used the marriage as a 'cover-up'. With the passage of years time grasses over the pain. The three witches remarry, move away and generally embark upon new existences. Naturally, their crimes are never brought home to them although the residents of Eastwick proved not to be foolish and unsuspecting after all, for certain strange happenings in the past were frequently discussed and speculated about. A black comedy; certainly, skirting the serious issues, yet *The Witches of Eastwick* contains some of John Updike's most memorable passages and underlines his inimitable power of evoking lifelike men and women and their mundane habitat.

David Plante is a writer who makes a virtue of straying as far as possible from the orthodox views of places and people. In *The Foreigner* the settings are Paris and Barcelona, with glimpses of Valencia and Alcazar. The novel is about a young French Canadian whose obsession is to explore Europe during a break in his studies. Paris seems to be the place to aim for and he seeks lodgings at an address casually handed to him on the voyage by a beautiful black girl named Angela. Here he endures discomfort and general privation, partly through his own inability to make proper arrangements. 'Madame' is not unkind and often offers him snacks and coffee, but for most of the time he wanders around the capital, exhausted, hungry and ill until she gives him his marching orders. He obeys her instructions to go to Barcelona, where Hemingway's memorable phrase 'in Spain you could not tell about anything' proves to be only too true. By coincidence he meets Angela, his companion on the sea-crossing. She allows him to tag along with her in an existence as disorderly and inconsequential as his own.

Presently, they contact Vincent, an American who remembers the Spanish civil war and still seems affected by it. This rootless, impecunious person makes mysterious telephone calls, frequents seedy clubs and cafes and indulges in uninhibited sex-play with Angela which the young man attends as an unwilling *voyeur*. Not surprisingly, he passes the days and nights in a state of mild shock. In the end, like Madame, they move him on, when he has exhausted his usefulness by acting as a courier and handing over his travellers' cheques. He is set for Almeira, and travels third class across Spain in considerable discomfort. He arrives on the final stage of his tour as confused as when he set out, aware that soon he will be returning to his homeland for the start of his first university term, enriched, it would be anticipated, by his bizarre experiences. The factually-minded reader may be tempted to enquire as to the precise nature of Angela's and Vincent's activities and to wish to tie up the loose ends of the narrative. There would be no advantage in doing so. *The Foreigner* lingers in the memory as a supreme intellectual and emotional experience unhampered by probabilities. Any traveller who has strayed from the fashionable end of the Rambla and the main Paris boulevards will be reminded of sounds and sights so vividly described as to become actual.

Finally, a hilarious and very perceptive comedy with serious undertones.

The landscape and administration of South Africa have never been more effectively conveyed than in Alan Judd's new novel, *Short of Glory*. The young diplomatic aspirant, Patrick Stubbs, takes up his first appointment in a mood of idealism and a desire for change; but he himself is accident-prone and one disaster after another, together with flagrant personal indiscretions, result, perhaps almost too predictably, in a hasty recall to London. Some, though not all, the characters are stereotypes and go through the expected rituals: yet others are new to the general run of fiction concerning apartheid states and as such are both interesting and revealing.

Also Received:

Tough Guys Don't Dance. Norman Mailer. Michael Joseph. £8.95. Admirers of *The Naked and the Dead* may find it difficult to come to terms with Norman Mailer's new novel, *Tough Guys Don't Dance*, for the sheer compulsion of that celebrated work is missing from this somewhat contrived tale of a central character with disastrous problems of amnesia and hangovers. Yet for all that, Norman Mailer's drive to compel attention succeeds—up to a point, at any rate.

Wild Berries. Yevgeny Yevtushenko (translated by Antonia W. Bouis). Macmillan. £8.95. A translation of the poet Yevtushenko's first novel, *Wild Berries*, already published in almost every country in Europe, will be welcomed for the unusual and haunting picture of Siberian forests and communities. Essentially a modern study of the impact of a sequestered world on a party of urban scientists, it remains by implication tethered to the previous century. Fine prose, significant thoughts about life in general, outweigh an uneven presentation.

Infanta's Inferno. C. Cabrera Infanta (translated by Suzanne Jill Levine and the author). Faber & Faber. £9.95. Although styled a novel, *Infanta's Inferno* is essentially a piece of fictionised autobiography drawn from Cabrera Infanta's personal experiences. This prolific Latin American writer has an abundance of knowledge about people and events. Enormously long, with 410 closely printed pages, it is well worth some effort to sustain the trial of endurance.

The 1984 Booker Prize for Fiction was awarded to Anita Brookner for her novel *Hotel du Lac* (Cape, £8.75), a brilliantly intuitive study of a lonely Englishwoman's holiday in a typical Swiss lakeside resort, and her reaction to her fellow guests.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

POPE JOHN XXIII

John XXIII Pope Of The Council. Peter Hebblethwaite. Geoffrey Chapman. £14.95.

Peter Hebblethwaite tells us that he has been working on this life of Pope John for seven years. But for many years longer than that he has been equipping himself for the task. When I myself wrote a short life of the present Pope in 1981, I drew heavily on Peter Hebblethwaite's writings. It is no disparagement of Paul Johnson's brilliant essay to say that this book will long be accepted as the most valuable biography. The reader must study the text carefully as he proceeds and return to some parts of it more than once.

A certain Carlo Falconi published in 1967 a book called 'The Popes in the Twentieth Century.' Hebblethwaite, in his bibliography, refers to Falconi in this way: 'Falconi, a priest who resigned from his ministry, retained the friendship of some of his peers; a witty, engaging, and often penetrating view of the Vatican in this century; officially frowned upon.' I suppose that some tiresome critic might apply the same words to Hebblethwaite. But his is an altogether deeper authority. I have no idea how he stands today in official circles. I would describe him as the most interesting writer at the present time on Papal matters in this country.

Falconi is a good deal simpler in his conclusions than Hebblethwaite. He writes of the Pope's election: 'No one had the slightest suspicion of the real personality of the man they had chosen, or of what his coming was to mean for Catholicism and the world as a whole.' Hebblethwaite's conclusions on that point are much more complicated.

Every now and then, however, he sums up the issues with epigrammatic clarity. Pope John XXIII wrote, after his 1956 retreat: 'I would not mind being thought a fool if this could help people to understand what I firmly believe and shall assert as long as I live, that the Gospel teaching is unalterable and that in the Gospel Jesus teaches us to be gentle and humble; naturally, this is not the same thing as being weak and easy going.' Hebblethwaite, as so often, supplies a penetrating summary, 'Whatever people thought of him, Roncalli was going to *gamble on goodness*' (my italics).

Seven years on, Roncalli, by this time Pope, was making the keynote speech which was to provide inspiration for the Vatican Council. This speech, according to Hebblethwaite, summed up his entire life. Hebblethwaite extracts four main themes 'which lifted it above banality and shaped the future course of the Council: the idea of a council as the celebration of faith ever-old, ever-new; an optimism in the Spirit which involved a denunciation of the "prophets of misfortune" (usually translated indiscriminately as "prophets of gloom" or "of doom"); a clear statement on what the Council was for and what not; and a novel approach to "errors".' Of these four themes it seems to me that the 'optimism in the Spirit' was the most remarkable.

We are all conscious of the extraordinary benevolence of Pope John XXIII, but it is well that we should be reminded of the unique optimism that lay behind it. When he left Bulgaria after nine years, he concluded his sermon: 'Wherever I may go, if a Bulgarian passes by my door, whether it's night time or whether he's poor, he will find that candle lighted at my window. Knock,

knock. You won't be asked whether you're a Catholic or not; the title of Bulgarian brother is enough. Come in. Two fraternal arms will welcome you, and the warm heart of a friend will make it a feast-day.' Many years later it was not difficult for him to welcome Khrushchev's son-in-law to the Vatican and to ask Khrushchev's daughter about her children, one of them proving to be called Ivan. Ivan, said Pope John XXIII, 'is simply John, the name of my grandfather, my father, the name I chose for my pontificate, the name of the hill above my birthplace, the name of the basilica of which I am bishop.'

He concluded: 'When you get home, madame, give all your children a hug, but give Ivan a very special one—the others won't mind.' No wonder he remains the best-loved man of the present century.

FRANK LONGFORD

BRITAIN'S BEST EXPORTS

The British Council. The First Fifty Years. Frances Donaldson. Cape. £16.

A friend of mine, now dead, had a mania for writing studies of Institutions such as Middlesex Hospital, the British Museum, the House of Lords (of which he was a member). Subsequently I discovered that his main academic interest was *public administration:* accordingly he confined himself to examining the bones and administrative structure of these admirable bodies and the result was incredibly boring.

The miracle of Frances Donaldson's book is that she really makes administration come alive. Admittedly she starts with the advantage of being an eminent biographer; one has only to remember her classic study of Edward VIII and the more recent P. G. Wodehouse—both *authorised biographies*—to expect a good piece of writing. However, the difficulties facing her were daunting.

First, the author had access to Council files at the Public Record Office and was allowed to read relevant Foreign and Commonwealth Office papers; therefore this book becomes a sort of *Official Biography.* Secondly, in the words of the author 'the whole of the research for this book was done by a long-time member of the British Council staff, Dr. Harriet Harvey Wood'. So Frances Donaldson has spent three years reading, listening and interviewing key people in this country and then visiting numerous British Council Offices overseas, in Europe and Asia, and discussing matters with representatives and their wives. Thirdly, she has had to interpret nearly a dozen Enquiries, Select Committees and Reports, whose Chairmen have included such names as Lord Drogheda, Lord Hill, Sir Harold Beeley, Sir Val Duncan and Lord Seebohm. I say nothing of the dreadful Berril Report and even less of one of its members, Dr. Tessa Blackstone, a naive specialist in *Social Administration.*

The author has perceived that the British Council is only one part, but a part now firmly established, of Britain's Overseas Information Services including of course the BBC—in a word the Projection of Britain abroad. Many of the Reports mentioned deal with demarkations between Education, Technical Aid, English Language Teaching, English Literature and the Arts. There has always been a somewhat delicate relationship between an Embassy, especially a large Embassy and its various attachés. I remember Lord Halifax, when he was Ambassador in Washington, telling me that he had a miniature Cabinet of Consuls and attachés round him, and was threatened with an education attaché. At last it would seem that a balance has been struck and it is now widely accepted that the purposes of the Council are 'to create an enduring understanding and appreciation of Britain abroad through edu-

cational and technical co-operation'—the precise words of the present excellent Director-General, Sir John Burgh.

Throughout the book Frances Donaldson makes clear what few people realize or remember today, the moral and spiritual upheavel caused by four years of war. Britain had not been occupied and the BBC had helped to keep the spirit of freedom alive during the war. Young and old, in Europe, on the Mediterranean Littoral and in Asia had been cut off from books, the theatre, free discussion and every aspect of culture. The European Movement was born, the Arts Council created, and the demand for the best of British Culture demanded a British Council.

The aftermath of the War opened the eyes of the world and of some far-seeing people in Britain. A budget for the British Council of £881 in 1934 grew and grew, in spite of Lord Beaverbrook and all the Enquiries, until today the total expenditure stands at over £170 million and the Council is represented in over 80 countries.

Perhaps at this point I should add a personal note. I was enabled to see the British Council at work from two vantage points, first as a Minister of Education, secondly as Chairman of the National Book League. Incidentally as an Independent MP for the Universities in the forties (without Whips) I was asked to speak for the Council all over Europe and the Middle East and witnessed what Ivor Brown described in the Observer as 'Europe's Other Hunger'. Frances Donaldson, perforce, has had to make judgements not only on our policy but on people, some still alive. More often than not I agree with her generous judgements.

So poor Lady Donaldson (to reveal her honoured name) has had plenty of problems and has overcome them. She has unfolded the 50-year life-story of the British Council with a wealth of information and illustrations about its varied activities. From my own experience I assess this book as a brilliant biography of a Public Institution and a model for future social historians.

Finally let me remind readers as a fitting conclusion to this very British story that the Council was started by an arch-Imperialist, Lord Lloyd, and an Australian-born officer of the Foreign Office, Sir Reginald Leeper. Its present Director-General was a refugee from Vienna of Jewish origin who has risen to his eminent post via a distinguished career in our Civil Service and by his own knowledge and love of music. If he had been old enough to be a student on arrival in England, he might well have been looked after by the Home Division of the British Council itself.

KENNETH LINDSAY

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES

One Man's Faith. Frank Longford. Hodder & Stoughton. £4.95.

This is the testimony of faith of a devout Christian and his views upon many of the controversial issues of the day. Ever since he became a don at Oxford before the war, he has studied closely theology and the historical basis of the Gospels. He is entirely convinced of their veracity. The Resurrection was a physical event, as well as spiritual. 'Those who insist dogmatically that the Resurrection *could not* have occurred are flying in the face of historical evidence. Once the Resurrection is accepted, the other miraculous features of Christ's life need cause no special trouble.' Discussing comparative religion, Lord Longford describes the Incarnation as 'a unique historical event' and holds that the basic difference between Christianity and the mystery religions is 'the historical basis of the one and the mythological character of the others.'

Discussing the ethical behaviour of Christians, Lord Longford makes the bold and controversial assertion that '*on average*, Christians behave better than non-Christians—as indeed they ought to. I am talking about the moral consequences of belief. I am not treating belief itself as a moral virtue.' As he concedes, this is incapable of proof. Indeed, as the author accepts, there are many humanists who are altruistic and full of good works. Nonetheless, there are criteria of behaviour which tend to set Christians apart. This is perhaps particularly the case of Lord Longford, who was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1940. Furthermore, he has been and is closely involved in many social causes, and was, of course, chairman of the report on pornography. Discussing sex, marriage and the family, he argues that sex before marriage 'plays a major part in damaging those who take part in it and, in the end, the whole of society.' There is 'an ineluctable trend' that ultimately it undermines marriage. He cannot dissociate the great expansion of sex before marriage with the huge increase in divorce and 'the staggering increase in illegitimate births.' He has always been strongly against abortion.

Lord Longford has long been associated with his work among prisoners and their rehabilitation. He accepts that prison sentences are inevitable in many cases, but criticises the length of many sentences and the limitations on parole. He attributes the great increase in crime, irresistibly, to a general decline in morality,' including 'a diminished regard for authority.' He concedes that the latter has a good side as well as a bad one. On war and peace, he regards war as justifiable, but only as a last resort. Most people will agree with him.

While a staunch Catholic, he has great regard for other Christian denominations and welcomes the ecumenical movement as of particular and significant importance during recent years. There is a mutual respect and trust between the different denominations. Lord Longford rightly does not discuss the ultimate form of an eventual reunion.

This is a book of great interest which must appeal to all those concerned with our way of life and the standards which should protect and promote it.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

A FAMOUS FAMILY

The House of Mitford. Jonathan Guinness with Catherine Guinness. Hutchinson. £12.95.

It seems unlikely that anyone living in England has not heard, read or seen stories about the seven children of the second Lord Redesdale. Nancy Mitford, the astringent novelist, first publicised the story of their lives at home; Pamela, in an autobiography gave a somewhat different account, after her marriage to Professor Jackson, millionaire scientist and part-owner of the *News of the World*; Thomas, the only son, was killed in Burma in 1945; Diana, Lady Mosley, spent much of the war in Holloway Prison on account of her husband's and her own British Fascist Party activities; Unity's disturbed mind led her into infatuation with Hitler and a subsequent attempt at suicide which permanently damaged her brain; Jessica settled in California on her second marriage to a communist lawyer; and Deborah was married to a younger son of the Duke of Devonshire who later succeeded to the dukedom on the deaths of both his father and elder brother. 'The Mitford Girls,' so called by John Betjeman, were presented in fiction and autobiography as being constantly in shrieks of laughter or floods of tears. The truth, as shown by Jonathan Guinness, elder son of Diana, Lady Mosley, by her first marriage to Brian Guinness, later

Lord Moyne, is both grimmer and more mundane. Aided by his own eldest daughter, Catherine, Lady Neidpath, he places the family in their social milieu and historical context—the difficult pre-war years of the twenties and thirties—when they associated with some of the most interesting people of their time: Lytton Strachey, Lord Berners, Emerald Cunard, Evelyn Waugh and John Betjeman were their friends.

Jonathan Guinness ably and amusingly traces the family history back to the 1890s, to Bertie Mitford, eccentric classical scholar and diplomatist, descended on his mother's side from the Royalist Ashburnhams of Sussex and on his father's from another Royalist family belonging to the Northumbrian landed gentry, who owned the village of Mitford. The nineteenth century great-grandparents provide considerably less in the way of sensational stories than do their descendants, especially the six Mitford girls. They are eccentric only in the manner expected by men poorer than themselves and are therefore firmly in the aristocratic tradition.

Nothing in this excellently researched and entertaining book can, however, eradicate the spine-chilling impact of the tragically misguided Unity's passion for Hitler, an emotion carrying psychotic overtones that make it more painful each time the story is repeated. Her constant epistolary references to Nazi outrages and to Hitler's brutal practical jokes as 'killingly funny' are horrifying, revealing something darker than 'complete unawareness,' as Jonathan Guinness remarks, 'that the Nazis were in any way dangerous.' The fact that in both Nancy's novels and Jessica's autobiography many events have been described with a good deal of artistic licence makes the author's task a doubly hard one. Jessica's largely left-wing version; the light-hearted, even callous impression left by Nancy's novels have not shown the more serious aspects of family life. Tom's musicianship and the farming and animal-loving preoccupations of the sisters are, we are told, its true substance.

It appears, however, that placing in its mundane context the events in the lives of the Mitford family serves only to throw into bizarre relief two unpalatable, obstinate sets of facts: first, those surrounding the Unity-Hitler association and second, those connected with Diana's marriage to Sir Oswald Mosley in the Reichstag Chancellery, arranged by Goebbels and kept secret from the English family and friends. (It says much that Diana's mother, Lady Redesdale, was greatly relieved when told that the two were, after all, married, and not, as she had thought, living 'in sin.' No other aspect of the matter worried her in the least.) The breakdown of family loyalties which took place at the outbreak of war with Germany has not previously been fully documented. We realise for the first time that not only did Jessica betray Diana as a 'dangerous Fascist' (doubtless this betrayal was the outcome of Jessica's new viewpoint as a Californian communist's wife), but she eventually demanded their rearrest when the Mosleys were released from gaol in 1943. More surprisingly, Nancy, too, denounced her sister, as did Lord Swinton, Diana's former father-in-law, to Gladwyn Jebb, who had been officially detailed to investigate the Mosleys' activities. Only two of the sisters stood by her, namely, Pamela and Deborah, now the Duchess of Devonshire. In fact, despite the constant affirmation that family loyalty and affection were the prime Mitford characteristics, the rancour which the various betrayals caused reverberate alarmingly throughout this remarkable tale. Jonathan Guinness and his daughter have produced an eminently readable book. It contains many good photographs.

BETTY ABEL

LIGHT VERSE

The Everyman Book of Light Verse. Edited by Robert Robinson. Dent. £12.95.

There is something dispiriting about Mr. Robinson's bumper omnibus, in spite of the allurement of a frothy, florabundic jacket, vaguely Bacchic, with a hint of Zuleika Dobson, not to mention a snapshot of the editor himself, familiar phizog pregnant of his latest *mot.* The difficulty is that, as Mr. Robinson indicates in his Introduction, the times are out of joint with light verse, not only in its execution, but also in its appreciation. Wit is now an artificial, extrinsic commodity, to be marvelled at, in such a way that Mr. Robinson's publishers proudly recommend him as 'one of the foremost wits of the day.' John Betjeman is the noble exception, here in all his melancholy splendour.

That Introduction of Mr. Robinson's is so oblique that it nearly slides sideways off the page, like A. E. Prys-Jones' Wife of Carcassone, who 'one sad evening, in her bath . . . slipped and slithered down the vent/Calling her husband as she went.' Any such brave compiler, lumbered with the pursuit of the intangible, must gird his thews and have a crack at defining light verse. Mr. Robinson comes up with the proposition that 'Good light verse has a conversational address: it is the principle of conversational wit, precipitated: a perfect formality of rhyme and scansion vanishing (in the right hands) within an illusion of nonchalance and spontaneity.' Moreover, good poetry that is not light verse 'carries you into a place you didn't know was there' whereas light verse 'freshens up odd corners everyone is familiar with, and sometimes does it well enough to make you smile, mostly in surprise.' A plain definition would be that of poetry which has no serious intent. Mr. Robinson confesses to succumbing to the temptation of including poems 'whose conversational tone has been assumed for other purposes, and which are carrying unexploded material'. *To His Coy Mistress* comes within this category: it is a shock and a sacrilege to find these lines, among the most doomful in the English language, loaded indeed with dynamite, in the company of lampoons and limericks.

Mr. Kingsley Amis, who edited *The New Oxford Book of Light Verse* in 1978, in succession to W. H. Auden's previous volume of 1938, in an Introduction altogether more substantial than Mr. Robinson's, repudiates his illustrious predecessor's principle that the kind of poet who unselfconsciously shares the common life and language of ordinary men and writes of the one in the other, in something close to the speaking voice, will then produce light verse. Amis's short definition is 'to raise a good-natured smile'—not necessarily as a response to the comic. 'Light verse need not be funny, but what no verse can afford to be is unfunny.' Amis's further proposition that unlike light music, light verse can never be beautiful, only genial memorable, enlivening and funny is not seriously challenged by Mr. Robinson's selection. The latter's hoard is far from hackneyed, and it is absolutely different from the Oxford volumes.

Mr. Robinson eschews any kind of order by chronology or category of parody, clarihew, epitaph, epigram, satire, burlesque, *vers de société* and so on, in favour of a simple march by alphabetical order of first word. Thus we have no stodgy homogenous clusters of *genus*—a little nonsense verse goes a long way—or period, by which the eighteenth century is especially intended; Mr. Robinson does not shirk it. However, the resultant chaos, discordant

voices tumbling and jumbled, is not so diverting as it is supposed to be, and does not really preclude the 'skipping' which Mr. Robinson was at pains to deter. There is a poem by T. S. Eliot, never previously published, which the poet copied out for his wife in her private notebook:— *There's No One Left to Press My Pants.* No reviewer can resist notice of two menacing sonnets begat by computer—'How can the purple yeti be so red' and 'Oh salamander, tell me why the moon'. Mr. Amis could not see the situation improving much and this is the landscape of his worst nightmares. Should Mr. Robinson's reader find himself baffled by an obscurity, his only recourse is to turn, on the off-chance, to the handful of notes at the end of the volume, and even then there is no page reference back to the text.

MOLLY TIBBS

ROMER'S SELBORNE

Ancient Lives. John Romer. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £10.95.

'This is the biography of a 3,000-year-old village—a village whose life is preserved in rich and often eccentric details. Of one of its people, for example, there might remain a comb with some hair around it, a fragment of a letter, a receipt or two; of another, a legal document, a small library and so on. By setting such minutiae against the grandeur of ancient Thebes, I have aimed to make these ancient villagers walk through their own landscape once again . . . '

Thus does John Romer, artist and archaeologist, well-seasoned egyptologist, introduce the theme of his new book about the old civilisation. The village has no name; only location. It is situate in the arid and barren terrain on the west bank of the Nile. Its area is now known as Deir el Medina—but that is a latterday label of convenience. Once, this was the unique settlement of the tomb makers of the Pharaohs. Here were gathered, concentrated, the quarrymen, the stonemasons, the sculptors, the painters, the scribes, who, uniting art and artifice, ritual and religion, created the monuments and masterpieces, visible and invisible, of the Valley of the Kings. This is Mr. Romer's third book on ancient Egypt and it is his best; not only because of its pronounced originality, but because practice has honed and refined his writing, which, in this book, achieves a sensitivity not usually associated with the more, literally, down-to-earth talents of the field excavator. His story of the village and its people reflects total history in microcosm, for this place was an exceptional barometer; registering the rises and falls and pressures which chequered the village lives from the green and fertile days of Rameses II, through leisurely decline, on into the dry and empty dynasties of outrun time.

The book is very nicely produced. Clear, uncluttered type, splendid coloured photographs and attractive text-embellishing drawings by Elizabeth Romer, the author's wife. This is indeed a *living* work about the mighty dead. The author certainly makes use of his gift of rare imagination—but never allows it to make use of him. It would be so easy to take a tumble down one of his own grave shafts, but, nimble-footed from scurrying these many seasons in the dusty steps of Howard Carter, Mr. Romer maintains balance and dulcet decorum.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Viceroy's India (Sidgwick and Jackson. £12.95). This illuminating volume contains twenty-five pieces selected by Peter King from Lord Curzon's *Tales of Travel* and *Leaves From a Viceroy's Notebook*. Before he became Viceroy of India in 1899 at the age of 39, Curzon, then a Conservative M.P., had toured extensively in Asia and had acquired a reputation as a leading authority on the region. This volume includes his own accounts of some of his travels, including visits to Chitral, the Pamirs, Kashmir and Gilgit. It also covers his remarkable stay in Afghanistan in 1894 as the guest of the cruel and ruthless Amir Abdur Rahman. Many of the other essays are in lighter vein, about incidents during his viceroyalty of six years to 1905 and of the Coronation Durbar of 1903 and commemoration of the Indian Mutiny. In her Introduction, Elizabeth Longford provides a brief assessment of Curzon as Viceroy, whose reputation in India has still survived. Referring to the essays, she notes 'Curzon's lively sense of humour, sometimes wonderfully sharp and ironic . . . Curzon could be playfully sarcastic about himself and his talents.' The book is well illustrated with 90 contemporary photographs and drawings. Most of these are drawn from his own collection.

Malcolm Lowry. Iris Murdoch. (Contemporary writers. Methuen. £1.95 each). Two lively and enlightening additions to the excellent continuing series under the general head, *Contemporary Writers*, by, respectively, Ronald Binns and Richard Todd. Although in paperback format, these studies are far from being mere students' handbooks; they are more sophisticated and subtle than that, and always have behind them an evaluative awareness of all and the latest critical activity attached to each modern writer selected. The Malcolm Bradbury school of criticism is inherent here. Iris Murdoch is an ideal writer for the purpose of this series, in that, as Mr. Todd shows, 'She has given serious and extended thought to the difficulties underlying the whole enterprise of writing fiction in an age and culture which evinces highly ambivalent attitudes towards "greatness" in art and which has become deeply suspicious of the kind of liberal creative impulse which she herself possesses.' Whereas, 'As a metafictionalist Lowry felt himself to be a lonely pioneer. . . Disastrously, he lacked a critical language in which to articulate what he was trying to do.' (M.T.)

Domestic Manners of the Americans (Oxford University Press. Paperback. £4.95). Anthony Trollope's mother was, of course, a well-known and prolific writer and novelist. One of her best known books is this study first published in 1832 and now republished under the editorship of the American historian, Dr. Richard Mullen. She spent three and half years in America in the South and further North, but she never visited New England. Her caustic contempt for the American way of life and her natural loathing of slavery gave great offence. In his long and careful Introduction, Dr. Mullen explains that 'she told the truth as she saw it.' He points out that many of the things she criticised 'still have a contemporary validity and call for consideration by any current observer of American life.' He cites 'just a few: the prevalence of violence, the dangers of fundamentalist religion, and the emptiness of American cities at night.' The text is usefully annotated.

FORGING PASSION INTO POWER

JONATHAN HANAGHAN (£3)

THE WISDOM OF JONTY

Arranged by Richard Cameron (£1.50)

'Very occasionally in life, one meets people who make a great impact on one, people who stand out from the common run, extraordinary beings. For me, Jonty Hanaghan was one . . . '

Ludovic Kennedy

'One of the greatest figures in a century'
Arland Ussher (Past President of the Irish Academy of Letters)

RUNA PRESS MONKSTOWN DUBLIN
Distributed in the US by Dufour Editions Inc.

CALL FOR PAPERS

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY
WOMEN WRITERS'
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

Eighteenth-Century
Women And The Arts

For information please apply to:

Natalie Datlov
HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY
Hempstead, New York 11550, USA

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, OCTOBER 10-11-12 1985

FREE SPIRIT PUBLICATIONS

Mail Order Books, Trade Distribution (London)
For small publishers, Bookfinding service

We supply a wide range of titles dealing with political, economic and personal freedom, also magazines, secondhand books and some fiction.

Current list includes: An End to Allegiance, (£12.50 plus £1 p&p, £2 outside Europe), Geoffrey Sampson's Guide to the new Political ideas which embrace both economic and personal freedom.

Write: F.S.P., 13 Wellington Road, London W5 4UJ, UK

(Please enclose 17p stamp unless ordering the Sampson book)

Telephone: Ed McArthur 01-579 7625 (evenings)

FIRST TIME

A BI-ANNUAL MAGAZINE DESIGNED TO ENCOURAGE FIRST TIME POETS

Poems are invited for the 8th issue of the twice yearly publication FIRST TIME, being the publication of the Hastings Poetry Society.

The closing date for submissions is 15th March, 1985
Subscription £2.50 per annum including postage

BACK ISSUES OF FIRST TIME AVAILABLE AT 50p each.

Please apply to: 80 St. Helen's Road, Hastings, E. Sussex TN34 2LH

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS AUTOBIOGRAPHY SERIES

Volume One. Edited by Dedria Bryfonski. 431 pages.
Foreword by Alden Whitman.
Bibliographies. Illustrations. Cumulative Index.

Published by Gale Research Co., Detroit, USA, 1984.
ISSN 0748-0636. ISBN 0-8103-4500-5. **$70.00.**

Printed by H. G LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO LTD, 61 Carey Street, London, WC2A 2JG Tel 01-242 3215 All business matters should be addressed to the publishers

Contemporary Review

120th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

MAY 1985

CITIZEN INVOLVEMENT IN CENTRAL AMERICA
Mark Gibney

CYPRUS: A NATION DIVIDED
Cyril D. Townsend, M.P

THE ESSENTIAL TRINITY: GAS, OIL AND COAL
Sir Richard Dobson

CINEMA: A QUARTERLY SURVEY
David Shipman

and other articles together with an eight-page Literary Supplement

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

May 1985 Vol. 246 No. 1432 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
Citizen Involvement in Central America	Mark Gibney	225
Cyprus: a Nation Divided	Cyril D. Townsend, M.P.	230
The Essential Trinity: Gas, Oil and Coal	Sir Richard Dobson	236
Nyerere in the Tanzanian Dilemma	Alfred Landor	242
The Price of Strife	Paul Rose	247
A View of Soviet Armenia	Peter Sutton	251
The European Monetary System— Why We Should Join It Now	Rudi Weisweiller	255
The Social Role of the Theatre Critic	John Elsom	259
Sailing With Coleridge and Drake	Sheila Huftel	264
Cinema: a Quarterly Survey	David Shipman	267
Correspondence: Nothing to Celebrate	K. Sorensen	271
Exploitation of Sexuality	Tony Hughes	272
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		273
Lord Longford, Kenneth Lindsay, Paul Rose, Richard Mullen, Rosalind Wade, Tully Potter, Richard Whittington-Egan		
SHORTER REVIEWS		279

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE, O.B.E.

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT
PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY

Music Correspondent:
DAVID FINGLETON

Finance Director:
LEONARD SKIPP

© 1985 Published monthly by Contemporary Review Co. Ltd, Carey Street, London WC2A 1JG England and printed in England by H. G Leates Ltd, 45/47 Alexandra St., Southend-on-Sea, Essex U S. Mailing Agent: Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd, 515 Madison Avenue, Suite 1217 New York N Y 10022 Second-class postage paid at New York, NY Annual subscription (including postage) U.K. £15.50, U S.A. and Canada. $50 00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S and Canada, extra costs given on request U S Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 515 Madison Avenue, New York N Y 10022 (ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

May 1985 Vol. 246 No. 1432

CITIZEN INVOLVEMENT IN CENTRAL AMERICA

by Mark Gibney

THERE are two political phenomena occurring at the present time in the United States that are not only quite novel and noteworthy, but at first glance their similarities are striking. One phenomenon is the Sanctuary movement. Upwards of 200 churches throughout the country have been offering a type of private asylum for those fleeing certain Central American countries. The federal government has recently begun to arrest some of those participating in this movement.

The second political phenomenon is the private aid to the anti-Sandinistas by some US citizens and corporations. This private aid has usually taken the form of money—to the tune of $1.5 million per month[1] —but in some instances American citizens are acting as insurgent advisers, and apparently some have even fought in the war. Both Sanctuary and the 'private war' are illegal. In both instances private US citizens are performing activities that have traditionally been left to the government to perform. The question is, whether Sanctuary and the private war in Nicaragua can be justified as a valid excuse for civil disobedience.

The civil war in El Salvador needs no introduction. It is estimated that between 40,000 and 50,000 civilians have been killed in that country during the course of this war. In the face of this onslaught on non-combatants, hundreds of thousands of civilians have fled El Salvador. As many as 500,000 Salvadorans have come to the United States in recent years. Although the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees has recognised most Salvadorans as bona fide refugees[2] as have Mexico and Canada), the US government has remained adamant that the vast majority of those leaving El Salvador are simply leaving for economic betterment. The ultimate result is that only a very small percentage of the Salvadorans who apply for asylum in this country receive this status. Those coming from communist societies who are granted asylum is much greater.[3]

The harsh treatment accorded Salvadorans in America is not only reflected in the refusal of asylum. The US government has broken a long standing precedent by singling out Salvadorans for denial of extended voluntary departure status.[4] Salvadorans have also been treated quite roughly in a literal sense. In Orantes-Hernandez v. Smith[5] a federal district court in California overturned several INS practices with regard to Salvadorans who have been arrested and detained in US prisons. The

court found that the INS had used coercive tactics to cause members to accept 'voluntary' departure, and had failed to advise Salvadorans of their right to political asylum and their right to a hearing prior to deportation. The court also found that the INS had denied Salvadorans effective legal counsel by refusing to recognise counsel's authority to revoke these voluntary departure agreements, and by limiting the detained Salvadorans access to counsel and legal information. The district court also overturned a number of rather petty INS practices, such as the withholding of reading and writing material to Salvadoran prisoners.

It cannot, of course, be claimed that all Salvadorans who are in America are bona fide refugees. However, in the past, political considerations have dictated who is considered a bona fide refugee and who is not. This is also the case at the present time. From 1965 until 1980 the refugee provisions of the Immigration Act restricted those eligible for this status to refugees from Middle Eastern countries, or those escaping from communist regimes. This 7th preference in the Act was not always invoked in admitting refugees; however, the large numbers admitted to this country under the Attorney General's parole power (Vietnamese and Cuban refugees, for example) likewise mirrored the East-West conflict.[6]

Apparently dissatisfied with the geographical and ideological restrictions in the 7th preference (and perhaps the ideological slant of the use of the Attorney General's parole power) these restrictions were removed with the adoption of the 1980 Refugee Act. The House Committee Report saw a greatly revised system.

> By changing the standard to refugees of 'special humanitarian concern' the committee intends to emphasize that the plight of the refugees themselves, as opposed to national origins or political considerations, should be paramount in determining which refugees are to be admitted to the United States.[7]

Despite such efforts to remove political considerations from the Refugee Act, US refugee/asylum practice has continued to reflect the East-West conflict. Elliot Abrams, the Assistant Secretary for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, has been rather candid in describing the political nature of the process used in determining whether an individual meets the standard for asylum.

> Each applicant is reviewed individually by an officer in the Office of Asylum Affairs of HA Bureau of Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs and then is sent to the appropriate country desk in the Department. If appropriate, HA may request an opinion from the office of Legal Adviser on information from the US Embassy in the applicant's country of nationality. After agreement is reached between the asylum officer in HA and the desk officer on the proposed recommendations to INS, the draft advisory opinion and application file are reviewed by the Director of the Office of Asylum Affairs in HA, and in some cases by the geographic officer in HA or by the Deputy Assistant Secretary for Asylum and Humanitarian Affairs.[8]

Because of the intransigence of the US government in summarily denying asylum to the vast number of Salvadorans who apply, the Sanctuary movement developed and has grown rapidly. The recent arrests of several leaders in the movement seems to indicate that new battle lines are in the process of being drawn.

Much less is known about the private war being waged by some Americans in Nicaragua against the ruling Sandinista regime. The

background for private citizen involvement has been the continuing battle between the two branches of Congress, and also the battle between Congress and the Executive, on the question of covert CIA activity in that country. Apparently unaffected by this battle, perhaps by CIA design,[9] have been the activities of private US citizens. One can think of some other instances of private citizen involvement in a war in another country —the Spanish civil war, for example, or American mercenaries in Angola. What is striking about the private war in Nicaragua, however, is the fact that private citizens and corporations are using the United States as a home base and launching pad for their activities against another sovereign nation. Both Sanctuary and the private war are violations of US law (although those in the Sanctuary movement have argued that the US government itself is violating the provisions of the 1980 Refugee Act). Assuming, however, that both activities are in fact illegal, is either or both a valid means of civil disobedience?

Although John Rawls' seminal work *A Theory Of Justice*[10] is best known for its discussion of the distribution of social goods in a given society, Rawls also provides an excellent discussion of the role civil disobedience plays in a liberal society. Rawls begins his discussion in these terms.

> Civil disobedience is a political act not only in the sense that it is addressed to the majority that holds political power, but also because it is an act guided and justified by political principles, that is, by the principles of justice which regulate the constitution and social institutions generally.[11]

Rawls describes what he means by the open and public nature of civil disobedience.

> A further point is that civil disobedience is a public act. Not only is it addressed to public principles, it is done in public. It is engaged in openly with fair notice; it is not covert or secretive. One may compare it to public speech, and being a form of address, an expression of profound and conscientious political conviction, it takes place in the public forum.[12]

At this point the differences between the Sanctuary movement and the private war in Nicaragua begin to sharpen. Those involved in the Sanctuary effort have made a strenuous effort to open up a national dialogue on the claims presented by Salvadorans. In fact, the INS had previously avoided prosecuting those involved in this programme to avoid providing a public forum for this movement.[13] Perhaps the final irony is the fact that the recent government actions against Sanctuary were accomplished through covert government operations.

Contrast the public nature of Sanctuary with the private war in Nicaragua. Very little is known about who is behind such activities. Those involved in this war effort do not make public pronouncements of their activities. There is no effort to engage in a national debate on the question of whether the United States—either through its government apparatus or through its private citizens—should be providing aid to the anti-Sandinistas. One cannot help but point out that the clandestine activities of private US citizens mirror those practised by the CIA.

Rawls has also argued that civil disobedience is generally to be non-violent.

> To engage in violent acts likely to injure and to hurt is incompatible with civil

> disobedience as a mode of address. Indeed, any interference with the civil liberties of others tends to obscure the civil disobedient quality of one's act. Sometimes, if the appeal fails in its purpose, forceful resistance may later be entertained. Yet civil disobedience is giving voice to conscientious and deeply held convictions; while it may warn and admonish, it is not itself a threat.[14]

Again, the differences between Sanctuary, where those previously living under violent conditions are given safety, and the private war in Nicaragua, which seeks to perpetrate or even create violence, should be apparent. This distinction is important by itself. What is perhaps even more noteworthy, however, is that the violence is not directed towards one's own government, or other members of the same community, but instead at those beyond our borders. Although Rawls maintains that civil disobedience should generally be non-violent, he has also expressed the idea that under some circumstances—where the civil liberty violation is so egregious, and where civil disobedience in a peaceful way would be meaningless—resort to stronger measures might be justified.[15] Although Rawls never does explain what types of actions are justifiable under these conditions, it is important to note that they are to be applied against the institutions of one's own government. Obviously the American public has not been made to suffer the violent acts of those who disagree with US policy. Those who do suffer are those situated in other lands; in some instances these are civilians.[16]

The response by those aiding the anti-Sandinistas would seem to go along these lines: Our actions are not designed to be an exercise in civil disobedience. We are not concerned in creating a public debate on US activities in Nicaragua. Instead, we feel that it is vital to work towards the overthrow of the unjust Sandinista regime. This regime not only threatens the civil liberties of its own citizens, but of all those in the Central American region. Moreover, our actions are necessary because of Congressional interference with CIA activities in this area.

If one truly believed that the Sandinistas were such a threat, then the seductiveness of the argument outlined above needs to be spelled out. What this argument conveniently leaves out, of course, is the question of whether we want individual private citizens or US corporations or government agencies to follow their own vision of what US foreign policy should be. I would suggest that individual citizens should not be given this power, nor should they attempt to take it for themselves.

The conclusion drawn is that even apart from the question of the validity of the activities themselves, the Sanctuary movement represents a prototype of civil disobedience in a liberal state, while the actions of private US citizens in Nicaragua do not. The approach taken by Sanctuary attempts to open up a public dialogue on US policy in Central America. The private war, on the other hand, not only seeks to overthrow the current Nicaraguan government but in the process seeks to subvert the democratic processes in this country as well.

NOTES

1. See, 'Nicaragua Rebels Reported to Raise Millions in Gifts', *N.Y. Times*, 4/9/84, p. 1.
2. Letter from Kallu Kalumiya, Legal Counsel UNHCR, Re: UNHCR Mandate Definition of Refugee and the Situation of Salvadoran Asylum Seekers, February, 1982.
3. For example, in 1983 78% of the Russian applicants, 64% of the Ethiopian, 53% of the Afghan, and 44% of the Romanian cases received asylum. Contrast this with 11% of the Filipino claims, 12% of the Pakistani, 2% of the Haitian, 2% of the Guatemalan, and 3% of the Salvadoran applicants. See Arthur C. Helton, 'Political Asylum Under the 1980 Refugee Act: An Unfulfilled Promise', 17 *Michigan Journal of Law Reform*, 243, 253 (1984).
4. Since 1960 EVD programmes have been instituted for the nationals of 15 different countries where there was civil war or domestic disturbances in the homeland. This list includes: Cuba (1966-66), Czechoslovakia (1968-present), Chile (April-May 1971), Cambodia (1975-77), Vietnam (1975-77) Laos (1975-77), (Lebanon (1976-present), Ethiopia (1971-1981; still in effect for those who arrived prior to June 1980), Hungary (1971-present), Rumania (1977-present), Uganda (1978-present), Nicaragua (1979-1980), Iran (1979), Afghanistan (1980-present), Poland (1981-present). There are case-by-case determinations at the present time in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Uganda, Nicaragua and Iran. See, T. Alexander Aleinikoff, 'Political Asylum in the Federal Republic of Germany and the Republic of France: Lessons for the United States', 17 *Michigan Journal of Law Reform*, 183, fn 178, p. 239 (1984).
5. 541 F. Supp. 351 (C.D. Calif., 1982).
6. Helton breaks down the data into two categories, pre-1968 and then 1968-80. Both sets of data tell essentially the same tale. Under the Attorney General's parole power 925 individuals from non-communist countries and 232,711 individuals from communist countries were granted admission to the US before 1968. From 1968-80 7,150 individuals from non-communist nations were paroled into this country, compared with 608,365 from communist countries. Helton, p. 246, 248.
7. H.R. Rep. No. 96-608 96th Cong. 1st Sess. 13 (1979).
8. *Refugee Assistance*, Hearings on HR 3195 before the Subcommittee on Immigration, Refugees and International Law of the House Judiciary Committee, 98th Cong. 1st Sess. 55 (1983), (prepared statement of Elliot Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs), (emphasis supplied).
9. See, 'Letting Citizens Give Rebels Aid Was US Policy', *N.Y. Times*, 9/11/84, p. 1.
10. J. Rawls, *A Theory of Justice*, (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1971).
11. *Ibid.*, p. 365.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 366.
13. Conversation with Doris Meissner, formerly Acting Director, Immigration and Naturalisation Service, November 1983, U. Michigan Law School.
14. Rawls, p. 366.
15. Rawls, p. 368, ('Now in certain circumstances millitant action and other kinds of resistance are surely justified. I shall not, however, consider these cases'.)
16. See, 'Nicaragua Rebels Accused of Abuses', *N.Y. Times*, 12/27/84, p. 1.

[Mark Gibney is Assistant Professor of Political Science at Purdue University, Indiana. He is at present compiling a study of information on US alien admission policy.]

CYPRUS: A NATION DIVIDED

by Cyril D. Townsend, M.P.

IN a debate on Cyprus in the House of Lords on 23rd June, 1983, Lord Caradon (who was the last colonial Governor of Cyprus) said:

> We see that lovely island now cut in two, when we the British undertook—I do not forget that I signed the treaty myself on behalf of Her Majesty's Government—that the island would never be divided. We have failed to live up to a clear responsibility and, month by month, year by year, we see discussions going on and leading nowhere. We have a responsibility; we gave our undertaking, and we have utterly failed to carry it out.

Most of those who have followed what has taken place in Cyprus since independence in August 1960, and who are aware of the political errors, cruel mistakes, suffering and misfortune which have come to that beautiful island, will agree with his words. Our country has failed in its special commitment. We have left undone certain things that ought to have been done. The arrival of Nicos Sampson as President of Cyprus in July 1974 was an outrage and yet we decided to take no action in the United Nations. That was the fault from which other disasters have flowed.

I first saw Cyprus in 1958 from the deck of the troopship 'Devonshire' when I arrived as a newly commissioned officer with my battalion for an eventful tour of duty. The glory of that dawn over Aphrodite's island is still a vivid memory and I have been fascinated by Cyprus ever since. My fascination was increased by a spell at Government House, Nicosia, guarding Sir Hugh Foot (who became Lord Caradon in 1964) and a lucky escape from an Eoka ambush on a twisting mountain road above Paphos. (One soldier was killed in that ambush and I had the chance to visit his grave a few months ago when I spent a morning with 40 R.M. Commando on duty along the so-called 'Green Line' in Nicosia.)

Britain's ties with Cyprus go back to 1878. Cyprus is a fellow member of the Commonwealth and the Council of Europe. As a guarantor power, with Greece and Turkey, Britain is pledged to support the full independence of Cyprus and, of course, it was a Conservative Government that gave that pledge. Today, there are more Cypriots in London than in Nicosia. Large numbers of British tourists visit Cyprus. We have two sovereign bases, Akrotiri and Dhekelia, covering a total of some 98 square miles in the southern part of the island, which are as much part of Britain as Devon and Cornwall in international law. We also play the main role within the United Nations force in Cyprus administering that force from the sovereign bases, and having 800 men attached to it, the largest single national element.

It is pointless to give ourselves over to recriminations and repetitions of actions with which most people are only too familiar. It is sufficient to say that prior to 1974 the Turkish Cypriots exercised restraint in the face of provocation. During the crucial years, 1960 to 1963, under President Makarios there was a failure to give the Turkish Cypriots a full and proper role in the new independent Cyprus. In 1974 the Greek

colonels wanted to reactivate the old EOKA struggle for ENOSIS. The coup against President Makarios was followed by the Turkish invasion of Cyprus from Turkey to the North. Some 38% of the total territory of the Republic of Cyprus still remains under Turkish military occupation although in 1974 the Turkish Cypriots represented only 18% of the population. The area occupied happened to contain 60% of the agricultural land, 90% of the tourist accommodation, 83% of the cargo handling capacity and 55% of the mines. The area under Turkish control is bordered by the so-called Attila line which runs from Lefka in the West to Famagusta in the East, (known to the UN as the 'Green Line'). In the view of the international community this occupation is the first and most obvious barrier to a free and independent Cyprus.

The plight of the refugees was graphically described in the press at the time. The 200,000 Greek Cypriot refugees, including 50,000 children, represented 40% of the Greek Cypriot population. The Government and people of Cyprus did a wonderful job in looking after such large numbers. I am currently Chairman of the British-Cyprus Parliamentary Group and have been a regular visitor to Cyprus. I have spoken to many refugees, visiting them in their camps in 1976 before proper housing was built for them. They have never failed to remind me they are still prevented by force from returning to their homes, businesses and farms. Many elderly refugees fear they will never again see the villages where they were born and brought up, and where they in turn brought up their children. It looks as though they never will. Looking North from the hot dry plain of Nicosia there is a fine view of the Kyrenia hills. But for many thousands of Cypriots, although those hills are the hills of home, they are forbidden territory and that jewel of a harbour at Kyrenia is but a poignant memory.

The Turkish authorities settled some 25,000 farming families from Anatolia and former Turkish soldiers in the occupied part of Cyprus. Altering the demographic structure of Cyprus in such a way, and handing over the houses and farms of the uprooted Greek Cypriots, must be condemned without reservation, as it has been by the United Nations.

The deeply distressing question of the 'missing people' has never been cleared up. The wives, lovers, mothers and fathers of the missing young soldiers (from both sides) have a right to know whether they are alive or dead. In its resolution dated 8th December, 1982, the third Committee of the United Nations General Assembly stressed the need for 'a speedy resolution of this humanitarian problem'. That resolution was supported by all members of the European Community except Britain, which abstained. The European Parliament also passed a resolution on this subject on 11th January, 1983. Almost certainly all these missing people are now dead, but what a failure on behalf of the politicians and diplomats of the western world that it has never been possible to establish the true facts!

All recent British Governments have recognised that the Turkish contribution to NATO is vital. (Turkey has the largest army after the

USA.) But it has led these Governments to play down Britain's obligations to Cyprus and to over-emphasise the diplomatic difficulties. (The Cyprus problem was mentioned in The Queen's Speech between 1975 and 1978 but since 1979 it has been left out despite requests from Conservative back benchers.) Turkey will remain in the alliance for many years to come, but it will remain in only so long as it is in that country's defence interests to do so. To secure NATO's south-eastern flank, to prevent a further deterioration in the relations between Greece and Turkey, it is necessary to have a settlement in Cyprus. Without such a settlement, this vulnerable flank bordering the Middle East, with its inherent tensions, terrorists and tank armies, will remain a matter of considerable concern.

A mountainous island of 3,572 square miles is far too small to be permanently divided. In economic, industrial and agricultural terms, Cyprus must be regarded as one unit. Having closely followed the political developments in Cyprus since 1958, and having had the privilege of meeting, in London as well as in Cyprus, the leading politicians on both sides of the divide, I am convinced that Cypriots want a permanent settlement that will guarantee their security and prosperity. They want a settlement that will eliminate both Enosis and Taksim and yet ensure that the Turkish community is given the safeguards it seeks. As with the Palestinian question security is the fundamental issue.

I would claim that the evidence of the past hundred years is that both Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots, although different in religion, character and temperament, share a love of their island and can live and work peacefully together. Indeed, they are doing so on the British sovereign bases. I would claim further that since 1974 they may have a greater readiness to work together in happiness, understanding and mutual respect for they have witnessed the murders and massacres that were born out of the dreadful mistakes made by both sides.

Many Cypriots will tell you that if the rest of the world would leave them alone they could sort out their own problems. Unfortunately, the strategic importance of Cyprus, the interests of Greece and, particularly, Turkey in the island's future—and for that matter the Great Powers—mean in reality that the Cypriots cannot resolve the problems on their own. The intercommunal talks can only deal with the long-standing intercommunal differences. Only the international community can deal with the international dimensions.

The late spring of 1979 gave hope that at last the intercommunal talks which had limped on for months were going to make real progress. This hope, dashed all too quickly, stemmed from an agreement which was made between President Kyprianou and Mr. Denktash on 19th May, 1979 as the result of a meeting chaired by Dr. Waldheim, then the United Nations Secretary-General.

In May 1983, following the passing of an important resolution at the UN, Mr. Perez de Cuellar, who is deeply experienced in the Cyprus issue having had a UN tour of duty in the island, pushed ahead with a further

UN initiative to reach an agreement on a settlement and with proposals to promote good will and confidence.

However, in November of that year Mr. Denktash, the long serving leader of the Turkish Cypriots, proclaimed UDI for the North. Although this had been threatened for years it was in nobody's interest; least of all that of the Turkish Cypriot community he had been elected to represent. Within days this act was condemned unanimously by the UN Security Council, by the Ministerial Committee of the Council of Europe, and by the forty-eight members of the Commonwealth. If Turkey thought that at the Islamic summit conference in Casablanca half-a-dozen or so Islamic countries might extend recognition this was not to be. Both Bangladesh and Malaysia signed the Commonwealth communiqué issued in Delhi which called on all members to refrain from recognition. Only Turkey has recognised what they regard as a new state.

The change in nomenclature effected by UDI further isolated the Turkish Cypriot community and damaged their economic future. In adopting the Glorioso Report on 'the Second Financial Protocol and Cyprus' the European Parliament, which over the years has shown a growing interest in Cyprus, specified that the Turkish Cypriot community could not expect to continue to benefit from EEC aid without rescinding UDI. Clearly for the Greek Cypriot community in the south of the island UDI both raised security fears and concern over the long-term future of their island. Like the rest of the world they found unconvincing the Turkish argument that by taking a step away they could be moving closer! Just as the fear of enosis inevitably made Turkish Cypriots distrustful of Greek Cypriots, so UDI, which was seen as a move towards total Turkish annexation, made Greek Cypriots distrustful of Turkish Cypriots. It was a sad spiral downwards and many true friends of Cyprus began to wonder if they were backing a lost cause.

On 15th November, 1984 Sir Geoffrey Howe made a statement in the House of Commons that showed surprising firmness and an awareness of what was at stake. The decision to invoke the Treaty of Guarantee was a wise move, and the decision of the Greek government to refuse to attend a meeting of the Guarantor Powers was a foolish one.

On 17th January, 1985 an important meeting in the history of Cyprus took place between President Kyprianou and Mr. Denktash at the United Nations. This summit was the outcome of a lengthy negotiating process which began in June 1984 following another personal intervention by the Secretary-General. The meeting had before it the documentation which came from the high-level 'proximity talks' held in New York in September, October and November-December. Great hopes were vested in this summit meeting which, the world's press seemed to agree, offered for almost the first time since 1974 the hope of real progress towards the ending of the Cyprus conflict. According to a cheerful editorial in *The Times* of 17th January.

> The Secretary-General has publicly given credit to the Turkish Cypriot side for 'its favourable reaction to all elements of my presentation' whereas last spring he was blaming Mr. Denktash for sabotaging the previous UN initiative.

> The Turks have suddenly become the good 'guys' of the diplomatic scene, which means that the pressure is now heavily on the Greek side to abandon their remaining sticking points. The Greek Cypriots know this, and are well aware that it will be difficult for them to leave New York without signing an agreement of some sort. They are also aware that if the present process comes unstuck they are unlikely to be offered better terms.
>
> President Kyprianou has apparently succeeded in convincing even these Greek Cypriot parties which opposed him until now that an acceptable agreement is within reach, thereby securing a national consensus on his negotiating strategy. No less important he has won the support of the Papandreou Government in Athens.

I shared this sense of optimism. Lady Young, Minister of State, attended a meeting of the British-Cyprus Parliamentary Group in Westminster Hall on the eve of the talks, and over glasses of 'Othello' Cyprus red wine the general view was expressed by members of all parties that after years of bitterness and bloodshed a solution could be in sight.

Alack, after a four-day meeting, the talks collapsed—so near, yet so far. As *The Economist* put it on 26th January,

> . . . it seemed for a while that the Greek and Turkish Cypriots could agree on only one thing—to heckle the umpire.'

And in the words of *The Times* (22nd January),

> Not only did the summit fail to reach agreement on a framework for a comprehensive settlement, but it failed miserably in all aspects. Senor Javier Perez de Cuellar . . . was not even able to extract a date for a new summit which would have saved face and kept hopes alive.

It is difficult to avoid criticising the Secretary-General of the United Nations, skilled and experienced diplomat though he undoubtedly is, for his personal handling of the talks. According to Mr. Denktash, the Secretary-General had led him to regard the New York meeting as a formal occasion for the signing of a document drafted previously, a copy of which I have in front of me. But according to President Kyprianou, Mr. de Cuellar has told him that 'we would have real negotiations; there was no take-it-leave-it document.' What really happened in these private talks we may never know but it was at once obvious that Mr. Denktash had come out best in the propaganda battle, having been seen to accept the peace plan without reservations.

It is clear that the presence in the North of some 20,000 Turkish troops was the stumbling block. According to the document: 'A timetable for the withdrawal of non-Cypriot troops and elements, as well as adequate guarantees, will be agreed upon prior to the establishment of the transitional federal government.' It would have been almost impossible for any Greek Cypriot leader to sign the document without a clear timetable for the withdrawal of these troops being agreed previously.

Soon after the breakdown it was once again the Turk's turn to appear to be unco-operative. It was announced that general elections would be held in the North on 23rd June, 1985. It was claimed that they would not close the doors to an eventual federal solution, the idea being apparently that the Turkish Cypriot negotiators would have enhanced authority. However, before leaving New York Mr. Denktash indicated that offered concessions might be withdrawn and he refused to commit himself to another meeting.

On his return to Cyprus President Kyprianou came under fierce criticism. The Conservative opposition joined the island's powerful Communist Party in blaming him for the failure. Mr. Glafkos Clerides, the leader of the Democratic Rally party and the most impressive Cypriot politician, accused him of pursuing a policy of obstruction.

Britain took a poor view of Mr. Denktash's threats which came in defiance of the Secretary-General's wish to resume his efforts late in February, before the momentum built up earlier had died down. It proved impossible to get the talks going again before March and the two proud communities have continued to drift apart.

The Cyprus question has become one of the world's longest-running disputes. A Mediterranean island blessed with great charm remains tragically and cruelly divided. That division poses one of the key questions of our age. Can international agreement save countries from conflict and chaos? True friends of Cyprus will continue to insist that it must. Now is the time to have courage, offer hope, and make international agreement work.

[Cyril D. Townsend was elected Member for Bexley Heath in 1974. He has been Personal Assistant to Lord Plummer (then Leader of the Greater London Council and to the Rt. Hon. Edward Heath: also Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Rt. Hon. Reg Prentice. In 1979 he introduced the Protection of Children Act, designed to end the exploitation of children by pornographers. He is Vice-Chairman of Friends of Cyprus and the Political Committee of the United Nations Association.]

THE ESSENTIAL TRINITY: GAS, OIL AND COAL

by Sir Richard Dobson

WHEN our ancestors learned how to harness fire, they immediately distanced themselves from the rest of the animal kingdom. Fire scared off predators; it greatly improved our diet; it enabled us to make earthenware pots and eventually gave us access to metal.

Fire needs fuel. Fuel needs to be readily combustible, to be accessible and to be portable. The fuel which best combines these three attributes at present is petroleum.

For thousands of years we made our fires mainly from wood. Wood used to be accessible, though less so now, partly because there are other uses for timber, and trees take up space that can produce other crops; it is renewable (though it takes less time to burn a tree than to grow a new one); it is not particularly portable in terms of transporting a given number of thermal units from A to B, though conversion into charcoal in the forest can help. Meanwhile, we relied for light on animal and vegetable oils.

Fire was not widely used for kinetic energy until relatively modern times. A certain Hero of Alexandria built a sort of steam turbine in 120 BC, but the idea did not catch on, and for the next seventeen hundred years, until the rediscovery of steam in the early eighteenth century, Man still relied for production and transportation on his own muscle, supported by that of his domestic animals, while making intelligent use of water for turning mill-wheels and of wind both in mills and for the propulsion of boats. You do not have to travel far in Third World countries to find whole communities relying solely on these energy sources to this day.

After wood, the advent of coal affected human life more than anything else before or since—more even than oil, which coal will certainly outlive. Coal really came into its own with the development of steam, rediscovered and finally mastered in the eighteenth century. (Incidentally, the steam locomotive, and later the steamship, were indispensable to the transportation of coal on a grand scale.) Coal is more portable than wood, being less bulky, and its energy can be used for electricity generation or to make gas.

Coal has much in common with oil, also described as a 'fossil fuel.' It is found in all continents and many countries (though by no means all). Sometimes it lies on the surface waiting to be picked up and is therefore cheap; sometimes it lurks in narrow seams deep underground, and is therefore expensive. It comes in varying grades suited for various purposes. There is enough in known reserves to meet the predictable needs of generations, perhaps for centuries. If petroleum had not come on the scene, possibly the level of world-wide economic well-being would have been lower, but our lives not fundamentally different, except in the field of transportation.

It is time to turn to petroleum or, for brevity, 'oil'. Oil was first found bubbling out of the ground in Pennsylvania in the 1860s, but enterprising people soon learned that it lay much more abundantly in pockets, large or small, in the bowels of the earth. Even so, once an escape hole was bored,

most of it obligingly found its own way to the surface. The rush to find oil soon spread over much of the world and the prospectors were so successful that supply kept up with ever-growing demand for a hundred years. Oil was so cheap that after World War Two consumption doubled every ten years, with the use of coal relatively static. It was not until the early 1970s that USA production peaked and that country became a net importer. The scene was set for the first oil shock.

Everyone knew that by 1973 the rights and concessions of the international companies in the Middle East and Latin America had largely been abrogated. Though the companies were in many cases still involved in the operations of the fields, it was for the owner-governments to decide how much oil should be raised and to whom it should be sold. It was assumed that each of these countries would continue to pump as much as it could and sell to the highest bidder.

The Arab embargo on supplies to friends of Israel during the Yom Kippur war supplied the detonator to the sleeping bomb. It was suddenly realised all over the world, not only that the demand for oil and its known potential supply were in approximate equilibrium, with the former set to surpass the latter quite soon, but also that a handful of countries held the power, and demonstrated the will, to turn off the taps and produce a real shortage almost overnight.

Panic came to the streets. Oddly enough, after the brief embargo, there was never a real shortage of oil; few ships, power stations or factories ground to a halt for lack of it; but there was a *perceived* shortage, which fed on itself. Motorists filled up their tanks, industrial users piled up stocks at any price. OPEC's posted prices quadrupled in two years, and the 'spot' market was generally higher still. It was a great privilege to have a contract with, say, Saudi Arabia at the official price.

The events of 1973/74 concentrated the world's mind on three things in relation to energy: conservation, new supplies of oil itself, and substitution. Conservation, as people began to save the mustard hitherto left on the side of the plate, was far more effective than might have been expected. In the USA, motorists generally accepted (and still accept) a maximum speed limit of 55 m.p.h. Smaller cars proliferated, with more fuel-efficient engines. Manufacturers as well as private citizens invested in schemes to reduce loss of heat which would not have been financially justified against cheap fuel. There must be a limit to conservation, but it has not yet been reached.

Moving straight on to new oil supplies, finding new 'natural' oil calls for exploration, then development: both expensive and slow. Exploration is still a gamble; geological and seismographic surveys will tell you where there is likely to be some oil, but you have to dig a deep hole in order to find out for certain, and dry wells are always with us. However, the new level of oil prices made the unthinkable into something highly credible.

Although oil had been found in Alaska in 1968 and in the North Sea in 1969, bringing it up from under the seabed where the oceans are either frozen over for much of the year or often extremely rough indicated an investment in technology and hardware simply not worth considering at $2

a barrel. However, in the new price régime these two fields were brought on stream at remarkable speed by remarkable efforts of private enterprise.

Where do we go from here? Both Alaska and the North Sea are at or near peak production as far as proven reserves are concerned. There may well be new, substantial discoveries in the North American Arctic, but in the North Sea, though there will be relatively minor new finds and some secondary extraction, it is almost inconceivable that there should be another bonanza. I believe that by 1995 the British North Sea production will be no more than half of today's.

Before leaving 'natural' oil we should consider 'natural' gas. It costs far less than coal gas to produce. It can flow through pipelines or be carried, in compressed form, in special ships. It is complementary to oil and often associated with it; most oilfields contain a proportion of gas—sometimes an inconvenient proportion—though many gas fields contain no oil. Its competitiveness with oil for certain uses, both industrial and domestic, depends on its pricing, which is arbitrary and confused. It is generally sold by the producer to a public utility at a long-term contract price and the utility in turn decides how much to charge the consumer. There is a fair reserve of known gas; new discoveries are just about keeping up with consumption, and the Siberian pipeline is relevant. Gas now accounts for some 20% of world energy and I would not expect that to change much in the visible future. Our North Sea sources will, of course, diminish and there has been a bitter argument over a projected contract for Norwegian gas from the Sleipner field in the 1990s—the British Government feeling that the insurance premium is too high in view of some optimistic reports of future finds in the British North Sea.

Coal, as we know, can be transformed into gas at a tolerable cost. Can it then be converted into oil? Processes for conversion have been known for many years and mostly shelved. However, the new oil prices generated new interest. The EXXON corporation, to give one instance, invested some hundreds of millions of dollars in a pilot plant in Texas, employing the most advanced technology, and were soon able to prove, firstly, that perfectly good oil can be extracted from coal and, secondly, that it costs so much to do it that the world price of oil would have to be something like $60 a barrel to make it competitive. And Texas coal is a good deal cheaper than our National Coal Board's price to the CEGB. Thus only South Africa, with its special political problems, is converting coal to oil on any substantial scale.

Another source of wishful thinking was provided by the concept of extracting oil from tar sands or shale, identified in huge quantities near the surface in Alberta, Colorado and Australia. Canada led the way in this development with the first operation, 'Suncor', north of Edmonton as far back as 1967. 'Suncor' made its first profit after the second wave of oil price increases in 1979. A second large operation, 'Syncrude', also came on stream at about that time. However, since then in Canada two other substantial projects have been buried, one in its infancy, one stillborn; a huge scheme in Colorado has been 'mothballed' after a complete town had been

built to house its prospective workers; and a major project in Australia was delayed for reappraisal in 1981 and is still in suspense. These dreams may come true one day, but not as long as oil comes bubbling out of the Earth's crust in reasonable quantities.

When we come to substitution, real alternative sources of energy to oil and coal, easily the most significant is nuclear fission. Surprisingly, since it has been understood for so many years, it still provides only about 3% of world energy demand. It has been held back by technical problems and judgments as to the most efficient techniques, by the immense capital costs and long construction schedule (seven years from the first brick to the first kilowatt is not exceptional); by problems of siting—hitherto a great deal of water is required, which entails proximity to the sea or a large lake; but above all by public disapprobation amounting almost to superstition. Although nobody has been killed in a nuclear accident (in this respect a record unmatched by coalmines or chemical plants), many people are scared of nuclear power, quite apart from its paramilitary implications, and do not want it on their doorsteps. To be fair to those people, nobody seems to be quite sure how the waste can be disposed of with no risk; the thought of a range of nuclear slag-heaps at the bottom of the sea is not an inviting one. In the United States, something over twenty nuclear power stations have been aborted in recent years, some in an advanced stage of construction. Here in England the Sizewell inquiry drags on. I think we shall pay a heavy price in the future, both in money and in energy independence, if we reject 'nuclear' now. The French, being short of oil and among the more realistic of peoples, have a higher proportion of nuclear energy than anyone else. I would guess that, on the world scale, the nuclear share would be rising to 6% in the early 1990s and still rising—barring accidents! There is plenty of uranium about, though it is not all to be found in the most politically convenient places.

The anti-nuclear lobbies make much of other alternatives, in particular 'hydro' and the harnessing of winds and waves. As to 'hydro', the use of water impelled by gravity, the water-wheel has been with us for some centuries, though now largely disused. Many kilowatts of electricity are generated around the world by falling water, cleanly and economically, but there are limits. First of all, there must be a regular supply of water, then a natural fall. Dams help a great deal, though they are liable to upset the water table over a wide region. Much of Africa is being plagued with drought; the Aswan dam, as I saw for myself in February of this year, is at a perilously low level and still falling. In general, I see no great scope for a dramatic increase in conventional hydroelectrics.

Harnessing the tide has been under consideration with reference to the Severn Estuary since 1927. I believe it is still being studied, though opposed by considerations of foreseen 'secondary' effects. The French have, in Rance, the only operational tide harness. It could happen, I suppose, in the Severn but even if it did I doubt if it would revolutionise our energy situation.

Amongst the alternatives, a word on Solar Energy. In a residential building, given a fairly expensive installation on your roof and the right climate,

you can get from the sun a useful contribution to the warmth of your bath-water or your swimming pool, but to produce 'voltaic' energy is another matter. It needs so many acres of reflectors to operate even a small power station that I doubt if it will get beyond experiment during the present century.

We can indeed extract alcohol and, therefore, energy from vegetable matter such as sugar cane, and thought is being given to a project in USA for the extraction of methanol from peat, but not all of us have unlimited resources of either. Nuclear fusion is still a dream—I understand that we can make it happen, but cannot devise a bottle strong enough to contain it. Thus, at the end of the day, we come back for our perennial needs to the trinity of oil, coal and nuclear.

The first 'oil shock' was overdue, the second, premature. As we have seen, from 1974 to 1978 the oil price remained stable in real terms, with supply and demand rising slowly in equilibrium apart from a few short-term aberrations. The Iranian revolution of 1979, followed by the Iran-Iraq war in 1980 which still continues, gave rise to the belief that the two countries' oil production, 5.5 and 2.5 million barrels a day respectively—over 20% of the current OPEC output—would disappear from the world's markets. Up soared the spot market and in December 1980 OPEC seized the opportunity to increase prices to the $ mid-thirties—followed by most other oil producers.

This was the last straw. The world economy, which many people thought was 'bumping along the bottom', made a sudden nose-dive. To industrial recession was added new impetus to conservation and substitution. While the Saudis raised their output to meet the expected shortfall, 'new' oil was coming increasingly on stream from the North Sea, Alaska and Mexico—in the face of this, in the three years 1979-82, total usage of oil dropped at the rate of 3% a year. After a brief hiccup, Iran and Iraq were back in business, though on a reduced scale. In a series of desperate efforts to hold the new price, $34 a barrel, the OPEC countries imposed savage cuts on their output, down from a 1977 peak of 31 million barrels a day to about 16 today. This is painful for some of the more highly populated countries and still the price sags. On March 13, 1985 there was an 'official' price of $28.65 a barrel, but hardly anybody was paying within two dollars of that sum.

It is exceedingly difficult to measure the real competitive strengths of oil and coal because of the extraordinary price fluctuations of the former since 1970. Up to that time, except for certain special industries like steel, 'cheap' oil was winning. In my lifetime, the coal-fired steamship, the steam railway engine have disappeared and not many people cook or heat their homes, still less their offices, with solid fuel. Electric power stations were increasingly oil-fired and by 1973, although oil was already substantially taxed to the user, while coal was not, coal looked set to be overtaken by oil almost everywhere where economic, rather than political, considerations prevailed.

In the mid-seventies, coal seemed set for a revival and exploration was accelerated in many areas, including Australia and the Americas, but des-

pite the price increases associated with the first 'shock', the coal miracle never seemed quite to happen. Coal continued to pile up on the surface of the earth and, as we know, in 1984, though public utilities were turning back to coal, the CEGB still had two years' stocks in hand. The recent miners' strike forced a substantial, and expensive, reversion to oil—up to 500 million barrels a day, equivalent to one-fifth of the British North Sea output. If the process is reversed again, the drop in oil demand must further weaken prices.

For the time being, then, it all comes down to price. People will pay more for oil than for coal because of its convenience, particularly for transportation, but just how much more? Coal pricing bears some relation to the cost of production; in this country, deep-mined coal has to be subsidised by the profits of open-cast and by capital investment by the public. The price of oil bears no such relationship at the present time. The governments of the countries where it is found, by arbitrary price-fixing and aggressive taxation, push the price to the consumer right up to what the traffic will bear —and sometimes, beyond. In the North Sea the British Government, after initial capital allowances, took 85% of the margin between production cost and the price nominated by BNOC—which related, more or less, to OPEC prices—and that was before excise taxes on products such as petrol.

On March 14 of this year the rules of the game suddenly changed, from the British point of view. BNOC had been invented ten years ago when a Labour government found it could not command British oil companies, even BP, to divert to the UK cargoes of oil already contracted to other countries. BNOC had the right and the obligation to buy 51% of North Sea production at prices fixed by itself.

This was fine as long as the spot market price hung above the official price, but recently the world-wide price-weakening has led to BNOC losing money on every barrel it sold, and overnight it has abdicated as a price-fixing authority. The British policy on oil has not been entirely edifying; we have done our best to keep up with OPEC's extravagant prices but, while they have cut back output by 50%, we in the North Sea have pumped every gallon we could find. OPEC have no reason to love us!

Neither have they any reason to hasten a price war. Even Saudi Arabia, with the biggest reserves of all and some of the lowest production costs, has an adverse balance of payments. In the short term I would expect to see some further sagging in oil prices in dollar terms, perhaps to the middle or lower twenties, but not a drastic collapse. Further ahead one must rely on assumptions of world economic vitality, on which economists have different views. If there is a 2% economic growth over the next ten years, and 1% increase in oil use, by the end of the decade, the North Sea being much depleted, the OPEC countries which badly need the income should return to a satisfactory rate of production. OPEC will be back in the saddle; oil will become more expensive and its share of the energy market will shrink, surely below 40%, until it is only used for purposes for which coal cannot provide, or nuclear is not allowed to provide, a reasonable substitute. One must also assume, perhaps more dangerously, no man-made catastrophes.

impact of the present crisis which commenced with agriculture persists to affect adversely every aspect of national life.

But it would be a mistake to think that this is a full explanation of all the causes. There are others. Industrial decline can never be equated with external forces alone. Mismanagement, ineptitude, inertia and neglect by an inexperienced bureaucracy play a substantial role in the dilemma. Decisive perhaps is the complete incompatibility of scientific socialist theories and Marxian ideologies with agricultural projects and objectives. The realisation of programmes evolving from populist and possibly utopian doctrines tends to be based on fragile premises. This is becoming patently clear in various places. Socialism as such presupposes a technological and industrial base (plus a working class base) but this has not been sufficiently developed in Tanzania as yet.

In short, it is quite incorrect to hold the explosive power of capitalist penetration responsible for everything which takes place in independent Africa. This has to be stated. 'The pendulum has swung too far politically towards subsuming all Africa's problems as being the result of alien forces' is claimed by Bill Freund in *The Making of Contemporary Africa.* The progress of modern economy calls for a strong capitalist class as well as a mobilised proletariat. Nyerere's vision of the road to socialism has been followed by other independent leaders in close proximity to Tanzania. However, as they are all dependent on rural development and expansion, the same difficulties are encountered.

Marx himself never overcame totally a certain hostility towards peasants and maybe this can be traced, albeit concealed by jargon, in his followers. His dislike erupted when he happened to talk about smallholdings which were called 'potatoes in a sack from a sack of potatoes' (*Communist Manifesto*). Elsewhere he described smallholdings as 'the superstition of the peasant, not his judgement, but his prejudice, not his future but the past' (*Eighteenth Brumaire*). Marx believed peasants would play a reactionary role insofar as they tried to roll back the wheel of history. For his part he advocated state-ownership and common cultivation of land as an alternative to smallholdings.

Engels judged farmers mainly in terms of class conflict and by the part they would play in it. In his eyes they represented a natural extension of the war of the poor against the rich, farm labourers against landlords—'their war-cry will resound through the land: war to the mansions, peace to the cottage'! (*The Agricultural Proletariat*). As can be seen from recent events in this century, the Communist-agrarian issue remains consistently controversial. The agrarian revolution and its world-wide impact recruit dynamic forces on a vast social and technological scale. 'Marxist theory has nothing to contribute to it' is the proposition of David Mitrany in a dogmatic book *Marx against the Peasant.*

Nevertheless, the crucial question has not been resolved: can the socialist faith, born during the industrial revolution in Western Europe and aimed at the organised consciousness of an emerging proletariat—can this faith survive in tropical Africa with its oppressive heat and

humidity? Is it feasible to argue that Marxist tenets, a 'metropolis' philosophy that emphasises primary divisions in European society can be transplanted and effectively applied to the traditional African family concept? Will this faith somehow discover an escape-route for urbanised subsistence living and Africa's growing forces that gravitate in frightening numbers towards the over-populated cities? This is the nightmare problem which confronts us. Historical evidence unfortunately demonstrates so clearly that there is no readily available formula for salvation; no IMF, no World Bank and no Holy Writ by Marx and Engels provide a radical remedy for situations like these.

Yet, considering all the global circumstances culminating in the present Tanzanian depression, is it not grossly unfair to blame Julius Nyerere because his own particular brand of 'medicine' did not work and his overall plan has failed? This has been a popular practice by the Western media. As the crisis in Africa deepens, the press becomes convinced of Nyerere's political insolvency. At this point we ought to remember, as the Tanzanians themselves constantly remind us, independent Africa inherited from the colonial system our capitalist structures of commerce and banking. The traditional rhythm of their pre-capitalist social and economic existence was destroyed by our 'civilised' forefathers producing the critical situation whereby the original African agriculture can no longer sustain the fundamental prerequisites of human needs.

Nyerere makes a brave attempt to fuse ancient forms and practices of agriculture with his very personal commitment to modernisation. His regular evocation of good thatch and ox ploughs in place of corrugated iron sheets and tractors carries an orator's evangelical echo but hardly produces solutions to fatal population growth (3.3 per cent per annum) or to a series of devastating droughts. Development of villages, it is hoped, will naturally precede rural expansion. African socialism is to be achieved through the implementation of his *Ujamaa* (villaginisation) policy. But recent events have demonstrated that the great vision is flawed and must be considered a heroic failure—heroic in the sense of the sacrifices, coercion, break with traditional customs, general subordination and sheer doctrinal faith all of which have been involved and played their part in it. With hindsight, however, it can be said that the programme as such was attempted too soon, since a more comprehensive education and reform of the rural population affected by this policy was preconditional. These comments do not constitute a critique of the basic philosophy, but merely a practical assessment of what is being witnessed today. A serious study of this problem can be found in Andrew Coulson's recent work *Tanzania—A Political Economy.*

At this particular moment Nyerere's image may appear tarnished abroad but in his own land he remains undisputed head of a civilian government after twenty years of Presidential rule. In turbulent Africa this is a rare event by any standards. Maybe his political resilience can be traced to unsuspected pragmatism. There is, for instance, an uncommon twist to the present economic crisis. Without publicity and quietly behind

the political scenes there are covert moves by the authorities towards some degree of privatisation for commercial sectors. Some parastatals are likely to be partially dismantled, at least those concerned with certain primary products. Official government reports indicate that new measures and decisions are to be announced shortly. There is an atmosphere of anticipation, but the actual term 'mixed economy' is scrupulously avoided.

Market economists will interpret the forthcoming measures as remedial and as the direct result of a predictable anti-climax. But this is no more than sanctimonious wisdom after the event, mainly based on inordinate lack of sympathy and, above all, ignorance of some of the great, primordial forces which are swept up and silenced by Africa's common misery.

During his recent visit to the United Kingdom in March of this year Julius Nyerere announced he would not stand again as Presidential candidate in the coming elections. He had been Tanzania's only President since it became independent on December 1, 1961. With his departure from active politics a new era will begin for the country. However, to his country-men he will remain 'Mwalimu', the dedicated and instructive teacher, totally committed to an all powerful African traditionalism. In a wider context he will be regarded among his contemporaries as one of Africa's great men. The conformity he preached universally did not please everyone. All the same, both officially and in private he practised what he preached and kept to a strict and austere way of life.

[Alfred Landor left Germany in 1935 during the Nazi period. He joined a family firm in the City of London engaged in commodity trading. Eventually he became a partner and director. Since his retirement he worked as a free-lance and has published widely in many journals including *The Scotsman*, *Tribune*, *New Edinburgh Review*, *Contemporary Review*, *London Magazine*, *Literary Magazine*, *German Life and Letters*, journals abroad including publications by the University of Tuebingen, also several small collections of poetry (Outpost Publications). He has been a member of the Schopenhauer Society in Frankfurt for many years and has specialised in the study of this great philosopher.]

THE PRICE OF STRIFE

by Paul Rose

AS the miners trudged back to work, the teachers walked out of school. The price of industrial strife and political bitterness cannot be measured in purely economic terms. The resolute Thatcher style of Government has created a backlash of bitterness and division unparalleled since the 'thirties. The difference lies in the still prosperous areas of Britain where the increasing level of unemployment and the problems of industrial or inner city dereliction seem a world away.

In recent weeks I have stayed at Canterbury, Guildford, Barnet, Chelmsford, Reading and Newbury. The impression is one of an affluent nation eating out, purchasing consumer goods, well dressed and running new or expensive cars. If the Kent coalfield is the most militant it is in direct constrast to the apparent affluence of the Kent which I saw.

The fact that one can live in the same small island but in two different worlds was witnessed by the food parcels for miners, and is apparent in the two million substandard houses in areas like Liverpool or Hackney, the industrial wastelands of the North and the increasing death toll in Northern Ireland.

Guerrilla warfare by post-workers, miners and teachers; confrontation by Metropolitan local authorities; concern over security following the Ponting acquittal and revelations of telephone tapping and the narrowing range of budgetary options are just a few of the examples of an explosive political climate. Curiously, empirical observation leads me to the view that the sheer boredom with the repetitive media coverage of Scargill, Ponting and Thatcher has produced a feeling of alienation from the whole political dogfight resulting in a decline in popularity of both Mrs. Thatcher and Neil Kinnock. Meanwhile, the Alliance holds its own but its lack of internal cohesion prevents it from taking full advantage of this mood.

In surveying the political scene and picking one's way through the debris of so many simultaneous battlefields it is difficult to know where to start. Perhaps, the inconclusive return to work of the striking miners is as good as any as I write. By the time of publication I have little doubt that fierce arguments will be raging at Westminster on everything from the budget to surrogate motherhood.

However, the latest little pin prick is the increase in prescription and dental charges, a tax on ill health which has grown ten times larger than the first departure by a Labour Government from its principle of a free service. It is almost as if the 1945-51 reforms of the Attlee administration were being rolled back. The new frontiers of private ownership created by the British Telecom bonanza—a boon for those with enough savings to apply for shares, combined with the emphasis on monetarism and a market economy underline the departure from the Butskill consensus.

In turn, the fury of the militants on Merseyside, the defiance of the

NUM and even the climb-down by Ken Livingstone over ratecapping indicate a willingness of this Government to use the full force of the law in industry and local government. As a lawyer, I believe in the rule of law but its use in the delicate fields of industrial relations and local government is questionable.

Were Parliament truly representative of the electorate instead of being distorted by a system which allows forty per cent to dictate to sixty per cent, it would be more entitled to the respect which is due to its decisions in a democracy. However, Mrs. Thatcher is clearly not even carrying a substantial body of her own supporters on her plans to abolish the metropolitan authorities and substitute a host of bodies that sound like a return of the mid-nineteenth century.

Clearly, one needs a global strategy for transport in London that takes in the needs of commuters and residents alike, broader than that which currently operates; yet fragmentation and lack of accountability with increased patronage and costs are the likely outcome of current plans unless thwarted by the thoughtful Conservatives who happen to be familiar with the conurbations. Indeed, one result of the Conservative landslide was to bring into Parliament many more Members from urban areas. They may well succeed in drawing the teeth of current proposals just as they caused a modest departure from original ratecapping plans helped by the stance of local authorities themselves.

More open to question than the use of the law in relation to local government was the setting up of a quasi-national police force that looked perilously like an instrument of state against what Mrs. Thatcher regards as the enemy within. It is a dangerous notion rejected by the most experienced living Conservative Prime Minister in his impressive and patrician speech on the historic occasion of the televising of the Lords.

Mr. Scargill's failure to hold a ballot and secure his own Union's total support, let alone that of the TUC, and to strike at a time of post-winter high coal stocks places his political judgement in question. It also poses queries about his view of democracy. However, no one could doubt the genuine strength of feeling in many mining communities. Few people condone violence or intimidation, but equally the press whitewash of violence committed against the miners presented a one-sided view. Again, confrontation between two respected groups of men was inevitable, given the irresistible forces and immovable objects that collided. Not only was Mr. Scargill unreasonable when he thought he had the power but the Government was seen to be vindictive even after the acceptance of the NACODS formula by the NCB.

This division runs through current political life and the weight of the two Davids cannot stop it. David Owen is too prone to adopt the style of Mrs. Thatcher and occasionally to abandon radicalism in favour of a straight appeal to Conservative voters. David Steel's low profile is causing a muttering among Liberal activists that could result in a challenge by Paddy Ashdown before and not after the next General Election.

Everyone except Tam Dalyell and a few others would justify the sinking of the Belgrano even if they object to sinking uneconomic pits or the GLC. However, the obsession with secrecy that the GCHQ decision symbolises causes concern for civil liberties. To stop miners in Kent on their way to Barnsley or to issue car passes to the residents of Molesworth sounds a dangerous precedent reminiscent of the Soviet Union or South Africa. Freedom of movement and freedom to protest peacefully are more vital than the Government's embarrassment.

Personally, I subscribe to the cock-up theory of history rather than the conspiracy theory. Perhaps the Belgrano was one such 'cock-up' from its initial sinking to the lies and prevarication that followed. In the Clive Ponting trial, that genial judge, Mr. Justice McCowen, gave a direction which the jury clearly refused to follow. It is arguable that in a democratic state the policies of the Party in power represent the interests of the State, but this is a whole philosophical debate. What is the role of Parliament? Of Select Committees? Or the interests of the people?

Section Two of the Official Secrets' Act is a nonsense and everyone knows it. However, the Right Honourable Merlyn Rees didn't repeal it and it should not be forgotten that this defence witness deported an American journalist without even letting him know why. Since I was passionately involved in that episode and believe that wrong advice was given, I am equally certain that telephone tapping occurs. Indeed, no one can really stop it—not because of ministerial malice but out of excessive zeal. I have personal knowledge of entirely unjustified investigation of people for no other reason than their perhaps naïve political views. There is only one justification for such intrusion on privacy; that is the protection of democracy from 'violent subversion, espionage or organised crime'. That is why the repeal of Section 2, and an effective investigative body, either a select committee or independent ombudsman, should be empowered to take up complaints of illegal 'phone tapping and opening of mail as necessary. The Government's proposals do not do these things. Mrs. Thatcher's blanket directive left Sir Michael Havers with little choice in the Ponting affair and Mr. Justice McCowen little scope in interpreting Section Two. The misguided Section Two should be the target rather than two eminent lawyers. Or is that special pleading for senior colleagues whom I happen to like?

Certainly, I have long believed in a Ministry of Justice and a separation of powers with a bill of rights and an Attorney and Solicitor General independent of politics. The long established system which would make Montesquieu turn in his grave makes the head of the judiciary a member of executive and the legislative all at once and creates such problems as posed by the Ponting affair. One will, therefore, welcome the new independent prosecuting authority and hope that it will use its discretion wisely.

Meanwhile, there is a distinct danger that one's natural revulsion at financial exploitation of surrogate mothers may destroy the blessing of children to infertile would-be parents, or create back-street fertilisa-

tion. Science taken to its limits could produce a monster like Mengele but the arbitrary time limit of the Warnock report on experiments upon embryos has an empirical justification in that one must draw the line somewhere, while permitting potentially useful research that can cause happiness.

No doubt, the state of the economy will dominate debate. The need to improve our infrastructure coincides with the need to create real jobs, decent and adequate housing, hospitals, roads, sewers or prisons and provision for educating our young. In the frustration of unemployment pleas for public spending on a modest scale remain unknown. Here, tax concessions rather than public works will be the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson's priorities, albeit hemmed in by the strength of the dollar and diminishing options. Unfortunately, his priorities are wrong!

Monetarism has resulted in the contraction of manufacturing while permitting services that affect the quality of life to deteriorate. There are greater evils than mild and controlled inflation. However, in mid-term, Labour has not got its act together and the bureaucratic centralism of the SDP is preventing a more fruitful partnership at grass roots in the Alliance. Thus, while everyone from Francis Pym and Edward Heath to Tony Benn and Arthur Scargill may protest, the Prime Minister's style seems cast in a mould more suitable when dealing with General Galtieri. The real enemy within is not the politics of protest but the fragmentation and polarisation of a United Kingdom.

Not least, after a recent horrific mortar attack on the RUC no one has the insight to go back to square one and question the fundamental failure of our policies in Northern Ireland. What is true in that Province is true of the economy as the submerged fifth of our population know to their cost but cannot articulate. Those who purport to speak for them must do better in what remains of 1985 if we are not to perpetuate our failures into the latter half of the present decade.

A VIEW OF SOVIET ARMENIA

by Peter Sutton

THIS year witnesses the seventieth anniversary of the Turkish genocidal massacre of Armenians during the First World War. While it is natural to view these deaths in the historical perspective of the self-immolation of a continent, there is no reason to forget this atrocity while we remember others. Sadly, public attention has lately been called to the claims of Armenia only by the acts of terrorists who, although they may yet have some effect, invite condemnation from the potential supporters of their cause.

The Soviet Socialist Republic of Armenia formally came into being on 30th January 1922. For the first time since the fourteenth century the Armenian nation had its own state, but to understand its place in the Soviet Union and the Near East it is necessary to consider the history of Armenia in this century and the preceding two and a half millennia.

When the Turkish state was created by the Seljuqs, and when it was recreated by the Ottomans, it embraced the existing Christian nations of Asia Minor, and it never sought entirely to expunge their languages or religion until the turn of the last century, when it instituted a process that culminated in the exchange of populations with Greece in the early 1920s. Armenia had been the first state to adopt Christianity as its official religion in AD 301, five years before Constantine became Emperor of Rome. For six hundred years before that the kingdom had existed in eastern Anatolia, centred on the area between the lakes Sevan and Van, the latter of which first fell into Seljuq Turkish hands in 1064, seven years before the Turkish defeat of Byzantine forces at Manzikert in the same region. Only the north-eastern fraction of Armenian lands forms the Soviet Republic of Armenia, having been annexed by the Russian Empire following the Russian victory over Persia in 1828.

Armenia has escaped some of the 'Russification' carried through in Soviet Central Asia and the Baltic States. State cultural organisations promote writers in Armenian, and literary figures of the recent past have museums in their honour, including Abovian, Tumanian and Isahakian. In the Armenian capital, Yerevan, there are two major Armenian theatres to one Russian, and a gallery shows modern Armenian art. Armenian is the common language of the villages and the city streets, and the state has provided an internationally renowned archive, the Matenadaran, to preserve the Armenian literary heritage. This library is named after Mesrop Mashtotz, the monk who devised the Armenian alphabet at the behest of the king and the patriarch in AD 404-6. It also contains unique manuscripts and incunabulae in Aramaic, Arabic and other Near and Middle Eastern languages. On the other hand, much official business is inevitably conducted in Russian, half the parents in Yerevan choose to send their children to schools where the instruction is in Russian, and university or polytechnic students have to work from

Russian textbooks. There are rumours relating to the death of the prominent Armenian poet Sevag in a car accident in 1972.

The past is not forgotten. In the state ethnographical museum at Sardarapat, site of the Armenian defeat of invading Turks in 1919, the map in the entrance hall shows the territory of medieval Armenia, including parts of eastern Turkey and north-western Iran; the historical museum in Yerevan has similar displays which make clear the longstanding claim to an area seven or eight times that of Soviet Armenia. Armenians are not slow to point out that they were in residence more than a thousand years before the first citizens of Rus huddled in their skins in Novgorod, and yet longer before the Turks established themselves in Anatolia. In 1968 Yerevan celebrated its foundation 2,750 years earlier, predating Rome, though enthusiasts occasionally fail to point out that this was a city of the Urartu civilisation, which decayed and was replaced by the Armenians living in the region. The names Ararat, Urartu and possibly Ur stem from the same etymological root, though the relationship between the Urartians and the Armenians is not clear.[1]

Mount Ararat is the greatest symbol of Armenia ancient and modern, being a specular snow-capped double peak easily visible to over half the Soviet Armenians. Although it stands in the centre of the traditional lands, it is on the Turkish side of the frontier, tantalisingly out of reach. Its name has been given to a local wine, a brandy, a store, a local government district and the all-conquering Yerevan football team, and it is depicted on the arms of the Soviet Republic, to which presumption Turkey has objected. In Yerevan are three eternal flames: one for the unknown soldier of the last war, one for the Communist revolutionaries, and one in memory of those killed in the genocide of 1915. On a hill within the city stands an obelisk, the destination of thousands who take time off work to pay homage every April 24th, the unofficial but acknowledged Day of Remembrance.

In April 1915 the government of the Young Turks arrested leading Armenian citizens in cultural, political and economic life, and then put into effect a detailed plan to expel or murder as many as possible of the three million Armenians in the country. Young men were first drafted into labour battalions before being killed; women and children were herded into camps or marched without food or water into the Syrian desert. It is generally accepted that one and a half million people died in the brutality.[2] Perhaps a quarter of a million had been massacred under the Sultan in 1896 and, despite the reassurances of the party of the Young Turks who were by then in power, a further 15,000 died in Adana in 1909. Avedis Aharonian wrote:

> The wind moaned in the trees
> for our unburied dead.
> You don't need to cry, we've cried it all.[3]

The lost lives and homes are remembered with sorrow and intermittent bitterness. In the late 1940s the Soviet authorities encouraged immigration by expatriate Armenians. Many carried with them from Syria, Lebanon, Cyprus, Egypt, even from France and the USA memories of their

expulsion or escape thirty years earlier. Strong family ties mean that the losses and the diaspora have a relevance to all of Soviet Armenia. Immigrants still arrive, willing to accept the political system for the sake of being in Armenia and free from war and alien numerical domination. There has been a recent inflow from Iran. Young people from Armenian communities in the Middle East study at Yerevan University and bring with them the western Armenian dialect once spoken in Turkey.

Between three and five million Armenians are reputedly living in the diaspora outside the Soviet Union, and another million or more in Soviet states other than Armenia, many of them in the neighbouring Soviet Republic of Georgia. The population of Soviet Armenia now stands at over three million, at least three-quarters of whom are ethnically and linguistically Armenian. Prior to the First War the greatest centres of Armenian learning and population were Istanbul and Tbilisi (Tiflis), capital of Georgia, cities situated at the two extremes of the Armenians' local demographic distribution. Tbilisi was the scene of an Armenian literary renaissance in the 1840s led by Odian, Roussinian, Hissarian and Sevajian; Istanbul was the home of the great liturgical composer Komitas, who survived the holocaust but never wrote again. From being a dusty town of 20,000 on the fringes of the Tsarist empire, Yerevan has now grown into a capital of over a million inhabitants. The centre has succeeded in retaining a distinctly Armenian appearance by following a plan drawn up by the architect Tamanian in the 1920s, who envisaged a population of only 50,000. The pink tufa stone, decorated with pomegranates, vines and eagles, marks out the new hotels as different from other modern Soviet buildings.

While the Greeks regard the Turks of NATO as a greater threat than the Soviet Union, the Soviet frontier with Turkey is well guarded for the Russians by the Armenians. Officer cadets in Armenia study in detail the armed forces of the three most obvious potential enemies: the United States, West Germany and Turkey. They remember that the Western nations refused the request to be granted their own lands made at the Paris Conference of 1919 by the Armenian delegation led by Avedis Aharonian. The Great Democracies were more concerned for their oil concessions on the Caspian Sea and in consequence allowed the Turks to attempt in 1918-20 to destroy the Communist revolution in the Caucasus, and with it the Armenians. Perhaps little has changed.

Soviet Armenians therefore look to their own short-term interests. Emigration is popular among those who think that their entrepreneurial zest will bring them more handsome rewards in the capitalist West, and it proves possible for those with family connections among the half million Armenians in California or in the other communities of the diaspora. They may be the defeatists, or realists, who are prepared to forsake the Armenian language and to become assimilated into the American dream, but it is said that some disenchanted emigrants are queuing up in the USA to go back, which is more difficult. In moments

of romantic longing Soviet Armenians may hope for a legendary king to return to lead a crusade—or a terrorist army—against the Turk and the political and cultural hegemony of the Russians, or for a new Gulbenkian to arrive with pockets full of American gold to buy back their land from Turkey (there are rumours that he tried), but in sober moments they realise the impracticality, bound up as any such move would be with the global East-West conflict. In the epic folk poem *David of Sassoum*, the legendary king Mher is asked when he and his miraculous steed Kourkig will return to Armenia. He replies:

> Why should I; The earth cannot support me.
> As long as the world is wicked and false
> it crumbles under the feet of Kourkig Djalali.
> When the world is destroyed and built again,
> when the grains of wheat are as large as rose pods,
> and barley big as walnuts
> then I will come out.[4]

In the early 1970s there were nationalistic demonstrations demanding Soviet intervention in Turkey, but these were quickly dispersed. Soviet Armenia offers something: a home safe from invasion, the ability to maintain ties with communities abroad by mutual visits, a controlled but recognised national culture, and the chance of success in Soviet life. The most obvious examples of achievement are Mikoyan and Khatchaturian, but one could name among others the Second World War Marshal Bagramian, Iosif Orbeli, a former director of the Leningrad Hermitage, or Gohar Gasparian, the internationally acclaimed opera singer. Armenia has a rich and tolerated church, an extensive black market economy and the highest ratio of cars per person in the Soviet Union. There are those who chafe at the political system, the crass propaganda, the low wages and the chronic shortages of food and consumer goods, but the majority of the population would rather keep what it has than risk another defeat. Fortunately for the Armenians, there is no historical geopolitical dispute between them and their Russian sponsors. They realise that the Russians are their best friends. At the moment . . .!

NOTES

1. See D. M. Lang, *Armenia cradle of civilization*, Allen & Unwin, 3rd edition 1980, and cf. R. Stübe, *Die Reiche der Indogermanen in Asien* in *Geschichte des Orients* ed. Pflugk-Harttung, Berlin: Ullstein 1910, p. 404.
2. Lang (see Note 1) and Der Hovanessian/Margossian (see Note 3) give 1.5 million. H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe* mentions 1 million. Other figures in this article are taken from Lang or from oral reports to the author.
3. Diana Der Hovanessian & Marzbed Margossian, translators and editors, *Anthology of Armenian Poetry*, New York: Columbia University Press 1978, p. 170.
4. Idem, p. 25.

D. M. Lang's second book *The Armenians: a people in exile* was published by Allen & Unwin in 1982.

[P. J. Sutton, recently a teacher of English at Yerevan University for the British Council, is now Head of the Languages and Liberal Studies Department at South Greenwich Institute.]

THE EUROPEAN MONETARY SYSTEM— WHY WE SHOULD JOIN IT NOW

by Rudi Weisweiller

THE European Monetary System has two respectable but very dissimilar parents. To understand its nature and characteristics we need first to look briefly at them.

In political terms the European Monetary System is a logical outcome of the unifying Europeanism of the Treaty of Rome of 1957. It is both a consequence of the spirit which that agreement expressed and a significant tool in the struggle to achieve its economic targets.

The other parent, quite different but no less important, is the discipline of quasi-fixed exchange rates prescribed by the Bretton Woods Conference in 1944 and operated by the International Monetary Fund for the next quarter of a century. This system was discussed more fully in *Contemporary Review*, No. 1417, Vol. 244.

The immediate predecessor of the European Monetary System was the so-called snake, which was the nickname given to the monetary plans devised by a committee chaired by Luxembourg's Monsieur Werner and accepted by the governments of the European Community early in 1971. As we trace its fate in the 14 years since then, we must remain mindful of this dual and often contradictory parentage. Indeed, some of the most sensitive disagreements about the EMS are directly due to this dual loyalty. The wish to turn Europe into a uniform entity by both political and economic measures and to endow it with supra-national European institutions like the ECU (the European Currency Unit) or the EMF (the European Monetary Fund) is in some sense contrary to the European initiative to bring the whole world back to a system of fixed exchange rates under the world-wide umbrella of the International Monetary Fund. Both parents exert a strong influence, but sometimes their advice differs and tends to advocate irreconcilable initiatives in the chaotic conditions of today's foreign exchange market.

The Werner Plan of 1971 was much more obviously motivated by European political and economic targets than by the belief that fixed exchange rates are better than floating exchange rates. The European Monetary System on the other hand sees as of paramount importance the need for the greater stability which even temporarily fixed exchange rates can give in helping international trade and stimulating industrial investment. It seems less concerned with the ultimate unification of Europe.

Under the Werner Plan the permanent unification of the separate currencies like the Pound, the Mark, the Guilder or the French Franc into one joint currency was to be achieved after a ten-year period of preparation. It never happened and this may be one reason why hardly anyone in Europe now speaks seriously about the possibility of a truly unified European currency. Apart from the realisation that it won't

work there is also a feeling that Unified Europe in terms of peace or prosperity is something more subtle and worthwhile than a set of economic plans or monetary institutions.

The ten-year period of preparation, the decade of the snake, was a failure. It commenced in April 1972, but the United Kingdom and Italy left the arrangement a few months later, never to return. France too opted out after a few years (in January 1974), joining in again in July 1975 and opting out again in March 1976. Sweden left in August 1977 and the whole concept of close alignment of European currencies was largely dead before the snake finally died at the end of 1978.

The European Monetary System replaced the snake in 1979 and has functioned better than expected. There have admittedly been seven realignments when the exchange rates of one or several member-currencies were amended overnight to enable the fixed day-to-day relationship between them to continue. In a sense this corresponds to the modern view of a more flexible Bretton Woods as best for trade and investment. It is also important to remember that Great Britain never participated but that the experts are not agreed as to whether this helped or hindered stability. Certainly, the Pound is subject to many special influences ranging from its residual reserve function to the price of oil. It is also true that it tends to fluctuate less violently against the Dollar than other currencies, which at a time of exceptional Dollar volatility might have steadied the EMS.

When the European Monetary System was set up in the winter of 1978/79 the United Kingdom decided, after prolonged and in part very technical discussion, not to join. The reasons for this decision were mainly political. It is wise to recognise that the decision then, whether right or wrong, was political and that the decision now, whether right or wrong, will also be political.

Six years ago the government had two fears about the political consequences of joining the EMS. It realised that any further commitment to Europe was unacceptable to large sections of the population at election time. Neither of the major political parties wanted to risk that before the General Election which took place in May 1979. There was also the feeling on both sides of the House that membership of the EMS would be interpreted as a statement of intention about the desirable exchange rate for Sterling: hitching it to a firm Mark meant a strong Pound and lower inflation but harder times for exporters; hitching it to a weak Mark meant a weak Pound and higher inflation rates but perhaps some help for exporters and employment. It was an area both of uncertainty and of great electoral sensitivity.

Most Continentals and many people in the UK felt in 1979 that membership of a Club compels one to adhere to all its rules and arrangements. Nevertheless, the hesitation about the EMS shown by the Labour Government and then by Mrs. Thatcher were politically very understandable.

The question is, whether this can still be accepted. 'The time is not yet

ripe' has become a cliché for government spokesmen and seems to make less and less sense as the years go by.

Membership of the European Community is not now a key electoral issue. The desirability of leaving the exchange rate entirely to market forces (either because this is part of the monetarist dogma or for the purely pragmatic reason that the number of governmental promises which can later be seen to have been broken should be kept to a minimum) is no longer fashionable. Even American leaders now accept that the exchange rate is vitally important to the country and must not be left to chance.

Politically there is thus now no excuse for Britain's continued aloofness from the EMS mechanism.

It is, however, right to admit that continental anger at Britain's obstinate absence has abated over the years. Partly, this is due to the blunting effect of the mere passage of time. Partly, it is because six years ago the whole system seemed to depend on the participation of all members and especially of the UK, whose currency might naturally counteract some of the influences affecting the German Mark from outside, whereas the success of the EMS over the last six years makes this argument seem less cogent. Partly too the economic consequences of EMS membership for some of the smaller and more idealistic countries like Belgium, Denmark or the Netherlands have disenchanted them about this particular form of European collaboration and have perhaps caused them to take off their rose-coloured spectacles.

Germany is still anxious to see the Pound included in the European Monetary System, as recent statements by Finance Minister Stoltenberg and Central Bank President Poehl have confirmed. Cynics suspect that German advocacy of British membership, like German attacks on Exchange Controls in France and on the wider flexibility allowed to the Lira in the EMS, is a smoke-screen to deflect attention from German hostility to the extended use of the ECU (European Currency Unit) so dear to the other Europeans. In reality, the main thought behind Germany's wish to see Britain join the EMS lies in the feeling that the EMS is little more but a DMark zone, which has burdensome aspects for Germany. If it were a Sterling-and-DMark zone this would be less irksome to those responsible for German money supply, German inflation rates and German unemployment figures.

On the other hand, whether Britain's membership of the European Monetary System would have economic advantages either for Britain or for her European partners or for those outside the European Community is much less certain. It is not what should primarily determine the decision about membership, which must be judged in the wider context of European political commitments and aspirations and not on grounds of short-term material gain. Nevertheless, the price and the possible rewards of participation must be looked at.

Membership of the EMS would reduce the often violent fluctuations of Sterling against the DMark and the French Franc and the Dutch Guilder and the Irish Punt and the other European currencies to much

more manageable proportions. This would help traders in Britain buying from and selling to those in the United Kingdom. One hopes that this would not only make their life less worrying but substantially increase trade and therefore employment.

Conversely, it would almost certainly increases the Pound's day-by-day fluctuations against the Dollar and the Yen and this would burden those businesses which depend on trade denominated in those currencies.

In the longer run a different consequence has to be contemplated. When the US Dollar goes up or down against the European currencies, Sterling until now has gone its own way. Within the EMS the relationship would become more predictable but not necessarily better for us or worse for us: that will depend on whether we are looking at it from the point of view of the importer of food and raw materials (who wants the Pound to buy lots of Dollars) or of the exporter to the United States or the UK hotelier (who wants the Pound to be a cheap buy for Americans).

The result for the country as a whole is very difficult to assess, although it is often argued that it is best for the UK when the Dollar (of which, in spite of oil, we are great spenders) is cheap and the other currencies (with which we compete in export markets) are expensive. If so, then EMS membership would hinder us when the Dollar is strong and help us when it is weak, because we would be hit by the full impact of that situation, which as non-members we are not.

The ECU is the basis for governmental accounting and settlements. It is increasingly being used to express the value of contracts: France is going to pay for Dutch gas in ECU. Italy has recently made a deal with Kuwait defined in ECU. Public and private borrowers accept their indebtedness in ECU when issuing ECU bonds to lenders. Banks are opening accounts in ECU and allowing people to sign ECU cheques.

Although Germany is not keen to allow non-governmental business to be contracted in ECU it looks likely that the ECU will become a quasi-currency of world significance before long. It may even in the late Eighties become a Reserve Currency second only to the US Dollar.

The ECU includes the Pound. The EMS which determines its world price does not. This is an anomaly which must be ended soon.

One other thought should influence our attitude to EMS membership. Fixed rates of the Bretton Woods type are clearly beneficial. The European Monetary System is Bretton Woods in embryo. Is this a useful step towards a return to a more flexible Bretton Woods?

The extra stability within the system means bigger fluctuations against the currencies outside the system. For the smaller countries in Europe this is particularly tiresome. Only when the whole world joins the system will it really do its proper job. So the Pound needs to come in and then perhaps the Japanese Yen and finally the US Dollar itself. Thus Britain's entry to the European Monetary System, overdue on political grounds, hardly catastrophic for economic reasons, can be seen as a massive step towards a return to world monetary stability and the prospect of growth and full employment.

THE SOCIAL ROLE OF THE THEATRE CRITIC

by John Elsom

THE duty of the theatre critic is to tell the truth, though to say so out loud risks the charge of simple-mindedness. The truth, being an absolute, is something that we can never know, being far from absolute ourselves, and even if we knew it, we couldn't exactly express it, for words vary in meaning from individual to individual, and even if we knew it and could express it, there remain other obstacles such as editors, publishers and newsagents who come between us and the public, who may or may not want to read what we write, and may or may not understand if they do. All that filters through this mesh of circumstance is at best a flavour of truth-telling, a hint of honesty, which is the highest state to which critics can normally aspire. But this should not be used as an excuse. We should try to tell the truth.

Truth is something other than factual accuracy. Of course, we should be accurate. We should get the names right and the dates of the first performance, and we should observe accurately what happens on stage. But none of us can absorb every detail presented before us and so careful observation has to be selective as well. We have to distinguish between the theatrically significant and the insignificant detail. We have to form some opinion as to what the play is about, usually during the course of the performance, before we can start to concentrate on what we regard as the significant details. Our truthfulness lies in the way in which we speculate beyond the observable fact. We are not cameras. Telling the truth is an imaginative process.

The paradox of our trade is that we are trying to tell the truth about something which proclaims itself as fiction. The one thing that we know about the theatre is that it is a game or a myth-making process, but it isn't real life. The temptation in criticism is to assume that because the theatre isn't 'real life', we can afford to indulge our minor likes and dislikes while writing about it. If we were sitting on the jury in a murder trial, we would think very carefully before condemning the defendant or acquitting him, but because we are sitting in a theatre and there seem to be no such tangible risks at stake, we are tempted to shortcut the process of thought and damn or praise for trivial reasons. Behind such professional laziness, there lies a belittling of the myth-making process in itself. We have succumbed to the prevailing philistinism of our age, which assumes that because the theatre is not 'real life', it is arbitrary and of no real consequence. We think that we can afford to treat it frivolously—and that is a form of betrayal.

The critic should stand as a witness to the value of the myth-making process. He or she should affirm the possibility for truthfulness within this process, which exists side by side with factual reality. Let me offer an example. When the Egyptian astronomer Ptolemy charted the universe in the second century AD he was factually wrong in most of what he

said—and yet his attempts were basically truthful. But when fourteen hundred years later, the Church cited Ptolemy in its efforts to contradict Galileo, it was lying. It chose to ignore the new astronomy and the evidence from sailors who found that Ptolemy's maps were inaccurate. The same system can be regarded as truthful or untruthful, according partly to the state of factual knowledge and partly according to the motives of those who were putting it forward.

But how can we call the Ptolemaic system truthful if it was also factually wrong? Ptolemy was truthful in that he observed as accurately as he could the position of the stars and he also noticed that the stars moved around the heavens. But he did not know why they moved, or explain the irregularities and regularities of their motion; and so he put forward the hypothesis (or myth) that the stars moved in concentric rings above the earth. It was a plausible theory at the time, and no more convincing one emerged for more than a thousand years. But there came a point where Ptolemy's useful speculation had to end. Since he had assumed that the earth was flat, with the heavens above, the earth had to stand on something—he didn't know what. And so Ptolemy and the medieval astronomers who followed him enjoyed themselves by inventing absurd pedestals for the earth—elephants, tortoises, raging seas—which only the gullible would take seriously. The fantasies signalled the limits of serious speculation, and by making them so palpably absurd, Ptolemy and his successors indicated their ignorance to future scholars, thus telling the truth by not trying to sound more plausible.

Ptolemy's truthfulness therefore, consisted of three stages—accurate observation, serious myth-making and the final acknowledgement of ignorance. But wouldn't it have been more honest, and saved more lives, if the first and the second stages could have been more clearly separated? Perhaps, but this may not be possible, for just as theatre critics form opinions about a play before they can distinguish between significant and insignificant details, so scientists and artists form general theories or paradigms before concentrating on the specific facts which they want to observe in more detail. But sometimes it is useful to separate theory from facts, myths from pedantic observation, in order to juggle around with hypotheses—to try out this idea and then that one, not asserting that any are factually correct, but are merely attempts to look at the problems of life in new ways. We make myths to discover whether any of them fit our experience. We use them like a bunch of keys, any one of which may open previously locked doors.

The theatre which purports to be nothing more than make-believe, can be a more honest and serious way of handling speculation, than those quasi-scientific schools which muddle theory and fact and claim both to be truthful. It is commonplace nowadays to state that Freud was an artist or a visionary, not a scientist. Or rather that his main contribution to our thought was that of a myth, rather than anything which can be reproduced in a laboratory under controlled conditions. That's all very well, but it's a little late to claim it, for in the meantime departments of

psycho-analysis have been set up in half the universities of the United States and patients have been cured—or not cured. The fact that Freud's theories were emotionally convincing but not scientifically provable, did not prevent them from having a considerable impact on the thought of our times. What was unfortunate was the gullibility with which they were accepted as fact.

We are surrounded by such hypotheses, which masquerade as sciences or facts. The theatre, like other art forms, should help us to handle them with a greater sophistication, for it does not assert that its myths are objectively right or wrong, only that they are worth considering. Every play begins with the unspoken question, 'What if . . .'. 'What if our societies evolve according to the survival of the fittest?' 'What if our male lives are shaped by a hatred of the father and a longing for the mother?' In the past, the theatre has been an invaluable and public sorting house for ideas, so that we can jointly consider them, and discard the silly or out-of-date ones, and think further about useful propositions. This has been a function of the theatre, I would call it an indispensable function.

Over the past sixty years, this function has been in decline—or such is my impression. This is due to three factors. Until the late nineteenth century, it was possible for the averagely well-read person to stay in touch with the discoveries of science. Now it is impossible to do so, or almost impossible, even on a very general level. Strindberg, Bernard Shaw, Wells, Chekhov, even Ibsen, felt confident of their abilities to understand the general trends in scientific thought. They may have been mistaken, but their buoyant sophistication in handling the ideas of their times is something that we can only envy. Nowadays most serious writers back away from those areas where they feel their ignorance will be exposed, which include most modern sciences, with the result that their myths are concerned with an increasingly narrow range of experience—their domestic lives, their childhoods, their class and social loyalties. Writers back away from the real challenges of our times and the disassociation of sensibility, which T. S. Eliot asserted as setting in with the seventeenth century, has become in our time something equivalent to a plague, blighting the imaginative process.

We have also been dogged by a misleading aesthetic theory, to the effect that the theatre, like all art forms, is self-expression. That's true, of course, but so is everything else, including the ways in which we stand, dress, talk, even undertake scientific experiments. But to suggest that the purpose of art is simply self-expression, so that it does not matter whether our myths are interesting or not, or bear any useful relationship to the outside world, or are truthful or not, all that is misguided and derogates art as an activity. As critics we start to look at the theatre as if it were some curious anthropological activity, a phenomenon of man the animal, not as a process through which we can contemplate the mysteries that surround life. Indeed, we may even resent intellectually ambitious art on the grounds that the artist is being pretentious, is putting on airs. And

because everyone is entitled to express his or her self, indeed cannot avoid doing so, we assume that there is only a marginal difference between the naïve or incompetent artist and the outstanding one. 'I am not interested,' said one of our amateur enthusiasts who was commissioned by the Gulbenkian Foundation to chair a report on arts financing, 'in the artist as a special kind of person, but in each person as a special kind of artist.' That is, of course, a nonsensical and philistine idea.

The prevalence of the art-as-self-expression theory may not be entirely accidental. It is a way of drawing the sting from art, of belittling it and making it innocuous. The Church could have said to Galileo, 'If you really want to pretend that the earth is a globe and goes round the sun, then, of course, that's your privilege. It's a free country. It's a very imaginative idea and of course we believe in self-expression.' It would have ruined Galileo's reputation. The Church could have gone further. It could have offered Galileo a small grant and placed an exhibition of his sketches in the foyer of a town hall, together with some puppets from Thailand and a remarkable collection of watercolours from the local primary school. Death of Galileo.

Instead the Church made the mistake of taking Galileo seriously. It was forced into telling lies and into supporting them by thumbscrews and the rack. It recognised that through the flimsy scraps of evidence, a few misshapen pieces of glass, mathematics nobody could understand, a flight of fancy from a philosopher, it could be facing a revolution—for if Ptolemy were wrong, and the earth was not the centre of the Universe, and Rome not the centre of the earth, then the centrality of the Church's role in spiritual and temporal affairs might itself be questioned—and with it, the good order of the state, which would be threatened by heretics and malcontents. And so the Church lied and defended its right to do so for centuries later by claiming that it was acting in accordance with a higher truth than mere astronomical observance.

Under circumstances like that, which may be rare, the theatre critic has to be brave enough to take up the cause of a Galileo, even of minor and would-be Galileos, who may not be too sure of the ultimate accuracy of what they are saying, but are putting forward profound and original views. On such occasions, telling the truth, even in the limited sense in which I have defined it, is both difficult and necessary. Of course, we should bear in mind the dilemmas of the authorities, of course, we should remember that not every dissident is a Galileo; but as theatre critics, we do not have to assert that myths presented before us are right, only that they are worth considering. We should defend the myth-making process.

The theatre is perpetually under attack from those who wish either to preserve the existing myths without question or from those who wish to control the myth-making process for their own ends. I cannot speak of any society other than my own, which I love, in Britain; but I know that British society is held together by myths and hypotheses, some quaint, some idealistic, some useful, some harmful; and myths which are built into society are hard to question, hard to shift. Our political parties are

sustained by them, our laws, our economies, our class loyalties. The theatre is the natural place where these myths can be considered, together with their consequences in social and political terms. Without sophisticated myth-making, there can be no progress, no change, for we would simply slump into our old assumptions. That is the process we are defending—and we can only do so in the hardest possible way, by trying to tell the truth.

[The above article is based on a talk presented at a conference on theatre criticism as a social activity organised by the International Association of Theatre Critics in Moscow on March 14, 1985.]

The June issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *The British Economy under the Conservatives* by Peter Parker, *Doctrine and Theory in Soviet Foreign Policy* by Otto Pick, *Malta: A Profile of the New Premier* by John Hatherley and *Denton Welch: A New Assessment* by Richard Whittington-Egan.

SAILING WITH COLERIDGE AND DRAKE

by Sheila Huftel

LIVINGSTON Lowes in his tremendous *Road to Xanadu* traced Coleridge's sources for *The Ancient Mariner* to the old voyages. They were his raw material, the detailed fact upon which his imagination built: the map of his vision. The wonder of the poem lies in its interlaced construction half-fact, half-dream, held together by mesmerising images and a gossamer strangeness like a sea mist over all. This all embracing linking is characteristic. To set *The Ancient Mariner* against the voyages is not only to sail with Coleridge, Friedrich Martens and Drake into the storm and the ice but to reach the heart of the Mariner's world. It is perhaps as near as we can come to seeing the Mariner as Coleridge did; the Mariner with the old navigators behind him. Coleridge used to call him The Old Navigator.

'We set sail the 15 April 1671', wrote Friedrich Martens on his Voyage from the Elb into Spitzbergen and Greenland. 'On the 2^{d} June we had a severe frost in the forenoon, and in the night we saw the Moon very pale, as it used to look in the day time in our Country... whereupon followed mist and snow...' It is tempting to complete the line; 'And it grew wondrous cold.' Martens goes on to describe the Hills of Ice very high that reach to the tops of the mountains; 'the Cliffs are filled up with Snow.'

> And through the drifts the snowy clifts
> Did send a dismal sheen:
> Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
> The ice was all between.

Coleridge read of the swelling waves that continually follow one another moving 'before the wind with a quick motion, but when the waves are short, they dash over the Ship, and break much, so that the Ship is hardly able to live.' When the Mariner's ship reaches the Line

> ... she 'gan stir,
> With a short uneasy motion—
> Backwards and forwards half her length
> With a short uneasy motion.

Martens wrote that it was so cold that we could hardly keep the warmth within us. He wrote of the great ice hills that drive up and down the sea, and of a storm as icy as anything in *The Ancient Mariner*. 'And you see the Sea everywhere to look like curled Ice, and when it is a freezing is hindered by the wind, and all round with a white foam and every wave blows over the precedent, with a great roaring noise, as if a water-mill were a-going, and that same noise the Ships make likewise when they cut through the Sea.'

> The ice was here, the ice was there,
> The ice was all around:
> It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
> Like noises in a swound!

The narrative quietens to describe the fiery colours of the sea: 'At night when the sea dasheth very much it shines like fire, the Sea-men call it

burning. The shining is a very bright glance like unto the lustre of a diamond.'

Coleridge's main source was *Purchas His Pilgrimage*, but among many voyages, he read Captain Thomas James's *The Strange and Dangerous Voyage*. They sailed on the 2 May, 1631 from Bristol to discover a Northwest Passage into the South Sea. James wrote of 'foule weather, a high-grown Sea and some pieces of Ice as high as our Top-mast head.' He, like Martens, wrote of being trapped in the ice and the fear of being broken to pieces by it. Great pieces of Ice came aground and 'began to break with a terrible thundering noyse.'

> The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
> The helmsman steered us through!

Coleridge probably read of the colours of the ice in John Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels* published in 1764; 'some ice has the look of white Chrystal, others as blue as Sapphires, and others again green as Emeralds.'

> And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
> As green as emerald.

In *An Account of Several Later Voyages*, where Coleridge found Martens, he also read of Magellan; 'They found out a great Streight leading into the South Sea... through which he was to pass into the Pacific Ocean.' The echo is inevitable: 'We were the first that ever burst/ Into that silent sea.'

When Drake began his voyage encompassing the world on November 15, 1577, the language was new minted; vivid and immediate, simple and direct. On August 20, 1578 they reached the Straights of Magellan: 'we fel with the cape; neere which lies the entrance into the straight, called by the Spaniards *Cape virgin Maria*, appearing 4. leagues before you come to it with high and steepe gray cliffes, full of blacks starres, against which the sea beating sheweth as it were the spoutings of Whales.' In the straights the mountains rise like spires into the air, they are environed with 'congealed clouds, and frozen meteors.' And the Mariner's magic seas are lit with 'a flash of golden fire.'

The Mariner shares not only the experience of the Old Voyages, but the sailors' cast of mind. They believed completely that they were in the hand of God. Let Drake's Voyage speak for all. It was the 6 of September 1578, the second day after their entrance into the South Sea; and Drake planned to sail toward the Line. A cruel and frowning winter had impaired the health of some of the crew. On the 7th: 'God by a contrary wind and intollerable tempest, seemed to set himselfe against us: forcing us not onely to alter our course and determination, but with great trouble, long time, many dangers, hard escapes, and finall separating of our fleet, to yeeld our selves unto his will.'

> And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
> Was tyrannous and strong:
> He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
> And chased us south along.

Drake's ship was driven so far South that for a month they could by no means recover any land. The seas tossed the distressed ship and

helpless men 'like a ball in a racket... For truly, it was more likely that the mountains should have been rent in sunder, from the top to the bottome, and cast headlong into the sea, by these unnatural winds, then that we, by any helps or cunning of man, should free the life of any one amongst us.'

But God 'looked downe from heaven, beheld our teares... did so wonderfully free us, and make our way open before us, as it were by his holy Angels still guiding and conducting us, that more then the affright and amaze of this estate, we received no part of damage in all things that belonged unto us.'

Coleridge's troop of spirits guiding and working the Mariner's ship meets the King's ship in *The Tempest*; the two are one in the mirror of Drake's Voyage.

[Sheila Huftel is working on a book on Coleridge. Her other writing has been about the theatre, and her first book was *Arthur Miller, the Burning Glass.* She has also written *Shaw and His Actors*; *A Packet of Letters*, an anthology of theatre letters Garrick—Olivier; and a collection of Leigh Hunt's dramatic criticism, *Playgoing with Leigh Hunt.*]

CINEMA: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

by David Shipman

A READER recently wrote to London's evening paper, *The Standard*, to observe that it really didn't matter that the British cinema was dying, if the best it could do for important subjects was to trivialise them. He instanced *The Killing Fields*, *The Shooting Party* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, and I thought it significant that he didn't mention that all three films were favourably received. It's not axiomatic that our critics are always wrong, but I'd already been told that they were in these cases. Well, you know me, I always go off in the greatest optimism, and although so far I've only managed to get to *Nineteen Eighty-Four* I immediately admired the manner in which the writer-director, Michael Radford, had constructed only the sort of technology that Orwell might have imagined, instead of using today's hardware. Fifteen minutes into the film, and I realised that I'd forgotten the book more than I thought; it's now thirty years since I read it and I cannot remember whether I saw the BBC dramatisation done about the same time—a Sunday night 'play' which caused such a furore that it led to a reputedly rotten movie. It couldn't have been worse than this. Thirty minutes into the film, and I still thought that I owed it to you (and myself) not to spring into print without consulting my old Penguin edition. But the film just isn't worth it. Whatever the book was—a satire on postwar bureaucracy, an attack on Soviet-style government, an awful warning on the future—it wasn't like this; it wasn't boring. This is Dystopia with a vengeance, a world where everything is tattered, broken, dirty, barren. Unlike Orwell's Oceania, it's impossible to relate to it, while John Hurt's Winston Smith, who might have been any of us under the circumstances, is as monotonous as it is lugubrious, creating not the least empathy. I'll report on the other two films in due course.

An earlier letter to *The Standard* had complained about *Paris, Texas*, on the grounds that the critical reception had resulted in the writer wasting both time and money. It had been unanimously voted the Grand Prix at Cannes and our own critics, I think, had awarded it some such title as 'Film of the Year', which rather bemused this writer, who had admired individual elements in the previous films of the director, Wim Wenders, but never the whole. Still, it can make a fellow neurotic to be so often out of step with Fleet Street, so I went to *Paris, Texas* determined to love it. And, unlike *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, I did. It's a haunting, hallucinating film from first to last.

Robby Muller's probing camera shows us a Los Angeles that we've never seen before, if being more expectedly poetic on the high rises of Houston and the plains of Texas; and Wenders brings warmth and understanding to the tale of a lost, lorn wanderer (Harry Dean Stanton, in an exceptional performance) who in Sam Shepard's script is brought back to life by the care of his brother (Dean Stockwell) and his wife (Aurore Clement). However, walking away from the cinema, there was

no way round the fact that I'd been lulled into accepting the second-rate. The plot pivots on the fact that the wanderer persuades his eight-year-old son to desert the loving, caring home of his aunt and uncle after only a few days' re-acquaintance; four years earlier the boy had been deserted by both parents, after what is revealed to be years of quarrelling, and now the father wants to leave him with his mother (Nastassia Kinski), who has become a hooker. The blurb on the Videocassette gets it right: '... and finally tearjerking epic'—'tearjerking' not being exactly a complimentary adjective, and who would describe the comparable ending of *Bicycle Thieves* as tearjerking (no matter how much we may remember crying when we saw it?) Although the critic of *The Guardian*, Derek Malcolm, had reservations about the ending, he boasted that his comment on the film, 'Brings magic back to the cinema', was being used in the publicity campaign. No way, Derek, as they'd say in Houston, not to mention *Paris, Texas.*

I suppose the difference between Mr. Malcolm (I don't read him frequently enough to be sure) and myself is that he wants camerawork, *mise-en-scène* to be at the service of Cinema and I want them to work for a reflection of life as we know it. Anyway, the fact that Malcolm was in charge of this year's London Film Festival didn't exactly inspire confidence. When it was over, the organisers sent out an excited press release to the effect that they had sold more tickets than at any time in the festival's history—not surprisingly, in view of the fact that the programming included such commercial blockbusters as *Gremlins* and *Ghostbusters.* I see Malcolm's point, that these are Cinema, too, but their inclusion means that the festival now merely collects together just over one hundred movies of all shapes, sizes and qualities. When the London Film Festival began with just over a dozen films they were often beauties, chosen with care by people who thought the selection made a real contribution to the year's cinemagoing. When Ken Wlaschin extended the selection to over a hundred his criterion was to bring together a couple of dozen movies by admired film-makers and three other dozen or so which might otherwise never be seen in this country.

Inevitably some of the 1984 Festival's 'Anything Goes' selection included some movies in the latter category, including *Beyond Sorrow, Beyond Pain,* which has no other identity than as a festival film. This mouse, championed by Malcolm himself, was made by a Swedish director, Agneta Elers-Jarleman, reconstructing her love affair with a French student ten years earlier and her attempts at rehabilitation when he was so seriously wounded in a car crash that he was little more than a vegetable. Now, here is the 'life' that I want to see reflected in movies, and the subject is all the more serious in that no one other than Ms Elers-Jarleman—not the hospital authorities, anyway—were really concerned about the man's fate. I trust she wasn't responsible for the film's English title, for if the matter were really beyond sorrow, beyond pain she couldn't have made a film about it. Playing himself, the Frenchman was enormously sympathetic. One cheered at the outcome, one admired

Elers-Jarleman's endurance, but pictures of hospitals and her talking sincerely to the camera do not constitute a film. The clue to the endeavour may lie in fact that the couple had met in film school. The pupils would not seem to have been taught to get under the surface of matters, even when they had happened to themselves.

Nor do I think the Festival should be programming a movie like *Maria's Lovers*—not, anyway, if one considers the quality of the stuff in the first Festivals. Here's a commercial movie, just as phoney as *Paris, Texas*, if equally watchable. And for the same reason: here's another foreigner, the Russian *emigré*, Andrei Konchalovsky, fondly reacting to America, in this case the milieu of a small Pennsylvania industrial town. Once again the playing is sympathetic and once again the story, based on one by Platanov, who is uncredited, makes no real sense. In 1946 Ivan (John Savage) returns from the War and marries his childhood sweetheart Maria (Miss Kinski again); he cannot consummate the marriage because, we understand, he had dreamed too much about her while apart, and after a year of frustration he ups and leaves. When she gets pregnant by a wandering minstrel man (Keith Carradine) she goes to tell Ivan and he sends her angrily away. 'Still nuts about her, kid?' says a colleague. A chance meeting with the minstrel man helps to exorcise his fears, and the couple are soon having a fine old time on the bed as his father (Robert Mitchum) dies downstairs. Personally, I don't think he'd have had that trouble on his wedding night if he'd only removed his trousers. I know they didn't in *movies* in 1946, but this was supposed to be life.

Repo Man is even more blatantly commercial, and by that I should explain perhaps that I mean its makers have tried to pack into it ingredients known to be popular—in this case the usual car chases and crashes, a scifi auto which can shrivel humans to dust and a teenage hero (Emilio Estevez) trying to cope with adults who are apathetic, devious, cynical and evil, all the things he isn't. When the film played the Berlin Film Festival the American show business paper *Variety* predicted that today's youthful audiences would take it to their hearts, but on the contrary it did so badly in the US that Universal passed it on to Artificial Eye for distribution in Britain. But that's not the only reason why it deserved showcasing in the London Festival. Though sometimes cheap and derivative it's more often bright and witty; and it's made with real flair by Alex Cox, in his feature debut. He's from Merseyside, so here's yet another foreigner in the US while reunited from *Paris, Texas* are the photographer Robby Muller and Harry Dean Stanton in another stint as one of life's losers.

I never thought I'd prefer a movie full of car chases to one of Satjayit Ray's reflective versions of Tagore, but the fact is that *The Home and the World* is not as successful as *Charulata* or *Three Daughters*—though that, as far as I'm concerned, is like saying *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is not *Twelfth Night*. I think it has a major liability in Swatilekha Chatterji, the stage actress in the central role: for too long we are not privy to her thoughts. She plays the wife of an East Bengal landowner

(Victor Banerji) who so looks to the West that he persuades her, after ten years of marriage, to break with Hindu tradition and leave the women's quarters; he also makes her learn English. Because he is the only man she has ever known he cannot be sure that she loves him in the way that he loves her; so he welcomes the chance for her to meet the charismatic Sandip (Soumitra Chatterji), who is both a ladies' man and a revolutionary leader—preaching a creed with which the landowner cannot agree, for he doesn't think it will benefit the poor; and eventually it leads to a Moslem uprising. Although over thirty years ago Ray intended to make this Tagore story his first film, I've never thought him greatly at ease with political issues: however, this one comes wonderfully to life in its later stages while the earlier sequences, mainly conversation pieces, lack 'body'. Ray has said that the original, a 'diary' for three voices, gave him little detail to work with, but I think my failure to respond as keenly as I have in the past may be my own fault. I wouldn't want you not to see this.

Nor would I wish you to miss (to pass from the Festival, though I'll come back to some of its more widely circulated movies next time) *Greystoke: the Legend of Tarzan, Amadeus* or *Beverly Hills Cop.* You may have seen *Greystoke* by now; I must say that I held back because I was never too enamoured of the cinema's perennial jungle hero and his company of wolves. The director, Hugh Hudson, solves the problem as they did with the not dissimilar sequences in *The Black Stallion*, with breathtaking locations and a childlike sense of wonder. This brings magic back to the cinema. As with *The Black Stallion* the piece falters when our hero returns to civilisation—in this case a Scottish estate. Hudson (who shows much more feeling for the medium than in *Chariots of Fire*) intended a longer and slightly different film, but the distributor put back all the deleted sequences of Ralph Richardson, who died during filming. So who is the weakest element? You've guessed it.

Of *Amadeus* I will only say that for once the slogan is right: 'Everything you've heard is true'. It's a feast for the ear (try and see it in Dolby stereo; there was never a soundtrack as enriching as this) and eye and sometimes for the brain. And for his Salieri F. Murray Abraham ought to get all those Best Actor awards they're always handing out. Of *Beverly Hills Cop* I'd heard that Eddie Murphy was wonderful but the piece itself just another police thriller. But the film, it's him, they are one and indivisible; this is for him what *Bullitt* was for McQueen and *Dirty Harry* for Eastwood.

Finally, for the real buffs amongst you I'd be remiss if I didn't bring to your attention the name of Hanns Schwarz, all but forgotten but for the great rediscovery of the National Film Theatre's year-long tribute to the German cinema. Schwarz is one of those directors whose credits just cease with the coming of the Nazis. If his other films are as good as *Hungarian Rhapsody* and *The Wonderful Lie of Nina Petrovna* he'll jump to the forefront of silent movie-makers.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTHING TO CELEBRATE

Dear Madam,

With reference to Mr. Land's letter 'Doctor in the Torture Chamber' in *Contemporary Review* (Vol. 246, No. 1430), I feel I must widen the debate.

This, I feel, is desirable as we contemplate the 40th anniversary celebration of the ending of the Second World War, because the torture Mr. Land writes about is only a small part of the torture being suffered today. Furthermore, Mr. Land does not touch the underlying cause, which must be dealt with.

Let us start by establishing what the Second World War was about. Originally, the war was about the invasion of Poland; but as it escalated, it changed and became a war against terrorism. Those of us who lived under the Nazi occupation came to understand this in full measure. We lived day and night in the front line between a terrorist government and an underground force, which were responsible to nobody and therefore a law unto themselves. It was a lawless society, where the gun ruled. The war was about doing away with terrorism, which operates torture, and returning the world to a framework of law which would safeguard the individual's freedom and give men, women, and children the right to free expression and to live without fear.

Even before the end of the war terrorism was practised within the allied camp. And almost as soon as the war was over terrorist governments sprang up in many parts of Europe, supported by one of the Great Powers, who had fought against and condemned Nazi terrorism. Looking at the world of today, there is hardly anywhere one can put one's finger without pointing to a terrorist government or to underground terrorist groups, or both. We got rid of Hitler and his regime, but not what he stood for. We thought that the underground movements of Europe were finished with the end of the war, but we were wrong. Furthermore, the world now suffers from Super-Power sickness, the division of the world into ideologies. Look at Korea, a typical example of a country split by the Super-Powers' confrontation policy, and now ruled by two undemocratic terrorist governments.

For some months now a great deal of emotion has flowed through the world over Ethiopia, and not without reason. Yet have we really touched on the fundamental cause behind this horrendous famine? Have any of the world's nations done their duty, or have they all just played politics and profit-making? Once again we seem to detect the influence of the Super-Powers, although we see no direct involvement; yet power in Ethiopia is the man with the biggest and best gun; the terrorist and not the ballot box. From where do the guns come, we must ask, and how are they paid for? The guns come from other nations, and they are paid for by money which should have been used in preventing the famine. Thus, *we* are guilty of fostering terrorism and starvation. Guns before food is a policy followed by most nations of the world today, which is a war policy, and contrary to

the spirit of freedom and peace for which we fought in the Second World War.

How have we managed to go so wrong?

The answer lies in the post-war materialism built on ideologies, technologies, greed, selfishness and lethargy. We are so engrossed by outdated ideologies and the profit motive that we fail to observe the basis of democracy, namely, the freedom and value of the individual.

Shall we ever conquer terrorism, torture and fear? As long as we continue to behave as we have done over the last 40 years, the answer must be NO. Until now, we have failed the men, women and children victims of the last holocaust, and so we have little or nothing to celebrate, unless we immediately commence to do what we should have done over the last 40 years, namely, do away with the sources on which terrorism, torture and fear feed and flourish.

Yours faithfully,

Foulsham, Norfolk. K. SORENSEN

EXPLOITATION OF SEXUALITY

Dear Madam,

Leslie Paul's article on 'Literature and Obscene Language' (No. 1428, Vol. 246) and 'A Legislative Nasty' by Stanley Alderson (No. 1424, Vol. 245) reminds me that D. H. Lawrence was quoted as saying that pornography was an attempt to insult sex and that people who produced it and those who consumed it were equal victims of the twin infections: 'the grey disease of sex hatred coupled with the yellow disease of dirt lust.'

The exploitation of sexuality, both verbal and visual, by all sections of the mass media has created a climate in which human dignity has been corroded by an evil influence so well entrenched as to seem impossible to dislodge, need it be said, always supported and excused by the pseudo-intellectuals who are so firmly entrenched in the various arms of the mass media. Cinemas, television and the gutter press titillate rather than entertain, city centres are infested with sleazy clubs offering explicit sex and hard core pornography, videos glorifying violence of the most bestial nature, all united in exploiting sex without cease, having no other standards than pandering to humanity's lowest instinct. The horrors of the latest videos have, in fact, been produced, written, acted and sold by the scum of this country who have always been responsible for the lowering of humanity's dignity, all of them united in their universal god—profit.

No thought by these creatures of the children and young people who are being conditioned by pornography at a child's level in the local newsagent's shop, cinema and Underground blow-ups, TV programmes, books, the gutter press and any form of mass media available.

Yours faithfully,

Harrow, Middlesex. TONY HUGHES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND

Roman Catholicism in England. Edward Norman. Oxford University Press. £9.95.

Dr. Edward Norman, Anglican luminary, has written a brilliantly objective account of Roman Catholicism in England from the Elizabethan Settlement to the Second Vatican Council. 'It is the consistency' he writes 'of English Catholicism through the last four centuries which most impresses. Catholic history has a unity. Its leading figures seem to have been conscious of a single purpose.' As one who has for forty years been a Roman Catholic after thirty-four years as an Anglican, I would be much less certain than Dr. Norman of this conclusion. No doubt, there has and will always be a passionate determination to preserve and strengthen the faith and save human souls. But Dr. Norman means rather less than this on the spiritual and rather more than this on the social and political side.

He credits English Catholicism with an extraordinary survival capacity which has manifested itself in various strategies. As he approaches the Second Vatican Council he writes: 'The centralised, clericalised, disciplined Church fashioned under ultramontane influence in the nineteenth century lasted until well into the middle of the succeeding one.' But he goes on to announce that 'the whole pattern of authority within the Church was about to be altered'. I suppose that one must accept that as an expert opinion from outside but close at hand. It hasn't seemed like that to the Roman Catholic layman.

The two great changes since Vatican II have surely been first the new sanction given to conscience even in defiance of the orthodox rules and secondly the profound aspiration for uninhibited friendship with other churches. Dr. Norman quotes Cardinal Heenan as being unprepared for the great change. 'I was doing my duty,' he said, 'by giving orders, and the priests theirs by tearing them up.' As a man in the pew I was never so aware that orders were given in that way and have never since been conscious that they are not in any way given now. But it may well be, as not infrequently, the outsider who has seen most of the game.

It is hard to point to any faults in Dr. Norman's treatment. Speaking myself with a discountable bias, I feel that he has slightly underestimated the Irish contribution to English Catholicism. 'The Irish immigrants' he writes 'created the numbers of the Church of the nineteenth century and also its financial problems, as the attempt to keep up with church and school building ran into the obvious difficulty that the Irish were also the poorest section of society.'... Then follows this rather patronising sentence 'Despite their poverty, the Irish were actually a beneficial influence in the Church'. Thank you, Dr. Norman. Without the Irish influx, English Catholicism would be a very small element in the life of England today.

Dr. Norman provides many happy concise vignettes of leading Catholics. This one, for example. 'Cardinal Bourne succeeded Vaughan at Westminster in 1903. Evelyn Waugh's hard judgment—that he was "singularly disqualified from normal social intercourse"—does him enormous injustice, but he was certainly a man of unobtrusive style.' There was at one moment a rumour, authoritatively repudiated, that Dr. Norman might draw even closer to the

Catholic Church than at present. If that ever happens, he would have nothing to explain away. As it is, he has written about English Catholicism in a manner for which English Catholics can be grateful and of which he can be proud.

FRANK LONGFORD

WHOSE LAND?

From Time Immemorial: The Origins of the Arab-Israel Conflict over Palestine. Joan Peters. Michael Joseph. £15.

This long and significant book was published nearly a year ago in the United States: it has run into seven editions and has been widely acclaimed, with one or two exceptions, in leading American journals. Indeed, the renowned Barbara Tuckman has pronounced: 'This book is an historical event in itself'. On publication in this country, it immediately received what appeared like an orchestrated series of damning reviews, including a long tirade from Sir Ian Glimour, Chairman of the Arab lobby. To anyone familiar with the Palestine question, this might be expected. But wiser and fairer reviews are now appearing.

Joan Peters quotes from a number of British historians and lawyers, notably the Rev. James Parkes, Prof. Bernard Lewis, Philip Graves and more obviously Martin Gilbert on one side, and also from Edward Attiyah, Albert Hourani, Stephen Longrigg and John Glubb on the other. The conflict of views between these protagonists is well-known to students of the Middle East. When an experienced journalist spends seven years researching official archives and University records in England, the United States, Europe, Israel and Jordan and when her book contains 120 pages of source references, a question mark arises, though the resultant compilation may prove nothing about the content of the book, except perhaps a lot of hard work.

The author was prompted to start this enterprise by her interest in the refugee problem. In my own case I visited refugee camps and not only Palestine camps in Refugee Year and like Joan Peters was worried. In June 1964 I published some of my findings in the *Contemporary Review*. I wondered then and wonder still more now why these wretched camps still exist and secondly why the younger members are expected to perform military exercises. Is there political manipulation? Could a reason be that if the 'refugees' were integrated into the vast Arab land areas, it would be equivalent to accepting the story of their 'expulsion' and also the fact of Israel's legal existence. How could Yasser Arafat accept such propositions?

But, of course, the controversy has deeper roots, mostly arising from the long history of the area, latterly known as Palestine, though no such designation appeared on the 1916 Turkish Map. James Parkes' historic book, *Whose Land? a history of the peoples of Palestine*, was published in 1949. Joan Peters may have over-simplified this complex problem; she may have underestimated some aspects of earlier Arab history, but she has restored the continuity of early Jewish and recent Israel history.

Again, Britain has been deeply involved. Two World Wars have had a decisive impact on British Foreign and Colonial Policy in the Middle East; Joan Peters is fully aware of British responsibilities. The route to India, the discovery of oil, the Balfour Declaration (1917), the British Mandate 1922; the succession of Agreements Reports and Commissions (e.g. Hussain-MacMahon, Sykes-Picot, Hope-Simpson, Anglo-American). All these matters are carefully documented in the book.

British governments have made mistakes. Fanatics among Arabs and Zionists have in the past acquiesced in criminal acts, but the conflict itself has been bedevilled by blatant propaganda and intellectual arrogance from outsiders on the sidelines. It is time that cooler and wiser counsels prevailed, in the spirit of Camp David and United Nations Resolutions. In ten years the Middle East has undergone basic changes. Arafat has dissipated his following. The genuine refugees on Israel's borders want work and peace. Joan Peters' challenging treatise deserves careful reading and may well influence public opinion.

KENNETH LINDSAY

FROM BIBLE TO CHARTER

A History of British Socialism. Max Beer. Spokesman. £8.95.

To produce a work of great scholarship first published in 1919 in modern format is an imaginitive project. Max Beer's 'A History of British Socialism' is perhaps misnamed for it is in reality a history of social thought, written without the didactic and obscure language of latter day marxists. If a review is required, R. H. Tawney's introduction is as much as a potential reader needs and makes this afterthought redundant in many ways.

'Spokesman', the publishers, have, however, produced a most attractive product with a beautiful layout and well chosen and fascinating illustrations. Ken Coates, in his preface, quotes G. D. H. Cole 'that his (Max Beer's) definition of Communism was wide enough to include anyone who suggested that it might be nice to take dinner together'. Indeed, the variety of thinkers covered include mild reformers and revolutionaries alike. They are treated with generosity by an Austrian who had the unusual depth of insight to see the vast contribution to social, economic, Socialist and reforming thought made by English philosophers, poets, economists and men of action.

The ideal of jus naturale, a state of innocence when all things were held in common is the continuing theme. Indeed, rather than looking to the future, much of socialist thought is rooted in Greek and Roman, Jewish and Christian ideas of a past which has been destroyed by the acquisition of private property and the exploitation of Labour. The Norman conquest in particular, with its feudalism gave rise to future movements to return to Eden as in the Peasants' Revolt.

Later, industrialisation culminating in the rise of trade unionism and chartism and intellectual ferment from Shelley to Robert Owen or Gray, Thompson and Hodgskin and countless other indigenous thinkers is often obscured by the far left's obsession with Marx and Engels, Lenin or Rosa Luxenburg. This wealth of home grown philosophy is so neglected by the British Left that it permits opponents to brand their ideas as alien. In fact, notwithstanding the ideas of revolutionary France—and Russia a century later —the tradition of philanthropy, reform, revolutionary ideas from medievalism to the Diggers produced by the English revolution is sadly neglected. Later thinkers and poets, co-operators and idealists revolted by the squalor of industrialisation and the destruction of rural England and equally unknown to many familiar with every word of Leon Trotsky.

In this lies the value of what was meant to be the first volume of a comprehensive history which ends with the Chartist Movement. As an outsider looking in, Max Beer, an anglophile, did more to analyse and resurrect our traditions of radical thought than those who term themselves militants or revolutionary socialists today.

It is singularly unfortunate that this combination of genuine objective scholarship and most attractive presentation is bound in a paperback from

which all the pages have become detached during my reading of this work. From a pride of place on my bookshelf it has become a looseleaf tome. The ship was spoiled for a ha'p'orth of a tar, which is a pity. A hard back would have been worth the extra cost in so attractive a volume.

PAUL ROSE

EDWARD FITZGERALD

With Friends Possessed: A Life of Edward FitzGerald. Robert Bernard Martin. Faber and Faber. £17.50.

Perhaps no other Victorian has achieved such lasting fame with such little work as Edward FitzGerald. His fame rests on two pillars: his translation of *Omar Khayyam* and his letters. Professor Martin has now produced what is likely to be the definitive study of FitzGerald for many years to come. Those who know Robert Martin's splendid biography of FitzGerald's friend, Tennyson, will not be surprised that once again this biographer has united scholarship and elegant writing.

This book is firmly based upon the four volumes of FitzGerald's Correspondence edited by A. McK. and A. B. Terhune. In this biography, Robert Martin concentrates upon FitzGerald's friendships. FitzGerald was, of course, a great eccentric and the course of his friendships reflect his troubled personality.

Robert Martin rightly concentrates upon FitzGerald's family background. His mother was said to be the wealthiest commoner in Britain. Almost all of her children were, to say the least, eccentric. FitzGerald himself realised that their personalities were not helped by the fact that the parents were first cousins as, indeed were several other ancestors. Such marriages may have kept the great wealth within the family; they also increased the inclination to mental instability. Mrs. FitzGerald reminds one of a character from a Thackeray novel. As Professor Martin comments, FitzGerald's friend, Thackeray, knew her quite well and could have drawn upon her for any of his portraits of a wealthy and selfish society hostess. Robert Martin shows better than any previous biographer how the young FitzGerald had to accompany his mother on a round of Society visits as she moved from her mansion in Portland Place to her house in Brighton or the numerous country homes they had in Ireland and England.

This book is more concerned with FitzGerald's personality and friendships than with any detailed analysis of his writings. Naturally, most attention is given to the famous translation of *Omar Khayyam* published in 1859, although it remained unknown until Rossetti and his friends discovered it on a penny bookstall. Robert Martin rightly says that it is not really a 'translation' of the ancient Persian poet, but an 'improvisation' by FitzGerald based upon Omar Khayyam's writings. Professor Martin is particularly interesting in his short discussion on why the poem became so popular to the late Victorians and the Edwardians.

Yet FitzGerald's 'finest legacy' is his letters. He was a close friend of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle. He often used his considerable inheritance to help his literary friends. He did this in a great spirit of generosity yet his efforts at kindness often damaged his friendships. Robert Martin describes FitzGerald as having an 'apprehensive *hauteur* and excessive vulnerability.' His letters provided him with a refuge from the upsets of life and friendship. From the various small cottages he sheltered in throughout Suffolk, he wrote moving and delightful letters to his friends. His letters record not only his own

activities, such as his fondness for sailing and sailors, but his views upon the great writers of his time. One does wish that Robert Martin had had just a bit more space to give some of FitzGerald's comments on his fellow writers.

This book will make enjoyable reading for anyone interested in Victorian literature or in eccentric personalities. FitzGerald, like Omar Khayyam, has found an excellent interpreter.

RICHARD MULLEN

AN ITALIANIZED TESS

The Tess Opera. Desmond Hawkins. Thomas Hardy Society. 75p.

It might seem that every facet of the life and work of Thomas Hardy had been examined. Fortunately, this is not so and Desmond Hawkins has an unerring eye for some incident or experience—often quite important for the Hardy student—which is not widely known. This is the case with *The Tess Opera* which reveals that the production of an opera based on *Tess of the D'Urbevilles* received considerable acclaim. For Hardy, the opera was an exciting and challenging prospect. The composer, Baron Frédéric d'Erlanger, combined a business career with music and was successful in getting his work accepted. The climax of D'Erlanger's career came with the opening performance of *Tess* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in the summer of 1909, which date marked the end of the London summer social season.

Before that notable occasion there had been various attempts to set Hardy's novels to music or to adapt them for the stage. Such names as J. Comyns Carr and G. T. Grein are mentioned in the latter connection although with few tangible results. The problem of dispensing with Hardy's descriptive prose and unerring grasp of character remained unresolved until in 1925, at the experimental Barnes theatre, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies came nearer than any other player to portraying a credible Tess.

Yet from the eighteen-nineties onwards, those who wished to see the story set to music were not deterred. An American composer expressed a wish to do so via the librettist, Charlotte Pendleton. Hardy's response to this overture was courteously unco-operative. There is an underlying pressure in Mrs. Pendleton's letter which was bound to arouse resistance. It was as well that he hesitated, for two years later Baron D'Erlanger suggested that Puccini's librettist, Luigi Illica, should prepare a book for the Baron's own musical score.

Even with these two distinguished collaborators the opera did not achieve a lasting place in the national repertoire, despite generally favourable reviews. Dr. Hawkins cites several possible reasons for this. Various misfortunes had hampered the Italian productions before the London debut—a musicians' strike, even a volcanic eruption of Vesuvius. At the same time, Hardy himself must have had misgivings over the 'Italianization' of Tess and the composer's decision to end the opera after her 'confession' scene with suicide by drowning. The *tableaux* of Tess at the moment of death may well have been puzzling to critics not yet in tune with such innovative methods of theatre production.

Nonetheless, much was achieved in a comparatively short space of time before the opera sank into oblivion, rescued by the British Broadcasting Corporation's full version in 1929, one year after Hardy's death, relayed from the Birmingham studios.

This excellently produced small volume, *The Tess Opera*, complete with photographs, letters, bibliography, discography and a detailed list of the

elaborating this approach. Dr. Schmidt has carried out an immense amount of research, among documents, including the Rudolph Wolters Diary, and interviewed witnesses of events, including Speer himself. He concludes that Speer's story is a baseless myth. 'Speer was Hitler's loyal paladin and minister, and he masterly manipulated the instruments of power politics in the National Socialist state.' Dr. Schmidt has included a substantial bibliography and the sources of his other material.

Everyman's Companion to the Brontës. (Dent. £4.95. Paperback). This is a deserved reprint of Barbara and Gareth Lloyd Evans' substantial vade-mecum which evinces a great deal of devotional hard labour, as in the difficult calendar of events set against the writings, or in the glossary of words and references employed in the novels. Extremely well written, the Companion shows always a judicious and measured opinion, especially in the restrained but sharply informed essays on the individual members of the Brontë family. There is an unusual emphasis on the Brontë Juvenilia—not the more familiar Gondal material, but the writings of Branwell and Charlotte about Glasstown and Angria. A fine conspectus of Brontë scholarship. (M.T.)

Everyman's Book of English Folk Tales. (Dent. £3.95. Paperback). This particular teller of tales by the chimney-piece is Sybil Marshall, and very well she does it, too, constructing her own, extended, imaginative versions of Fabulous Beasts, Notable Characters, Moral Tales, The Little People, Omens and Fetches, and so on. In a well-reasoned Introduction, she elaborates her criterion of selection—to be 'valid', a folk tale must have enough truth in it, somewhere, for people to believe in it, and therefore pass it down. (M.T.)

Mozart. (Dent. £4.95. Paperback). Curious, convoluted monologue, vaguely psychological, translated from the German of Wolfgang Hildesheimer, and first published in Germany in 1977. Not, frankly, very readable. The extremely learned author eschews romantic, stereotyped approaches to Mozart—as well as conventional chronology—and connects the musical works with the internal and external life of his subject in an individualistic manner. (M.T.)

Classics in Murder (Xanadu. £4.95). Robert Meadley has collected classic essays on classic crimes with a most fastidious taste. He avoids the hackneyed, and presents often unfamiliar material to his general reader, while the more knowledgeable will enjoy the juxtaposition of interesting material. It is good to see William Roughead holding his own with the perennially fascinating Jessie M'Lachlan case, and his transatlantic clone, Edmund Pearson, dealing delicately with the sanguinary affairs of the Catalonian cork-cutter in Northumberland Street. Somewhat odd is the editor's refusal to include Miss Tennyson Jesse on the quite definitely appealable grounds that she is 'indigestible; sententious, and a snob', while admitting the factually maculate Mr. Robin Squire to his elect cenacle. The inclusion of Mr. Raymond Rudorff's hitherto regrettably elusive account of the dreadful *Soeurs* Papin is laudable. In an elegant Introduction of very fair size for a book of this kind, Mr. Meadley examines the Crippen case as a paradigm of the classic in murder. A mettlesome medley, as Roughead might have said! (R.W-E.)

Robert Rubens
once again uncovers his wonderful world of eccentrics in

ARTIST UNKNOWN

ISBN 085974 119 2
Price Net. 7.50
'. . . his penetration is acute as is his observation of places and people . . .' *Contemporary Review*

Bachman & Turner
Publishers

HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY CULTURAL CENTRE
A Conference on
AVANT-GARDE ART AND LITERATURE:
TOWARD A REAPPRAISAL OF THE HERITAGE OF MODERNISM
will be held on
November 14, 15, 16, 1985
Conference Co-ordinator: **Barbara Lekatsas**
For information apply to: **Hofstra University Cultural Centre, Hempstead, NY 11550, USA (516) 560-5974/5669**
HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY *50th Anniversary 1935-1985*

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

Founded 1866

(incorporating The Fortnightly)

This Publication is available in Microform

University Microfilms International

For additional information apply to

300 North Zeeb Road, Dept. P.R., Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106, USA

or

30/32 Mortimer Street, London W1N 7RA, England

Haunted Travellers

'But safer to stay at home'—so runs the song, and certainly the travellers in this new anthology of ghost stories would have agreed with it. For when they left their own hearthsides they had some strange encounters indeed, finding that their journeys ended not in lovers' meetings but in something rather different.

This is undoubtedly an assembly of remarkable stories with contributions from:

Rosalind Wade
J. C. Trewin
Fred Urquhart
Chris Simons
R. Chetwynd-Hayes
Patricia Daly
Mary Williams
Derek Stanford
Edgar Allan Poe
A. L. Barker
Lanyon Jones
Meg Buxton
Denys Val Baker

(May publication £7.50)

Other forthcoming collections of short stories

Tune in for Fear

Edited by PETER HAINING

A collection of the very best tales of the supernatural broadcast on radio. **(£7.50)**

Ghosts from the Mist of Time

R. CHETWYND-HAYES

A new collection of ghost stories from 'Britain's Prince of Chill'. **(£7.50)**

When Dusk Comes Creeping

Stories of the Sinister

LANYON JONES

(£7.50)

WILLIAM KIMBER

Printed by H G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by th

Contemporary Review

120th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JUNE 1985

DOCTRINE AND THEORY IN SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY
Otto Pick

WEST GERMANY AN THE 8th MAY
Anatol Lieven

WARNOCK—THE NEXT STAGE
Sir Anthony Alment, F.R.C.O.G.

A NEW ASSESSMENT OF DENTON WELCH: PART 1: A BOY OF SUMMER IN HIS RUI
Richard Whittington-Ega

and other articles together with a seven-page Literary Supplement and Half Yearly Index

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

June 1985 Vol. 246 No. 1433 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
Doctrine and Theory in Soviet Foreign Policy	Otto Pick	**281**
Maitatsinism in Northern Nigeria: We Need to Know More	Clyde-Ahmad Winters	**286**
West Germany and the 8th May	Anatol Lieven	**290**
The British Economy Under the Conservatives	Peter Parker	**294**
Warnock—The Next Stage	Sir Anthony Alment, F.R.C.O G.	**300**
Malta's New Premier—As Critics See Him	John Hatherley	**304**
A More United Kingdom: a Comment on Cornelius O'Leary's 'Northern Ireland: the Way Ahead'	John Biggs-Davison, MP	**307**
Behind the Front Line	Nikolai Asiasski	**313**
Among the Jains: a Pilgrimage to Ranakpur	Daniel Gabriel	**315**
A New Assessment of Denton Welch: Part 1: A Boy of Summer in His Ruin	Richard Whittington-Egan	**319**
The Stuart Galleries and Royal Academy	Michael Leech	**326**
Correspondence: Peace Monitoring from Space	Thomas Land	**328**
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT Lord Longford, Esmond Wright, Paul Rose, Betty Abel, Richard Whittington-Egan		**329**
SHORTER REVIEWS		**335**
Half-yearly Index, January-June 1985		**336**

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE, O.B.E.

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT
PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY

Music Correspondent:
DAVID FINGLETON

Finance Director:
LEONARD SKIPP

© 1985 Published monthly by Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., Carey Street, London WC2A 1JG England and printed in England by H. G Leates Ltd., 45/47 Alexandra St., Southend-on-Sea, Essex U S Mailing Agent: Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd , 515 Madison Avenue, Suite 1217 New York N.Y. 10022. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY. Annual subscription (including postage): U K. £15 50, U S A and Canada. $50 00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada; extra costs given on request. U.S Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 515 Madison Avenue, New York N Y. 10022. (ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

June 1985 Vol. 246 No. 1433

DOCTRINE AND THEORY IN SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY

by Otto Pick

THE Soviet Union, although it has become accustomed to playing the role of a super-power, is unlike any other contemporary state in the international system simply because its outlook and policies are heavily influenced by the ideology and doctrine of Marxism-Leninism. Despite rhetoric, in the last forty years ideology has played a relatively minor part in the foreign policy decision-making of the United States and its West European allies because they are on the whole open, pluralistic societies without official and rigid doctrinal policy prescriptions. There may be a commitment to a vaguely understood scale of values of a more or less liberal kind, there is the frequently violated recognition that the individual has rights which must be respected, and on propitious occasions politicians and journalists use phrases like 'the heritage of Graeco-Judaeo-Christian civilisation' without showing much understanding of what this really means.

Marxism-Leninism, on the other hand, is an ideology of a very different kind. It tries to form a closed circle; its doctrines deal with every aspect of human activity; it asks all the questions and supplies all the answers and it cannot afford to tolerate any rival or alternative views. It is its nominally complete allegiance to this closed ideology which makes the Soviet Union different from all other states.

As far as international politics is concerned, the principal and, indeed, almost the only contribution made by Karl Marx himself was the concept of proletarian internationalism, which stemmed from his analysis of social and economic relationships. The exaggerated significance which he attached to the economic nexus led Mark to conclude that the loyalties generated by class, i.e. by association within a social group with common economic interests, would prove stronger than the appeal of nationalism. Furthermore, he argued that the globalisation of the economy would render nationalism obsolete. In other words, proletarians of all nations would act together in defence of their working class interests rather than support the ruling classes of the nation-state of which they happened to be citizens.

'Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains.' This myth was effectively exploded in 1914, when working class men of most European nations marched out willingly and in some cases enthusiastically to slaughter their fellow-workers and be slaughtered by them. Indeed, if Marx's expectations of proletarian internationalism had been

justified, there would have been no quarrel between Stalin and Tito, no Sino-Soviet split and no Chinese action against Vietnam.

The principal doctrinal platform for Soviet international relations theory was constructed by Lenin. His chief contribution in this respect was the concept of the imperialist war—in the advanced stages of capitalism war would become inevitable as the imperialists would have to fight for a share of the booty to resolve the internal crises of their system. Each successive imperialist war would weaken capitalism and serve the interests of the working class. 'Imperialist wars must be transformed into civil wars' of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie, according to Lenin. The outcome of the 1914-1918 War and of the Second World War seems to support his theory: by 1918, four of the old Empires of Europe had collapsed, the decline of the British Empire had been accelerated and one-sixth of the world's land surface had come under his rule. The Second World War had similar effects: it started the process of decolonisation, Communist control was imposed on Eastern Europe and China, and the USSR began its ascent to the status of a global super-power. War had become a means for bringing about the destruction of capitalism.

For Lenin, the outbreak of war in 1914 had internationalised the revolutionary struggle and the concept of the class war was applied to the international system as a whole to describe the ceaseless confrontation between 'progressive' and 'reactionary' states and forces. The inescapable logical consequence of this situation was the prospect of another 'inevitable' war between the declining powers of capitalism and the rising strength of socialism. Soviet theorists have been very precise in pointing out that from a 'socialist', i.e. Soviet, point of view such a war would be purely defensive: the capitalists and imperialists would be the aggressors in a final and futile attempt to preserve their decaying system. Historical evidence has been interpreted extensively to support this theory. The ineffective Allied intervention in the Russian civil war in 1918, the policy of ostracising the Soviet Union after the First World War, the vacillating posture of Britain and France unable to recognise Nazi Germany as a greater threat than Stalin's Russia, even the delays in mounting a second front during the Second World War—all these were used by the Soviet leadership to convince itself and its people of the militantly aggressive intentions of the capitalist powers and to rationalise its foreign and defence policies. Stalin's view of the outside world seems to have been derived from this oversimplified analysis, which formed the foundation of his theory dividing the international system into two irreconcilable camps. In some ways, the so-called Brezhnev doctrine, formulated rather loosely to justify the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, represents an oblique restatement of this position by claiming that the socialist countries have an inherent right to intervene in each other's affairs to preserve the ideological integrity of their camp.

Nevertheless, the theory of inevitable war was, in effect, abandoned by Khrushchev in 1956. Accepting the logic of thermonuclear conflict, he ruled out total war as an instrument of policy and a means for achieving revolution. The capitalist and socialist systems would continue to oppose

one another, but this confrontation would be pursued by non-military means—economic competition and ideological rivalry. By implication, this revision of Leninist doctrine accepted that the West would also be deterred by the nuclear situation, but only in face of a determined Soviet defence effort which would raise the cost of nuclear attack to unacceptable levels. Khrushchev's successors have not deviated from this policy and they have certainly not shown any hesitation in allocating resources to defence.

Even Khrushchev did not exclude one very specific form of armed conflict as long as it did not lead to the direct confrontation of the nuclear powers—the 'national liberation struggle.' Developments in Africa and Latin America have provided the Soviet Union with an opportunity to advance the national interest by manipulating the balance of power without compromising the requirements of revolutionary doctrine. At the Comintern Conference held in 1920, Lenin stressed the links between the revolutionary struggle of the working class and the fate of the oppressed colonial peoples. The colonies, in his view, formed one of the weakest links in the capitalist system. After initially providing the exploiters with a fresh field of action enabling them to satisfy temporarily at least some of the demands of the working class in the metropolitan countries at the expense of the underdeveloped world, colonial rivalries would lead to self-destructive imperialist wars, and opposition to foreign rule and pressures for self-determination would ultimately undermine the capitalist system.

In Soviet theory the national liberation of colonial peoples develops in several stages. In the initial phase the struggle for self-determination is led by the national bourgeoisie, more often than not inspired by a charismatic leader. At this stage of economic development, the lead must be taken by the nationalistic middle class in the absence of a revolutionary working class movement. This struggle converges with the efforts of the proletariat in industrialised countries and proceeds with the support of societies which have already arrived at socialism. Ultimately, social and economic development will bring about the emergence of an industrial working class, which will be able to propel the newly liberated peoples towards socialism and cooperation with the world socialist camp, led by the Soviet Union.

To what extent is Soviet foreign policy actually affected by this ideological superstructure? It is frequently argued that ideology is dead and that the Soviet Union is mainly concerned with maintaining and advancing its national interest. It cannot be denied that the requirements of perceived national interest judged in power-political terms have historically almost always taken precedence over what appeared to be the demands of revolutionary doctrine. However, this behaviour finds its justification in the ideological linkage, which still equates the power of the USSR with the cause of international Communism.

This approach is underlined by the overriding doctrine of Soviet foreign and defence policy. The Soviet theory of the correlation of forces obviously derives from the traditional theories of the balance of power, but it does more to emphasise the global characteristics and interdependence of the international system. Anything that occurs anywhere affects the correlation,

and everything is systematically linked to everything else. The determinist *Weltanschauung*, defined by Marx and Lenin, maintains that because of the intrinsic deficiencies of capitalism, the correlation of forces must inevitably tilt the balance in favour of socialism. Temporary reverses and accommodation with the international class enemy can thus be easily explained, because it is always assumed that the irreversible process of economic and social development will ultimately rectify these ephemeral set-backs. Every available opportunity must be seized to manipulate the correlation of forces as the historical momentum must be assisted whenever possible. This theory is a conceptually flexible instrument, giving its protagonists the latitude to pursue opportunistic policies, while continuing to pay tribute to doctrinal first principles. The rationalisation of power politics in ideological terms is made so easy that it becomes a habit.

There is yet another important aspect of the impact of ideology on foreign policy decision-making. Politicians, who have been reared in a closed system of ideas which allows no alternatives, may have lost their faith, but remain trapped within the confines of their ideological upbringing. The Soviet leaders know only the political language and parameters of Marxism-Leninism and their perception of the outside world is inevitably distorted by this factor. These travesties of reality may not always play a significant role, but they are generally present to confuse the issue and to add to the dangers of super-power relations.

Where does all this leave Comrade Gorbachev? In the purely defence sphere his predecessors, notably Leonid Brezhnev, created capabilities which probably tilted the military correlation in the Soviet Union's favour and certainly restored the balance of parity with the United States. In most other respects, the historical forces on which Marx and Lenin relied seem to be taking their time. The Soviet economy, burdened by a long heritage of bureaucratic mismanagement, corruption and massive defence expenditure, remains one of the least efficient among industrial societies. Growth rates have fallen markedly and there are considerable difficulties in developing new technologies in microelectronics and biotechnology, which should lead the country into the next century. Agriculture remains the weakest link, making the USSR dependent on foreign imports of grain. Despite its promises, Marxism has failed to solve the problems of Soviet society—alcoholism, widespread corruption, privilege and rampant, though often disappointed, consumerism prevail. Many young people seem to have rejected all the officially endorsed values. In the Third World the Soviet Union's freedom of action is constrained by the weakness of its domestic economy. On the Western periphery of the Soviet empire the Communist regimes in Eastern Europe have grown more fractious. East Germany is desperately trying to preserve its special relationship with the Federal Republic. Hungary and Bulgaria have been attempting to stake out a specific role for small states in East-West relations. The Polish crisis remains unresolved. Even in loyal Czechoslovakia, there were protests against the stationing of Soviet missiles last year. Sino-Soviet relations have not improved and the war in Afghanistan has turned into a costly and bloody

stalemate.

Western reactions to the Gorbachev succession have been predictably optimistic. It is true that the new General Secretary is much younger than his predecessors and that he has impressed those Western politicians who have met him as alert, intelligent and energetic. On the other hand, as far as foreign policy is concerned, he has given no indication of wishing to deviate from the basic ideological premises formulated by Marx and Lenin. In a speech delivered on 10 December 1984 he restated the beliefs which seem to have supported all his predecessors quite clearly:

> It is not us, but capitalism that has to manoeuvre and camouflage itself, to have recourse to wars and terrorism, to falsification and subversion in order to withstand the inexorable onset of the times.

According to Gorbachev, the 'struggle and competition between two opposing systems' continues. Lenin, Stalin or Khrushchev would not have put it differently.

The themes of continuity in foreign policy and 'strengthening the socialist community' were stressed again by Gorbachev in his oration at Chernenko's funeral and in his acceptance speech to the Central Committee after his appointment as General Secretary. The man who proposed his candidature was the veteran Andrei Gromyko, who has been Minister of Foreign Affairs for over a quarter of a century and who must be regarded as the personification of continuity in Soviet affairs.

Yet a certain reordering of priorities in Soviet policies may be expected. While the USSR will continue to do its utmost to put an end to President Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative, to maintain its position in Afghanistan and to improve relations with China, the main emphasis will have to be on domestic matters. Gorbachev seems determined to persevere with the drive against corruption begun by Andropov. In his speech on 10 December 1984, he claimed that 'socialism has exerted and continues to exert its main influence on world development through its economic policy and through its successes in the socio-economic field.' If he really believes this, his first task must be to repair and restructure the economic base of Soviet power. This gigantic task would probably lead to a reduction of Soviet initiatives abroad for some time. If he were to succeed, the USSR would then be in a position to conduct a more effective and possibly more threatening foreign policy. The correlation of forces would indeed have been transformed.

[Dr. Otto Pick is Emeritus Professor of International Relations at the University of Surrey.]

MAITATSINISM IN NORTHERN NIGERIA: WE NEED TO KNOW MORE

by Clyde-Ahmad Winters

THE recent outbreak of violence in Yola, Nigeria, makes it clear that Nigerian authorities must begin work now to discover methods to end the social and political tensions in northern Nigeria. Moreover, the Yola incident makes it perfectly clear that we know very little about the Maitatsine groups.

Although the term Maitatsine was originally applied to the followers of Muhammadu Marwa, alias Maitatsine, this term has become a generic term for all Muslim fanatics in northern Nigeria. The Marwa cult, and other Maitatsine groups remain a mystery to us, mainly due to the fact that the followers of these 'brotherhoods' refuse to tell authorities the nature of these groups and, since most followers of these groups were trained in the *Makaranta* or under traditional *ulema*, it has been almost impossible for the police, NSO and other security agencies to obtain reliable information concerning the Maitatsine groups. This fact alone foretells future problems in Nigeria, given the fact that thousands of Nigerian Muslims, many of them bystanders, have died in Bulumkuta, Kano, and now Yola in the fighting between Maitatsine, the military and police forces.

There are four major theories advanced for the rise in Maitatsine groups in Nigeria. The experts emphasise that the religious rioting in northern Nigeria and the rise of Maitatsinism are the result of the Maitatsine groups' practice of a distorted view of Islam; they reflect alienation; they result from social tensions arising from the inequitable distribution of wealth, and stem from the introduction of western civilisation into northern Nigeria.

Although, on the surface, all of these theories have merit, they are in reality simplistic notions that do not address the deep cultural cleavage existing in Nigeria between the western oriented Muslim Middle class (WOMMC) and the traditional *ulema* and their students.

These notions are simplistic for the following reasons. First, the notion that the members of Maitatsine practise a 'distorted' view of Islam cannot be substantiated because much of the evidence is second-hand information provided by rival Muslim groups who are anti-sufi and thus cannot be totally accepted without collaboration by other sources, namely Maitatsine writings, or the testimony of the 'Brothers' in the Maitatsine (brotherhoods) 'movement'.

A second popular notion about the Maitatsine groups is that their membership is basically composed of alienated pastoralists and other rural refugees in Nigeria, driven to the urban areas as a result of the present drought. Many writers have taken up this theme because Nigeria's urban population has increased from 13 per cent in 1960 to 20 per cent

in 1980. The proponents of this theory would have us believe that due to alienation the backward thinking Maitatsine groups are attempting to overthrow the progressive WOMMC group. But there is little evidence to support this view because the Maitatsine groups appear to remain peaceful in their Jamaat-compounds until they are threatened first by anti-sufi groups and later local authorities.

The view that only the alienated rural Muslims are attracted to Maitatsine movements was destroyed by the Yola case, since the leader of the group, Musa Makaniki, had a long history of residence in Nigerian urban centres. Also, these religious zealots cannot be said to be anti-sunni Muslims because, as reported by a reporter of the *The Guardian* (18 March, 1984), Mr. Makaniki was 'known to be popular, quiet jovial and friendly... always willing to do good to his neighbours'. This report clearly indicates the groundlessness of this second theory.

Although strong evidence can be put forward that the inequitable distribution of weath and the introduction of western civilisation in northern Nigeria may have exacerbated existing social tensions in northern Nigeria, this cannot totally account for the outbreaks of violence in northern Nigeria, although the north remains relatively poor and backward when compared to southern Nigeria economically. The northern states have for the most part the lowest crime rate, for example armed robbery, the new menace in the country as a whole, is rarely seen in the north.

Moreover, an objective examination of the behaviour of the Maitatsine groups preceding the outbreaks of violence in northern Nigeria, indicate a consistent pattern which appears to be self-defence on the part of the Maitatsine groups.

It does not appear that the Maitatsine brotherhoods are using Islam to support their rebellions or riots. Under the *shari'a*, Muslims must support the legally recognised government, no matter if it is Muslim or non-Muslim, as long as religious freedom is guaranteed. This is necessary if equality is to exist within the *ummah* (Muslim community as a whole) and each individual Jamaat (local Muslim community). This means that equality for all Muslims can only exist if rulers, and their governments, are impartial towards all their subjects, so that harmony can exist in the entire *ummah* and every individual in it can realise his full potentialities. As a result, Muslims usually demand a government headed by an executive, who can identify the needs of the people, and rules the people in a spirit of service based on *shura* (or mutual consultation), so that each person in the community can feel that he, or his chosen representative, has taken part in making any decisions that will affect the community. As a result, under the *shari'a*, Muslims cannot take up arms for violent *jihad* unless this criteria of social justice is not met.

Although only a few matters affecting Muslim society are decided by the central government, and a system of 'loose *shura*' exists in northern Nigeria, it would appear that traditional *ulema* and their supporters have experienced unconscious systematic discrimination during

the term of President Shagari, due to favouritism shown to the westernised Muslim elites and western oriented Muslim groups.

Although numerous Nigerian military regimes were basically non-partisan in their support of Muslim groups, under Shagari Muslim groups considered progressive were generally afforded a great deal of government support both financially and spiritually. In the past four years as the stature and economic base of the traditional *ulema* and their pupils has declined, that of the WOMMC has soared.

The basic shortcoming of the Shaghari regime in relation to Muslim affairs was that it continued the practice of the late Ahmadu Bello, premier of the north, of measuring Muslim progress by the number of Muslims occupying government posts. Since these Muslims had acquired a western education in order to qualify they have evolved over the years into a cultural minority which is estranged from the poorer Muslim masses. Thus, the practice of the Shagari government in showing favouritism towards the followers of progressive, moderate Muslim fundamentalists such as Sheikh Abubakar Mahmoud Gumi, and winking at the antics of the Jamaat Izala, in their aim of destroying the sufis (who constitute as much as one of three of the *ulema* in the north), has caused a division in the Muslim ranks that is leading to repeated unchecked acts of violence in the north in the form of religious rioting.

This view is clearly supported by the Yola case. The conflict between this Maitatsine group and the state officials, resulted from the police allegedly giving the Izala group a permit to preach outside the palace of the Lamido of Adamawa on 24 February, 1984, without giving a permit to the group led by Musa Makaniki.

This is supposed to have 'incensed' Musa Makaniki and his followers who later demanded a meeting with police about the matter. The state CID boss, Mr. Salami, arranged a meeting with Mr. Makaniki and his aides ostensibly to issue them with a permit, but his actual intention was to arrest the leaders. As we know now this plan failed, Makaniki escaped, and the rest is history.

If the report is true that Izala was given a permit and Makaniki's group was not, it indicates clear discrimination against traditional Muslim groups. This policy of supporting *ahl sunni* groups during the past four years has led many sufi groups, such as the Yola Maitatsine group, to arm themselves in self-defence. Due to the violent reactions of Jamaat Izala, other sufi orders have formed para-military wings, e.g. Jundullah, which is dedicated to the protection of the Tijjaniya order. This makes it clear that the potential for violence is present in many other Muslim groups besides Maitatsine—if they are provoked.

It is clear that the present government did not create this problem. But, since the problem of religious rioting exists, government must find solutions to the increasing tensions between the WOMMC, the sunni and the sufi groups. The NSO and other security organisations can spend millions of naira observing sufi groups but they will not be able to end this problem until the government recognises that Maitatsinism can

arise in any Muslim group which feels that it is not respected or given fair treatment.

The first step which could be taken in finding a solution to the friction between the fractional Muslim groups would be the establishment of an impartial research team of social scientists to study the present conditions of the Muslims in the north. Information provided by such a study might offer valuable suggestions for the Federal government to consider, which could then reverse those policies which are radicalising many Muslims in the north. If this is not done soon, what appears to be isolated religious rioting could evolve into a social movement negatively affecting development in the north and encouraging political instability.

[Clyde-Ahmad Winters is Director of the Uthman dan Fodio Institute, an independent educational and research centre devoted to the study of African and Islamic affairs. Publications include articles in *Arabia Islamic World Review*, *Talking Drum*, *The Fighter*, *Journal of Modern African Studies* and a recently published book, *Mao or Muhammad: Islam in the Peoples Republic of China.*]

WEST GERMANY AND THE 8th MAY

by Anatol Lieven

'NOT interested' is a frequent reply from younger West Germans when asked how the anniversary of Germany's Capitulation should be commemorated. Many of the educated ones at least then immediately begin arguing passionately on the subject. For the fact of the matter is that however much most West Germans would like to relegate memories of Nazism and the War to the history books, they are closely linked to a range of contemporary and enduring issues, touching on the whole question of German 'identity'.

The 'bad conscience question', that of the complicity of the German People of the time in Nazi atrocities, is still an acutely sensitive one. February saw the 40th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz and the scandal surrounding the welcoming home to Austria of the SS war criminal, Reder. Both were widely reported in West Germany. Press articles on the Final Solution are rare, but there have recently been four television programmes on the subject, including a documentary series on the trial of the Majdanek concentration camp guards and a 'fictional documentary' on the Wannsee Conference. This spate may in part be a continuing effect of the American 'Holocaust' series, which showed how little most modern Germans knew about what had happened. Some TV producers obviously also feel that the passing of time makes it more and not less important for younger people to understand how it could have happened.

There can be no doubt, however, that most West Germans feel more at home with Chancellor Kohl's attitude. Fond of recalling that (born in 1930) he is 'the first Chancellor of the postwar generation', he stresses, as he did in Israel, that younger Germans are 'not responsible for the misdeeds of their fathers'. His comments on the horrors of the War tend to resemble his speech in Kiev during his visit to the USSR in which he spoke 'as one who experienced the misery of his own country and knows what monstrous suffering came to you' (an abstract sort of suffering, seemingly, not particularly connected with any human agency). His verbose, morally shuffling sententiousness disgusts some Germans, who also disliked his idea of an ecumenical service in Cologne Cathedral on 8th May as a bland cop-out. It is undoubtedly a far cry from the magnificent gesture of Willy Brandt, falling on his knees beside the Warsaw Ghetto in 1973, but it is probably in tune with the general mood. Kohl's irritation at the Normandy celebrations last year was widely shared, and his largely successful diplomatic efforts to ensure no repetition—least of all one involving the Russians—were welcomed. The Social Democrats also felt unable to 'celebrate' 8th May as a pure 'liberation' (as one member remarked, a German woman raped by Soviet troops was unlikely to think of the date as a liberation) and will be organising a meeting of representatives of all the European cities

destroyed in the War at Nuremburg, under the theme of 'Never Again'. Even Willy Brandt was against a visit by Kohl to a Concentration Camp Memorial, fearing that it would revive ideas of German 'collective guilt'. Others feared that such an event—especially as Reagan was to be involved—would be turned into a tasteless 'anti-communist show'.

There are some grounds for this: the right-wing press in Germany has echoed Kohl in saying that on 8th May 'all the victims' of the conflict should be remembered. They often go on, however, to refer to the 'similarly despicable, still continuing crimes of the Soviets' (*Welt am Sonntag* editorial, 27th January), thereby turning the argument into one for a strong anti-Soviet stance and opposition to an Ostpolitik of reconciliation. By recalling Soviet atrocities against the Germans they can maintain bitterness at German treatment by the Allies, and feed German nationalism and hopes for reunification. Such bitterness among the older generation can run very deep, and in surprising places. In an article in the left-wing *Der Spiegel* magazine of 7th January, the proprietor, Rudolf Augstein, declared that Churchill and Truman were also war-criminals who by the standards of Nuremburg should have been hanged, and dwelt at length on the (rejected) 1944 Morgenthau plan to pastoralise Germany. He concluded by echoing the words of the right-wing Alfred Dreggert: 'Let them celebrate, as they won the War'.

One major cause of German bitterness has always been the annexation of the German territories East of the Oder-Neisse line (the present Polish-East German border) to Poland and Russia. Refugees (of whom up to 2.7 million died en route to Germany in 1945) and their descendants make up some $\frac{1}{6}$ of the Bundesrepublik's population. Their organisations used to have great political importance and still receive large state subsidies. During the Social Democrat-Liberal coalitions of the 1970s and the development of the Ostpolitik, they faded in significance, as might be thought only natural given that a majority of those still legally classed as 'refugees' were born in West Germany of refugee parents and are indistinguishable from the surrounding population. The organisations, however, retained an influence on the right-wing of the CDU/SCU.

Helmut Kohl's decision to become the first Chancellor in 16 years to attend refugee meetings was in itself controversial and provided a weapon for the Warsaw Pact in its current propaganda campaign against West German 'revanchism', timed to coincide with the anniversary. The controversy has grown enormously following the publication of the motto for the Silesian meeting this June ('Silesia remains Ours'—now altered to 'Silesia remains our Future—in a Europe of Free Peoples') and of two articles in the Silesian magazine, written by a boy of twenty and fantasising about a future march of the Bundeswehr to the East. There have been accusations of a concerted right-wing attempt to undermine the Ostopolitik which the Foreign Minister and Liberal leader, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, has kept going from one coalition to the next.

Some nationalists within the CDU/CSU undoubtedly do hope in some way for a return to the old borders. Since, however, they can hardly

admit, even to themselves, that this would mean another World War, their thoughts on the subject are extremely confused. For the more intelligent, however, keeping up Germany's territorial claims is probably more a way of reminding West Germans of their wider national identity and loyalties and at the same time, perhaps, maintaining 'bargaining chips' against some future day when a reunited Germany could trade them for recognition by a mistrustful Europe.

Just how mistrustful Western as well as Eastern Europe would be of a reunited Germany was shown by the speech of the Italian foreign minister, Andreotti, in September 1984, saying, in effect, that the division of Germany is a guarantee of the peace of Europe. Politicians here in Germany reacted with outrage, but as a recent opinion poll for *Die Welt* showed the overwhelming majority of West Germans (89% on this count) do not think that Germany will ever be reunited, let alone recover her 'lost territories'. The adolescent writer of the pieces in the Silesian magazine, and the other active members of the Silesian and various youth wings, would appear to be in a small minority even among refugees' descendants.

In one thing, however, the committed Silesians are linked to a wider German sentiment—that is, in their passionate concern for a lost, half imaginary *Heimat*. Literally 'home' or 'homeland', this word also has quasi-mystical association of 'roots' and 'belonging'. West Germans have often felt that socially and culturally they have been deprived of this, and some intellectuals have even regarded East Germany as a society which, being to some extent insulated from American/International 'consumer civilisation', has remained in some way more identifiably 'German'. *Heimat* films have long been a staple in Germany, and last autumn West German television showed an enormously popular fiction serial of the same name about a century in the life of three families in a German mountain village. A dislike of 'atomized', 'soulless' modern society, a romantic longing for 'purer', more simple and 'natural' social (and political) forms, seems to be eternally rooted in German culture. It is very apparent in the Green movement, which is one reason why enemies of the Greens sometimes accuse them of shades of Neo-Nazism—others being their extreme Germanocentrism, their strong cultural and political Anti-Americanism, their dislike of Parliament and their occasional appearance of contempt for rational argument. In fact, only one branch of the Greens, in West Berlin, appears to have been significantly infiltrated by Neo-Nazis (who also happened, characteristically enough, to be Neo-Pagans, Earth-Mother worshippers) and this branch has been disaffiliated. However, it is true that before and after the First World War an extraordinary range of seemingly apolitical, back-to-nature movements (like the *Wandervogel* trekkers) eventually contributed to the growth of nationalist extremism. This is enough to make many Germans with a sense of history uneasy.

An interesting example of this occurred during a talk given recently in Munich by the Film-Director Werner Herzog. In the previous talk in

the series (on 'Germany') Willy Brandt had declared 'The German Question is closed'. Herzog retorted 'Naturally the German Question is still open'. After a somewhat ambiguous reference to the fact that his *Heimat* in the Bavarian Alps was the last part of Germany to be occupied by the Allies, he went on, through a description of a journey around the borders of the Federal Republic, to make a rambling series of poetic-mystical reflections on Germany and the German identity. To an outsider, none of this sounded particularly offensive, but soon there were loud accusations of Nazism from the hall, and several people got up and left. It would be hard to imagine a talk like that from a famous film director of any other nationality, but it would also be hard to imagine such an outraged reaction to such a talk in any other country.

In the end, no doubt, the present storm over German 'collective guilt' and the 8th May will die down quietly enough with a harmless ecumenical service. The Soviet revanchism campaign will die down as will this latest flare-up of the Lost Territories issue, and relations between the two Germanies will go on being handled in the limited, pragmatic, non-partisan way that has developed over the last few years. But the deeper, connected questions of West Germany's national identity and the nature of her relationship with East Germany—brother and mortal enemy—are not going to go away; nor are discussions about the Nazis, the War and the postwar settlement, symbolised by the debate on the commemoration of 8th May. No doubt that President Reagan's decision to visit the Bitburg cemetery brought about precisely the emphasis most West Germans were desperately anxious to avoid. The whole affair has been very damaging to West German pride. The extraordinary insensitivity of Chancellor Kohl in thinking that by a joint visit to a cemetry containing SS dead he could re-play the impressive reconciliation with France symbolised by the Verdun ceremony last year has deeply embarrassed the more intelligent West Germans, and the foreign reaction has rubbed home just how much the Germans are still in fact 'under supervision'. Most West Germans would dearly like to forget the whole wretched burden of history. It seems that they are not going to be allowed to do so.

[Anatol Lieven, Latvian by birth, is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. He is at present living and working in Munich while studying for a Ph.D. in the history of German Christian democracy.]

THE BRITISH ECONOMY UNDER THE CONSERVATIVES

by Peter Parker

CAST your mind back twelve years. Edward Heath was no more than a prime minister; Lord Armstrong, his Cabinet Secretary, could never have guessed that within a year he would be in the West Indies recovering from a miners' strike; there were no Opec billions to be recycled, so the thought that a few countries in Latin America could hold the world's capital markets hostage seemed about as likely as the idea that a democracy could agree to 13 per cent of its workforce being unemployed.

In that golden year the index of the construction and production industries stood at 102.6. Now it is 102.5. If you look at manufacturing industry alone the picture is even less impressive. In 1973 the index was 114.1. Today it is 101.1. In the last six years one and a half million jobs have been lost in the manufacturing industries. Between 1979-84 the economy grew at a slower peace time rate than at any time since 1903-8. Public expenditure continues to form as high a proportion of gross domestic product as it did before 1979. The burden of taxation is as great, except for the very rich. In 1983, and for the first time this century, Britain imported more manufactured goods than she exported, £2,379 million more. Last year the deficit on manufactured goods increased to £3,841 million.

There is no mystery in this. The present government boosted inflation in 1979-80. It then deflated the economy, as all governments eventually have to do, by raising interest rates. The pound did a dollar, North Sea oil reserves helped to keep it buoyant, and it floated to $2.45 to the pound, bankrupting large sections of British industry, sending unemployment (and the unemployment and social security bills) soaring, and ensuring that the government's wish to cut public expenditure would be forever frustrated.

Healthy economies bounce back, as Japan's did after the oil price rises of 1973-74. Britain's has not. Scapegoats can be found anywhere: with unions, management, the class system, the educational prejudice against industry and engineering, the two party system, wage councils, the 'nanny state', incomes policies or the absence of incomes policies, with 35 years of Keynesian demand management or five years of what Dennis Healey calls 'punk monetarism'. The only clear point is that in these years of uninterrupted relative decline no institution, however hallowed, can protect itself. The External Services of the BBC which on any rational criteria ought to qualify as an unsullied success is now under pressure to produce 'greater value for money', a vogue phrase which in this instance seems to mean to certain officials in the Foreign Office that there should be more pop music for the Middle East and better accountability to—or in other words closer supervision by—Whitehall.

To put the question of Britain's declining economy in this way is already to concede an ideological point: that the trouble rests with the supply side of the economy, with the constraints to free competition and individual or collective choice imposed by wielders of monopoly power, be they governmental agencies, unions or the telephone or gas boards. That is why we have heard so much in the last six months about how unions inhibit the freedom of the labour market, keeping wages high and employment low, and therefore why lower pay is a necessary condition for more jobs. As Nigel Lawson told Parliament on 30th October, 1984, 'The evidence suggests that, in Britain, a 1 per cent change in the average level of real earnings will, in time, make a difference of between 0.5 per cent and 1 per cent to the level of employment—that will mean in all probability between 150,000-200,000 jobs.' And so in his budget he announced that wage councils, which negotiate pay for many of Britain's lower paid workers, would be abolished.

Academic economists have not been kind to this theory. Dr. Bill Robinson, from the London Business School, points out that the cost of labour, whether in the form of the employer's National Insurance contribution or the employee's wage packet, is only part of the equation. Equally important to an employer is the cost of the capital equipment he must provide. Thus in 1983 each person in the construction industry used £7,000 worth of capital equipment, and construction is the least capital intensive of all industries. The corresponding figures for other industries are: hotel and distribution, £10,000; manufacturing, £18,000; banking and insurance, £34,000; agriculture £44,000; and on and up. There may be slack in the economy which some judicious demand management could correct, but there is not that much unused capital equipment in the manufacturing or most other sectors to meet it by taking on labour rather than by importing finished goods. Dr. Robinson's assessment is: 'We cannot expect to recreate the capital stock for those jobs lost in manufacturing in less than 10 years.'

There are further problems with the supposed link between reducing wages and increasing employment. There is theory, supported by the experience of the 1930s. Reducing wages without commensurate tax cuts reduces the money people have to spend, which thereby also reduces the sale, and hence supply and manufacture, of services and goods. Thus when less is demanded, fewer are employed. (Whether it is practicable to reduce wages without reducing total demand by some combination of tax cuts is a moot point.) Anyway demand management is none too popular at the moment. While it is true that manual workers who are unionised enjoy wages on average 8 per cent higher than their non-unionised colleagues, on the other hand, between 1979-83 the real wages of non-manual workers (whose unions—where they exist—are not so large or militant) increased by 19 per cent compared to 10 per cent for manual workers.

There is an air of unreality to the Government's call for lower pay. It recalls that of an earlier article of its economic faith that tight control

of the money supply was sufficient to control inflation. That piece of dogma was silenced when it was pointed out as a matter of historical fact that changes in money supply have been associated with rising, falling or stable levels of inflation. The new dogma is likely to rebound against the fact of Britain's unusual labour market, which combines strong unionisation with decentralised bargaining. The consensus years until 1979 were devoted to finding a way in which strong unions and an incomes policy could be made to supplant free collective bargaining. Unlike Sweden, Norway and Austria the search was never successful and if there ever have been incomes policies here—rather than price and wage freezes—these have never lasted for long.

If the consensus years failed to agree that incomes and prices should be regulated by a branch of government, there was precious little chance that a populist, quango-bashing administration committed to rolling back the frontiers of the state would do other than move in the opposite direction: accepting decentralised pay bargaining, but attempting to weaken the unions.

' There is no reason for supposing the new orthodoxy will be any more successful than the old. The government may have given management opportunities to attack the closed shop (which requires workers to be members of a particular union). But management has so far preferred union strength and its attendant consequences, less flexibility in recruitment and work practices, to the alternative: destabilised, non-union, multi-procedural relationships between management and workforce.

Anti-corporate, anti-collective and anti-entrepreneurial this structure may be, but it has proved resistant to all governments' attempts at direct reform. Whereas countries like Austria can respond in a planned way to rises in the cost of, say, oil, Britain's strong unions can and do force pay increases to such price rises. Hence, the spiral of devaluation, inflation, deflation and unemployment, and hence also one reason why Britain weathers economic storms and upsets more badly than her competitors.

The labour market is only a part of the political economy which this government has sought to change. Its answer to the inexorable relative decline of the last 40 years (it would be as easy to put it at 100 years) has the merit of being single-minded. Britain has to rediscover and then release its entrepreneurial energies. That American rhetoric should transplant here successfully is not obvious: Austria and the other social democracies of Europe have over the last 30 years provided higher levels of investment and growth and lower unemployment than the USA. The rate of the increase in UK investment has recently increased ahead of our competitors, but since for the last three years levels of new investment in manufacturing industry have not even covered depreciation of capital equipment, the rate of increase is a rather less significant measure than the absolute amount of investment. The stock market is certainly not fooled: adjust share prices for inflation, and between the all time high of the FT 30 share index in 1969, and its all time low in 1975, only about one-sixth of shares' real value has been recovered.

Japan is another society with high levels of investment, and its successful policy of central economic planning must be another embarrassing exception to anyone who wants to proclaim the absolute superiority of the entrepreneurial ethic. The Japanese, of course, are oriental and inscrutable. But America's culture and society is also quite different from Britain's. People who can quite respectably talk of making and seizing business opportunities would on this side of the Atlantic be heard to be indulging in insensitive class bashing, as Mrs. Thatcher was when she told miners to use their redundancy money to start up their own small businesses.

Faced with an intractable economy, and handicapped by a philosophy of rolling back the frontiers of the state, any chancellor was bound to have produced a budget which, however finely judged politically and reassuring to the markets financially, would implicitly restate an old message: the government's job is to balance its books, control inflation and ensure the rules of the economic game are fair and comprehensible.

True the supply side reform of personal taxation and social security has had to wait. This is scarcely surprising since the government wishes to produce a system which will end the poverty trap, make idleness uneconomic and save money while not penalising the deserving poor. Progress towards fiscal neutral has been derailed by the chancellor's decision not to extend VAT to books or a range of other goods for the rest of this Parliament. Pension contributions are still to earn tax relief when made and be tax-free when paid out later in a lump sum. Above all mortgage tax relief has been preserved. These last two anomalies would, if abolished, have given the Chancellor some £30 billion to redistribute.

This budget, we were told before and since its delivery, was to be 'a budget for jobs'. The youth training scheme has been expanded which should knock a hundred thousand youngsters off the unemployment figures next year. The employer's national insurance contributions—in effect a tax on jobs—has been reduced for the low paid. This will make it cheaper to employ the unskilled so more could be employed, and the extra money they may earn will give a modest boost to demand.

The elegant series of measures, however, could only be termed 'a budget for jobs' by those who believe, in the face of all evidence, that Britain has been gripped by an economic recovery these past two years. In a technical sense, of course, the economy has grown, by 2.5 per cent last year, and it would have been 3.5 but for the coal strike. But unemployment increased too. If the word recovery is used to describe the perfectly natural consequence of industries replacing old equipment with newer and more efficient plant, what word should be used to describe the sort of recovery most other people wish to see; a recovery which, unlike the present 'recovery' would bring more people into the wealth creating class?

It is to this gap that the Chancellor should have addressed himself, but did not. Andrew Britton, director of the National Institute of Economic and Social Research, has estimated that the gap between what has been

produced and what could have been produced but for the recession of the last few years has amounted to some £75 billion since 1978. To direct attention to the lost £75 billion is not to argue for reflating the economy by the £30 billion some think would be required to bring full employment back. (It would not. It would bring inflation rocketing up instead.) It is, however, to say that Britain's economy should be addressed in these terms, and that a budget which fails to acknowledge that reality cannot be expected to change it.

A week before the budget and at a time when the pundits were still predicting that the Chancellor had £1.5bn to give away in job creating tax cuts, the Institute of Fiscal Studies assembled some of the country's leading economic forecasters. They achieved a unanimity, usually thought rare among economists, that cutting income tax would do little to reduce unemployment. They disagreed about whether the most effective way forward was by reducing National Insurance contributions or by increasing government expenditure on such job creating projects as rebuilding Britain's crumbling sewers.

In neither case, however, were the figures particularly encouraging. Most forecasters never calculated that more than 50-100,000 jobs would be created, and in the event the Chancellor said he had just half his original £1.5bn to redistribute.

Nigel Lawson has put an extra £2bn into the contingency reserve which can variously be interpreted as an indication of the haphazard nature of government spending plans, a cushion to ensure the Government can give away enough in next year's budget to woo the public in the run up to a general election year, or possibly to help defeat another major strike. The coal strike cost the government £2.5bn, most of it went on additional finance for the nationalised industries, and it lost an additional £250 million from the income tax striking miners did not pay. According to stockbrokers Simon and Coates £1.7bn could, if astutely packaged, create up to 750,000 new jobs, though not many of these would be the 'real jobs' Mrs. Thatcher believes in.

To criticise the Chancellor's refusal to engage with old Keynesian demand management is not necessarily to withhold support from his supply side policy, still less its execution. However, the government's target of neutrality is not apparent in its treatment of public sector pay (to the advantage of policemen and servicemen and the detriment of nurses and teachers). Nor is it apparent in the host of restrictions and subsidies which enhance Britain's exporting industries and protect others from 'unfair competition'—and why not? One simply wishes there was a strategy rather than a series of spasms, some of them agricultural and others that centre on, say, Malaysian Airlines Systems.

Party dogma aside, it is not clear why efficiency should be increased by privatising hospital workers and not policemen. One senses a blind spot here. For if supply side reforms are necessary, it does not always mean the market's invisible hand is the best mechanism for securing them, particularly where longer term goals are called for. One might

argue that ignoring those parts of the Robbins report which would two decades ago have established equivalents of MIT over here was a waste of a supply side opportunity. What cannot be argued is that the Chancellor's budget proposals for scientific research simply underscored the Government's need for a credible science policy.

The Chancellor's budget confirmed tax allowances for firms engaged in research, and allowed short life assets, again of most use in the high technology business, to be fully written off for tax over five years. But, to be generous, that is only half the story. The Government is simultaneously pursuing a policy of level funding for universities. For science departments that inevitably means cuts if only because the cost of research increases, and given the increasing sophistication of equipment is bound to increase, by more than the retail price index. That is why the medical, science and engineering research councils have for the first time complained that they are having to turn down first class research proposals of a sort which would have been funded previonsly, and that irreparable damage is about to be inflicted on Britain's science infrastructure on which, so it is said, industry depends.

The Government may be right that too much research successfully accomplished here is commercially exploited overseas. Part of the reason doubtless lies in the excessive bias in favour of defence related research and development that characterises British industry. But it is a puzzling response to cut the research rather than to improve the exploitation of it, especially since Britain's economic future must lie with high wage, high value added industries.

Rather more worrying for the Government is the short-term goal of inflation. It is one economic achievement, and like the Falklands victory, the cost of gaining it may well prove to be less than the cost of sustaining it. Wages are again rising faster than prices. Interest rates have risen to protect the pound, and doubtless also to dampen inflation which has this last year shown unmistakable signs of increasing. Investment is reported to be once more running at record levels, but with interest rates at 13 per cent and firms paying at least 3-4 per cent on top of that for their borrowing, this may not last. How many companies can be sure of the 11 per cent return (after inflation) for such wealth-creating borrowing to become feasible?

To make lower inflation a sacrosanct goal is itself to inhabit an unreal world. For although the government's counter-inflationary rhetoric has been a political success, it belies economic reality. To abandon the goal would be to devalue the cost of the Conservative's one economic achievement. Yet if the days of full employment, growth and stable, modest inflation have gone for good, the only coherent policy objective is to moderate expectations of all three. Economic policy is the supreme balancing act, and to solve problems one at a time is no solution at all.

[Peter Parker is Assistant Editor of *Banking World*.]

WARNOCK—THE NEXT STAGE

Sir Anthony Ament, F.R.C.O.G.

MUCH of the public debate which followed publication of the report of the Committee of Inquiry into human fertilisation and embryology in July 1984 has followed predictable polarities, with theological opinion mounted in defence of the inviolable nature of human life and the scientists and practitioners in the fast-growing field of in-vitro fertilisation (IVF) and human genetics defending their considerable gains. The Committee was clearly strongly influenced by the evidence of the latter to make recommendations which would consolidate their current practices in treatment of infertility. Donor insemination has long been undertaken in a legal vacuum with donor selection and identity entrusted to the doctors, and therefore the arrival of egg extraction to enable fertilisation to be achieved for an otherwise infertile woman seemed an innocent achievement to the teams who broke through the technical barriers to reimplanting the embryo. A treatment which enables about a quarter of couples treated to have an apparently healthy child derived from their own gametes—sperm and egg—was regarded by Warnock as comparable with AIH; artificial only in being a deviation from normal intercourse. What the Committee proposed was regulation by licensing and inspection and proper legal status for the child.

It was in further developments in IVF techniques, and the possibilities for research in human embryology and genetics, that the Committee faced its real difficulties. Having regarded egg donation as equally acceptable with AID, embryo donation logically followed, and these steps, with the necessary legal framework, were endorsed by the whole membership. Whether, and for how long, the human embryo should be used for research, or brought into being for that purpose, did not find unanimity and these are the principal issues unresolved in the wider public debate. Genetic scientists see great value in the opportunity to study the human embryo but have not yet convinced critics that the embryo, rather than the gamete, is unique for this purpose. A great weight of medical research opinion supports the use of embryos up to the end of the fourteenth day. The coincidence that this is the stage when the primitive streak—the first feature distinguishing the embryo proper from its supporting tissue—appears, and also that implantation normally occurs helped the Committee to advise this as a desirable end-point for research.

The ethical position of research using the pre-viable fetus was considered by Peel (Report of the Advisory Group on the Use of Fetuses and Fetal Material for Research) in 1972. Taking what was then the low limit of 20 weeks gestational age the Group set out a code of practice to guide hospital ethical committees, and recommended that records should be kept. They pointed out the important distinction between the signs in a pre-viable fetus of continuing organ life as distinct from viability. This was important to doctors and nurses dealing with aborted fetuses in whom,

although the test of breathing may be absent, other organ activity such as heart-beat can be detectable for periods of some minutes after live abortion at a stage long before viability. Such a fetus could best be described as having no corporate life. The two main differences between the recommendations of Peel and Warnock with regard to research are, first, the much wider field of enquiry now possible with fetal material obtained in a different way from the sources—spontaneous or therapeutic abortion—available in 1972 and second, the wish by Warnock to provide a firm legal framework which took account of all foreseeable technical developments. Issues of ownership and periods of storage of human embryos, and the new field of genetic engineering have brought wider awareness of the present lack of control over individual practices and scientific zeal.

The responses to the Warnock Report do not point to an easy consensus for legislative changes and Parliament faces an immense task from which flight will be all too easy. The tangential matter of surrogate motherhood drew the most urgent criticism because of its commercial side and publicity surrounding a particular case. The efforts by Enoch Powell to pre-empt a decision about the creation of fetal material for research confirmed the determination of some MPs to tackle crucial issues of human dignity piecemeal while the government itself was waiting for time and watching weathercocks. Central to the Powell Bill was the principle that unique new human life was created at conception, and it is curious that so much medical opinion seeks to blur what is a patent scientific fact. The current disagreement between the British Medical Association's Council and its Ethical Committee underlines the divisions in the wider medical profession, the compromises upon which medical ethics is built, and why refreshment of the profession's mandate from the laity is essential where fundamental new issues arise. But how fundamental are the steps now opening up in human embryology and research?

The Parliament about to wrestle with Warnock has had 18 years to review the consequences of the 1967 Abortion Act and to learn from the experiences of over 2 million women who had abortions between 1968 and 1983. Today about one woman in five in Britain bearing her first child will have experienced a previous termination, and the annual rate continues steadily around 160,000. Those of us who have been deeply involved over many years in this sum of sad experience have identified, first, that abortion for the great majority of women is an unhappy event resulting from the present inadequacy of contraception to match all circumstances and, second, that it is bearable for the majority because a gradualist view of human life is acceptable, even within one's own person. This gradualist concept is the theme which runs through arguments about limits of time on fetal research, pre-viability for therapeutic abortion, and the preservation of infant life. Having provided a framework within which taking fetal life is permissible, and finding professionals willing to act, our present society turns its back on the logical consequences. There is a strong philosophical case for maintaining that any human condition

so unacceptable as to warrant abortion should equally be suitable for infanticide. That such a step would seem an enormity should underline the personal compromises necessary for women and professionals involved in abortion; gradualism is as much a matter of sentiment as of physical reality. The knowledge now possible through human genetic studies has brought many human disorders within the circle of decision about what human handicap is unacceptable, and has made more heavy the burden of those who survive to carry it.

Gradualism at the outset of life is naturally rejected by those whose principles hold all life inviolable, and who would, therefore, wish to see present abortion legislation rescinded. To this division amongst MPs is now added polarities about fetal research which are reflected in the dissenting appendices to the Warnock Report. The case for benefit is argued, partly at least, in terms of the numbers of individuals and couples affected by new techniques in the treatment of infertility and research into the causes of handicap. Doctors involved in IVF programmes are displayed with parties or photographs of their numerous successes. Enthusiasts propose that such services to deserving women should be left to arrangements made between them. In their close contacts with the real distress caused by infertility they do indeed speak for a minority who have been significantly neglected by the NHS in Britain over many years. Just as Parliament needs to understand and legislate with compassion for the larger number of women who seek abortion, so the infertile minority deserve insight into the good prospects which have arrived for their present generation.

Yet a curious feature of the Warnock Report was the very scant attention paid to considering how children conceived under controlled conditions will, as they reach adolescence and their own parenthood, regard the dignity of their origins. The assumptions made by parents—especially those with an urgent need to fulfil this role—about the feelings of their children concerning fundamental family situations can be seriously adrift. One has only to consider the consequences for children in single-parent families and those with fractured and mixed parentage to find abundant evidence of problems in their own parental capacity. The Report dismissed the duty to the child with continuance of the conspiracy of confidentiality and non-identification which at present is used in AID, but with the right of access for the child at 18 to basic information about the donor's ethnic origin and genetic health for all forms of donation and IVF.

In 1972 the Houghton Committee (Departmental Committee on the Adoption of Children) also proposed that 18 should be the age at which an adopted person should be entitled to a copy of his birth certificate, but recognised that many children became aware of the fact of their adoption at a much earlier age and that this was less likely to be followed by their seeking details of their origins at a later age. This benefit of early information is now widely accepted. Thus there is a serious unanswered question whether couples who have used donor techniques to achieve fertility will have the same openness with their children as if

they had been adopted. The Houghton Committee held the interests of the child paramount above the needs of the infertile couple. This balance has been lost in the new climate of technical progress and it is a sorry omission from Warnock that the opportunity was not taken to reinforce it.

Warnock places great weight on the statutory licensing authority proposed to regulate both research and infertility services and the inspectorate which would keep it informed. Considering how far the Committee went in support of research the granting and supervision of licences would be a very extensive responsibility in a most sensitive and confidential field. The level of public and Parliamentary confidence would need to be high to make it workable at all, and none of the present evidence suggests the degree of consensus essential for an inspectorate that was not subject to critical challenge and interruption of its task. Indeed, the professional response to these proposals, and slow government progress in legislation, has been to set up a voluntary supervisory body with invited lay membership, established jointly between the Medical Research Council and the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists. Although the evidence of these two organisations to Warnock has not been published it seems probable that both strongly support the research recommendations in the Report and their intervention would, therefore, be unlikely to be widely accepted as meeting the general public interest. If the Warnock Committee itself was so divided what are the prospects of finding a licensing body which will oversee clinical practices and laboratory research with unanimity? To the enthusiasm which might carry scientists away beyond the borders of accepted ethical standards in this field has been added a wide nationalist publicity of British and Australian 'firsts', and very close and continuing scrutiny of records and material will be necessary for its inspectorate, far beyond the present system used by the Home Office for animal research. How else could observance of the 14-day rule be guaranteed?

The Report has set Parliament an immensely difficult task which should be tackled as a whole. Clearly in some respects—such as endorsing cross-species fertilisation—its recommendations have gone too far. MPs will have to find the right balance between human dignity and scientific discovery. Good scientific work, properly planned and widely published, should be a once-for-all step which should not need to be repeated. A parallel model in social science which Parliament has already set up, albeit inadequately studied, is abortion legislation concurrent with progress in contraceptive science. A period of closely supervised regulation in this new field of fertility and human embryology of work that could bring real benefit to those who face future personal and family burdens of handicap should be seen in the same context. But that will require some MPs to compromise the convictions they hold for themselves in legislating for others, much in the way that doctors and nurses have done for years in service to women needing legal abortion. The real test of parliamentary democracy is how far its compassion runs for the deep problems of small minorities.

MALTA'S NEW PREMIER—AS CRITICS SEE HIM

by John Hatherley

SATURDAY, 22 December, 1984 saw the resignation of 68-year-old Dom Mintoff, Malta's pugnacious and humorous premier on and off from 1955, and eponymous figure of the island's politics since at least that year.

His successor is Dr. Carmello Mifsud Bonnici, a softly spoken 51-year-old bachelor lawyer, born in Cospicua, Valetta's dockland. Pale, with short bristly hair, he lives in a simple house with a spinster sister and a brother. Another brother, Ugo, truer to the family's political traditions, is an MP of Partit Nazzjonalista, the Nationalist Party led by another lawyer, Dr. Eddie Fenech-Adami. Characterised as humourless and 'gray', he has been known to smile, a Maltese lobby correspondent assures me. Apart from wide reading, he has no known hobbies.

Dr. Bonnici's was the organising brain behind the boundary changes that brought the Labour Party victory in the 1981 elections—despite winning fewer votes, a point which stung the Nationalist Party into a 15-month boycott of Parliament until 29 March, 1983. In gratitude, in 1982 Mintoff appointed him 'leader designate' of the Labour Party. In 1983, he was co-opted as MP, since when, in recognition of the fact that he was never voted into Parliament, critics have hailed him as 'Dr. Zero'.

Bonnici was born into a devoutly Roman Catholic family, but in an island where 95% of the population attends Mass, such a fate would be statistically difficult to escape. As Minister of Education, he went headlong for the church, demanding that school fees be waived. During this period of confrontation, he accompanied a crowd of dockworkers armed with iron bars, sledgehammers and knives, who marched through Valetta, damaging the law courts, and ransacking the RC Archbishop's curia.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, he then went back to the home of his brother, who is a priest. Bonnici later deplored the damage; but the day would seem to augur poorly for the prospect that the new prime minister would exercise his influence to curb the Island's epidemic violence (see *Contemporary Review*, No. 1422, Vol. 245). Not least in Malta, a politician should forsee the end result if a mob arms itself.

A senior lobby correspondent told me that the new premier is likely to adopt a more rigidly left-wing stance. Certainly, the ebullient Mintoff was flexible. Elected Prime Minister for the first time in 1955, he supported a programme for Malta's integration with Britain. By 1964, he was in favour of independence and in 1979, closed the British military base and proclaimed 'the expulsion of the foreigner'. Equal to this *volte-face*, Malta's declared neutrality was endorsed by the conclusion of military agreements with North Korea and Libya and the provision of bunkering facilities for the USSR.

As regards policy generally, Dr. Fenech Adami's view at the outset was that there would be no changes for several months. He pointed out that

the new premier had not made any cabinet changes, as Mintoff still overshadows the government. But Bonnici has at least started in cautious and perhaps conciliatory style. The left-wing socialist has met business leaders. Dr. French Adami doubts how far this will lead to a change of government attitude towards the business world, a change which he considers vital if the downturn in the island's economy is to be cured. He has also met the Movement of United Teachers, but here again, Fenech Adami is not hopeful of change as regards education policy.

One of my journalist contacts feels that as regards international trade, Bonnici is sufficiently realistic to be willing to enter into trade reciprocity and sign agreements irrespective of ideological considerations. After all, in 1983 West Germany took ten times more Maltese exports than the whole Eastern bloc. In particular, he believes that Bonnici would be willing to mend fences with Italy. But there is little sign of a move to improve tourism—in particular, to make the Maltese currency more attractive on the foreign exchange market.

As crucial as economic matters is relations with the Roman Catholic Church. Fenech Adami sees a breathing space and the possibility of a concordat. The seas towards agreement with Rome are likely to be choppy, and it might happen that Bonnici will exploit Church property for what he sees as community welfare. It is reckoned that the 'Devolution of Certain Church Property Act' makes three-quarters of church property available to him, but it will be interesting to see how he might deal with Archbishop Joseph Marcieca's manoeuvre in having all Church property transferred into his own name, so that Bonnici would have to imprison him if he tried to enforce the law.

Other impedimenta in the way of harmony are the possible introduction of legislation permitting abortion and divorce.

There is also the question of education, which goes beyond church relations. From any objective viewpoint, this has been almost certainly the most damnable aspect of the Mintoff era. Commendable though Mintoff was as regards State pensions, medical care, minimum wage measures, and the provision of housing at economic rents, his effect on education was disastrous. This is not the view only of Fenech Adami, who might be suspected of grinding a political axe, but also of Dr. Peter Lewis, Professor of Physics at the Royal University of Malta (1962-73) as it was then known, who maintains that the generation now aged 25 has suffered a diminution of standards which bodes ill for the island's future, especially if those low standards continue under the new regime. Meanwhile, North Koreans train the paramilitary police wing, and East Europeans teach in the University.

There are other question marks over Bonnici. He is known as KMB, initials reminiscent of an institution in a regime to the north-east. But there is little secret about KMB's activities. Annoyed at court decisions against the government in constitutional cases, he has suggested the introduction of 'people's courts'. In an interview with the London *Sunday Times* last year, he threatened to cancel the autumn 1986 general election

if he detected foreign or church interference. There is at least a suspicion that he leans towards a one-party state.

Given the petty spitefulness, and pock-marking violence of its politics, will we now see the twilight of Maltese democracy? Perhaps not. Fenech Adami's view is that some of the vote that went for Mintoff personally will henceforth be denied to the Labour Party. Add to that, continued conflict with the church that commands most Maltese spiritual adherence, and (possibly) no discernible improvement in the economy, and 1986 could well be the year of the Nationalist Party's return to power. Dr. Fenech Adami admits that he is quietly confident.

[John Hatherley teaches Economics and Government at King's College School, Wimbledon. He is a Liberal Parliamentary Candidate and a member of the London Liberal Party Executive and of its Policy Panel. His article: 'Malta: The Opposition Standpoint', appeared in *Contemporary Review* (No. 1422, Vol. 245).]

The July issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *The Remilitarisation of Japan* by Keith Suter, *A Peace Zone for the Balkans Block* by Mladen Gavrilovik, *Animal Liberation* by G. Davidson Smith and *Significant Subjects in Art* by Tim Newark.

A MORE UNITED KINGDOM: A COMMENT ON CORNELIUS O'LEARY'S 'NORTHERN IRELAND: THE WAY AHEAD'

by John Biggs-Davison, M.P.

AN important, and neglected sentence in the report of the New Ireland Forum runs as follows:—

> 5.10. The Parties in the Forum also remain open to discuss other views which may contribute to political development.

Which is as well. For none of the three alternative 'solutions' to the Northern Ireland 'problem' proposed by the Forum is going to get anywhere. The report is a very Irish document in that it displays little or no spirit of compromise.

The Irish are not English. Assemble a bunch of well-meaning Englishmen and they will incline to compromise their differences. Such is the basis of their Established Church and their Parliament. Assemble a bunch of Irish ditto and they will tend not to compromise their differences. It is easier for an MP than a TD to cross the floor of the House and to emerge with credit on the other side. Irish politics is more authoritarian, more clannish and in a sense more sincere than British politics. *Taoiseach* is not just Prime Minister in Gaelic.

There is little or no spirit of compromise in the report of the New Ireland Forum. It acquits British governments of little. It acknowledges the feelings and aspirations of Northern Unionists; that these majority sentiments are recorded is gratifying although intelligent, unbigoted observers always understood their reality. But the three options proposed are three ways of skinning a rabbit. Two of them are modifications of a United Ireland tempered to a shorn Unionist who is to be made more comfortable in a state to which he refuses to belong—not just because Protestant Ulster fears Rome rule over private and other family matters, but because loyal Ulster, Protestant and Catholic, is simply that, loyal. Mr. Haughey, for the opposition *Fianna Fail* party, insists on the first option: a unitary all-Ireland state.

So the New Ireland Forum passes into a history of frustration with the Buckingham Palace Conference of 1914, the Irish Convention of 1917 and the Sunningdale Agreement of 1978 with all its promise and initial success. Subsequent political initiatives are best left unrecalled.

There is a fundamental self-contradiction in the report of the New Ireland Forum. It asserts, on the one hand, that 'the new Ireland which the Forum seeks can come about only through agreement and must have a democratic basis.' On the other, it chides the British government for the 'guarantee contained in section 1 of the Northern Ireland Constitution Act 1973'. But that guarantee is but a guarantee that there must be democratic consent to a change in the constitutional status of the province.

In *Contemporary Review* (No. 1431, Vol. 246) Professor O'Leary recalls Mrs. Thatcher's 'brutal' dismissal of all three options—unitary

state, federal/confederal state, joint authority (condominium) at the Anglo-Irish 'summit' of October 1984. The Prime Minister 'made it clear that she would not contemplate more than a consultative role for Dublin in Northern Ireland affairs'. Mrs. Thatcher heads a Conservative and Unionist administration that respects the democratic will of the Unionists and other pro-Union people in Ulster. These consist not only of nearly every Protestant but perhaps every second Roman Catholic in the province.

Father Denis Faul has long been a thorn in the side of British Ministers and the security forces; but he was quoted in the *Irish Times* of the 22nd November, 1984, as saying that

> if there was a secret referendum conducted by the British and it was put to Catholics to decide about an end to the Border in three months or six months I believe only about twenty per cent would vote for a United Ireland. The rest would not. They just would not want it.

The reverend father stood by these words in conversation with the writer of this article. Perhaps he should have been included among the ecclesiastics who appeared before the New Ireland Forum. No stooge of the British he!

In his article published in *Contemporary Review* Professor O'Leary provided an admirable backcloth to Ulster's troubled scene. He cites the welcome extended in the Forum report to 'other views which may contribute to political development' and makes his own proposal.

It is by way of a compromise; but, as we have remarked already, the Irish, North and South, are not conspicuous for compromise, and this is one of the important respects in which they differ from the mainlanders. The Irish Free State, to which Cornelius O'Leary makes reference, was something of a compromise state. It was a polity as independent as New Zealand—the Statute of Westminster was drawn up and adopted a decade later—yet it was repugnant to republicans who took up arms against it in a civil war more horrible than the 'War of Independence' before it. Eamon de Valera and the politicians who followed him strained at the Oath of Allegiance required of Free State parliamentarians (though not of Defence Force or Civic Guard). Their opponents in government insisted on it less from royalism than from a desire to ensure that the 'outs' stayed out.

The knowledge that compromise could not succeed in Ireland explains the obdurate antagonism of Irish, and particularly Ulster, Unionism to even a moderate Home Rule Bill. They declined to accept a devolved parliament in Dublin having powers no more extensive than those of 'Stormont'; for they apprehended that Home Rule within the United Kingdom would not meet nationalist aspirations for very long. Autonomy achieved, independence would be demanded. Carson held that Dominion Home Rule which eventuated in the form of the Irish Free State would prove to be an Irish Republic in embryo. Witness the tragic career of Erskine Childers. After having been a supporter of the Irish Dominion League, he espoused the republican cause against the Free Staters in the civil war and paid for his sincere perversity with his brave life.

The O'Leary formula is a compromise in that it could satisfy neither loyalist nor nationalist in Northern Ireland. Neither side desires independence. At partition Unionists in general did not even want a Northern parliament. They became attached to Stormont later. Carson declared in the House of Commons on the 18th May, 1920, that

> The great strength of Ulster's cause has been this: It has been said over and over again, 'you want to oppress the Catholic minority; you want to get a Protestant ascendancy there'. We have never asked to govern any Catholic. We are perfectly satisfied that all of them, Protestant and Catholic, should be governed from this Parliament, and we have always said that it was the fact that this Parliament was aloof entirely from these racial distinctions and religious distinctions, which was the strongest foundation for the government of Ulster.

The Northern Ireland Parliament was imposed from London in the hope that the Council of Ireland provided for in the Government of Ireland Act 1920 to represent both Southern and Northern Parliaments might lead to fusion and reunification. So far from the truth is the myth that the partition of Ireland was an Orange card trick or an imperialist device to enable Britain to divide and still to rule.

There were a few, however, who maintained that if Southern Ireland were to enjoy Dominion Status—Canada was the model of the British Treaty-makers—Northern Ireland should also become an independent member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Northern Ireland was indeed endowed with the symbols and trappings of a Dominion—Governor (and Government House at Hillsborough Castle), Privy Council (Northern Irish Privy Councillors were styled 'Right Honourable' whereas members of the Canadian Privy Council are merely 'Honourable'), Senate and House of Commons. Professor O'Leary tells us of 'an absurd Speaker's ruling' that prevented Westminster M.P.s from even asking questions 'about matters within the jurisdiction of the Northern Ireland Government'. So many minority grievances were left unrighted until the 1960s.

But behind the grand façade of Parliament Buildings at the top of Prince of Wales Drive at Stormont, the Northern Ireland Parliament would merely duplicate much of the legislation passed by the Imperial Parliament at the behest of governments of different complexions. There was neither independence nor the desire for it. True, the Ulster Dominion Group made proposals to the Northern Ireland Constitutional Convention set up by the Labour Government in 1975. The Group's standard bearer, Professor Kennedy Lindsay, told the Convention that he wanted to 'take Northern Ireland to independence under the Queen'. But he was regarded as eccentric; and an Alliance Party members of the Convention unkindly asked in debate if the Ulster Dominion Group would hold its 'annual meeting in a telephone kiosk'.

Professor O'Leary states that 'the independence option has not been discussed by British politicians, apart from one isolated speech by Mr. James Callaghan in July 1979'. Mr. Merlyn Rees, the Secretary of State at the time of the Constitutional Convention, did talk, however, about 'Ulster nationalism'. When loyalism becomes mistrustful of Westminster's

fidelity to the Union it can be soured by anti-British sentiment.

But neither in loyalist nor separatist circles is there substantial demand or desire for independence—with or without the 'financial assistance' Professor O'Leary states that the 'British government would be expected to give'. He does not explain how the minority, fully protected under direct rule, with agencies and Ombudsmen that outdo their mainland equivalents, would fare in an independent Ulster any better than under the old Stormont—or as well.

Catholics will hardly be reassured by the 'low profile since 1979' of 'the main loyalist paramilitary group', the UDA, which the Professor incorrectly credits with having 'first broached the idea of an 'independent Ulster' in that year. Loyalist overtures made to republican paramilitaries have achieved no more than those made, in the very different conditions of French Algeria, by the OAS to the FLN. Many Catholics do not even want devolution. For them, as Father Faul wrote in a letter to the Northern nationalist newspaper, *Irish News*, of the 6th February,

> Direct Rule is better than having to deal with John Taylor or Ian Paisley. The British are strangers, but they are not deliberately sectarian . . . and they do not hate Dublin.

The Professor tells us that the two 'communities might be able to relate' to an Ulster state 'which would gradually generate its own legitimacy'. This sounds like a gamble with human life. Unionists will moreover read cynically the qualification 'for the time being at least', which the Professor makes to his assertion that the nationalists would have to give up their 'notion of a single Irish state'. Well might he add that 'many consequential problems would have to be faced'.

But is there a way forward? There is a discussion paper with that precise title: *The Way Forward*. Published by Official Unionist members of the Northern Ireland Assembly, it acknowledges that the problems of the province must be solved within the province, with mutual recognition by 'the two communities of each other's hopes and fears'. The authors go on to propose a more democratic system of local government through 'administrative devolution' to the Assembly.

Direct rule from Westminster finds general acquiescence and the lesson of Stormont is that the minority is better safeguarded if not subjected to the majority rule of a subordinate parliament. Those who call for a return to a devolved legislature and government for the province argue that Ulster is different—different from Wales, Scotland and England, although these three parts of the kingdom differ widely from each other and have different local government structures and one, Scotland, has its own legal and judicial systems. But contrary to the usual assumption, it is because Ulster society is split that devolved government is unsuited to Northern Ireland.

However, means should be found to entrust to its local authorities more responsibility for local services. The sixteen District Councils at present can do little more than empty rubbish and bury the dead. Important functions discharged in Great Britain by elected Councils are done by Government Departments and by Boards appointed by Ministers,

including the Northern Ireland Housing Executive. It was deemed necessary thus to protect the minority from discrimination in such matters as housing. The nationalist Social Democratic and Labour Party opposes the extension of District Council powers, less perhaps from fear of discrimination by Paiselyite-dominated authorities than the assumption that Northern Ireland would be more firmly integrated into the United Kingdom. It is in local government that power sharing becomes a reality and in some Councils there has been excellent Unionist Nationalist co-operation.

Power sharing in a devolved parliament or assembly is, however, rejected by Unionists. The SDLP will accept nothing less. So, like it or not, integration there must be. The Northern Ireland majority will not be bombed or bullied into the Republic or a condominium. They would, if necessary, fight, even if mainland power were irresponsibly withdrawn, as Professor O'Leary proposes. If it were to be withdrawn, the resultant turmoil would probably not stop at the Irish Border or even the Irish Sea. The republican terrorists declare themselves to be in permanent revolt against the government in Dublin and are determined to overthrow it. Can Mr. Haughey, or anyone else, be sure that British abdication in the North would not stimulate anarchy in Dublin as well as in Belfast?

The Unionist case is founded on the right of the distinct Ulster people to the self-determination successfully asserted in the rest of Ireland. The Border separates two member states of the EEC and will become less of an economic frontier. It is no barrier to co-operation. There are few, if any, two sovereign nations in the world more closely linked than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. Recognition of an 'Irish dimension' to the Northern Ireland 'problem' requires a corresponding recognition of a 'British dimension' to Ireland as a whole.

Northern Ireland cannot be coerced or seduced into the Republic. It is futile and insulting to suggest that Ulster Unionism is actuated not by love of the Union but by hatred of Rome and that if the Republic, with its Catholic ethos, became a permissive society, a United Ireland could be brought about 'by consent'. Rather, there is a mutual interest in the preservation of the distinct Irish Christian contribution to Western civilisation.

The 'unique relationship' between the Kingdom and the Republic of which Mrs. Thatcher has spoken is closer than their former Commonwealth and present Community partnership. The dialogue must be primarily East-West (London-Dublin) rather than North-South; and the Anglo-Irish Intergovernmental Council and its organs and offshoots are at work. But an impediment to the closer association of the two sovereign powers in these islands is Dublin's failure so to amend its constitution as to honour the solemn Tripartite Declaration of 1925 under which the Free State accepted the Border as the international frontier. If, as Lord Hailsham, for one, has advocated, the United Kingdom gave itself a written constitution, what would be said if it included a

claim to the sovereignty of that part of Ireland which seceded from the United Kingdom?

There is an essential Irish unity. There is also an essential Irish diversity. As the late Professor F. S. L. Lyons remarked in his Ford Lecture at Oxford in 1978,

> the recognition of difference, especially among Irishmen, is a pre-requisite for peaceful co-existence.

There is the partition of maps—and of minds. Kevin O'Higgins said it was

> useless to seek to abolish the Boundary in law until we have abolished it in our hearts.

The only conceivable United Ireland is one that is part of islands united once again.

[Sir John Biggs-Davison was the only mainland Conservative M.P. to make a submission to the New Ireland Forum and to appear before it in Dublin Castle. The text, published as a pamphlet entitled *United Ireland? United Islands?*, is obtainable from Sir John Biggs-Davison M.P., House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA, £1, post free.]

BEHIND THE FRONT LINE

by Nikolai Asiasski

A BRILLIANT page in the history of World War II, which ended just four decades ago, was written by Soviet partisans, urban underground fighters and participants in the Soviet Resistance movement.

Despite terror and violence perpetrated by the promoters of the fascist 'new order', the Soviet people in the German occupied territories never accepted the way of life imposed on them and sought to do everything possible to assist the Soviet Army fighting the aggressors at the front. This struggle was headed by the Communist Party which called on the population to rise 'to the fight against enemy Army units, seeking to kindle partisan warfare anywhere, anyplace'. The Central Headquarters of the Partisan Movement was set up under the General Headquarters in May 1942. P. Ponomarenko, a member of the Central Committee of the All-Russia Communist Party (Bolsheviks), Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Byelorussia, was put at its head.

The flames of partisan warfare spread to all territories occupied by Hitler's armies, with 6,200 partisan detachments and underground groups numbering a total of one million operating in the enemy rear. They had active support from the local population, who supplied them with food, reinforcements and information about enemy troops and punitive movements. Partisans reconnoitered for the Soviet Army, cut the enemy's communication lines and destroyed manpower and hardware. The Germans suffered their greatest losses through sabotage, with the partisans killing, wounding or taking prisoner a total of one million Germans and their satellites, derailing over 20,000 trains, destroying over 4,000 tanks and armoured vehicles, blowing up or wrecking 12,000 bridges on rail and motor roads.

All in all, the Soviet partisans destroyed as many Germans and as much combat material as would be sufficient to equip a large strategic unit; thus forcing the German High Command to detail specialised security forces to guard their communications. These contingents were often composed of regular units intended for use at the front.

P. Ponomarenko writes in his book *The Unsubdued Ones* that in the early stages of the war the Wehrmacht Command sent nine security divisions to guard the areas in the rear, in addition to which two security brigades, two SS brigades, and large numbers of troops drawn from the German satellites were directly committed to action against the partisans. Yet these proved insufficient and the Germans were obliged to call in more reinforcements. For example, by mid-October 1942, the Command of Centre Army Groups was compelled to withdraw from the front nearly 12 per cent of its main troop strength, and subsequently the numbers employed against the partisans continued to grow. They reached their maximum in the spring of 1943 when the German Command was making vigorous preparations for an offensive near Kursk, and kept 13 divisions and a number of detached units in the rear, guarding the supply routes

and fighting the partisans. In addition, elements from yet another eight divisions were intermittently sent to join punitive forays.

It should be noted in particular that the frequent defeat of reprisal expeditions and the increasing scope of partisan action seriously undermined the morale of the German troops. This is corroborated by evidence from Heinz Guderian, former Chief of General Staff of the German land forces, who wrote that 'as the war dragged on, and the fighting at the front grew increasingly stubborn, the partisan warfare became a veritable scourge and strongly affected the morale of front-line soldiers'.

The presence of large-scale partisan forces at the enemy rear was always taken into consideration by the Soviet Command in preparing strategic operations. Marshal of the Soviet Union, A. M. Vassilevski, wrote:

> From the experience of my work at the General Staff, I have all grounds to assert that the partisan movement and the popular resistance in the enemy rear were an important factor in the general strategic planning and calculations of the Soviet General Headquarters, and were taken into account during planning for major offensive operations in Soviet territory.

Partisan forces were often used to perform combat missions. For example, during the Battle of Kursk (summer 1943), the Soviet action at the front was backed by the partisans staging such important operations as the Rail War and Concert. Rail War involved several hundred partisan detachments (nearly 100,000 men) which blew up over 42,000 rails in the rear of the Centre and North Army Groups on the night of August 3, 1943. The operation continued for three months and was closely followed by the Concert operation.

Soviet patriots foiled enemy plans for using manpower and material resources of the occupied territories. The occupation authorities actually failed to start production of coal, oil, iron and manganese ores, timber, and other raw materials. Underground Party agitators liberated and held for long periods huge areas which were known as partisan territories. By the summer of 1942 there were 11 such areas in the enemy rear. In the autumn of 1943, the partisans fully controlled nearly 200,000 square kilometres.

After the war two hundred and forty-nine partisans, underground fighters and Soviet members of European Resistance movements were given the USSR's highest award, the title of Hero of the Soviet Union. And thousands of fighters who had operated in the enemy rear received the medal 'Partisan of the Patriotic War'. No doubt, the struggle by the partisans and urban underground fighters made a weighty contribution to the eventual rout of the German block and brought nearer the long-awaited victory.

[Dr. Nikolai Asiasski is a Soviet journalist specialising in military history.]

AMONG THE JAINS: A PILGRIMAGE TO RANAKPUR

by Daniel Gabriel

THE bus is bouncing and jarring its way along the one lane road that crisscrosses the muddle of hills that comprise the Aravalli Ranges of central Rajasthan. In the front of the bus, two village girls giggle and shriek behind their head scarves as they jostle one another on the seat. They are dressed for festivities—their saffron yellow scarves billow enticingly down around their ochre and vermilion tie-dyed saris. Ivory bangles encircle their arms from shoulder to wrist. They are frightened and exhilarated, flashing wild eyes at their chaperone, an older brother dressed modestly in white singlet and pyjamas who is expending every particle of energy in keeping a tight, fixed smile on his face as he pretends not to notice the rattling sway of the bus.

The bus skids sideways around a corner, recovers and descends towards the valley floor. An old woman, sticklike in her thinness, raises a wail of protest at the haphazard series of slamming turns. Across the aisle, a pudgy merchant, whose bulbous yellow turban grows increasingly disarrayed, offers her verbal comfort and then, when it fails to quiet her shrieks, proffers abuse.

A young couple in western dress from Bombay hang on grimly to the seat in front of them. The husband's neatly combed hair is wilting and his forehead shines with coconut oil. His wife hangs limply from his shoulder. They are pilgrims, bound for Ranakpur, as are we all.

We pitch forward as the bus descends, willing in unison the end of our journey. The seats are loose and unpadded, our bodies stiff and sore. On this side of the hills there are no villages, no fields. The ground is rough and uneven. Dry, feeble bushes lay a tangle of scrub across the landscape. The road levels out.

The bus traverses a last stretch of gravelled pavement, rutted and pocked, and jars to a halt outside a large, whitewashed gate. On the other side we can see buildings . . . and beyond, the curling ramparts of a temple. This is Ranakpur, one of the five holy places of pilgrimage for adherents of the Jain religion.

We disembark with murmured thankfulness for our safe arrival. Outside the gate, the countryside is empty and still. This is a rarity in India, and seems disconcerting to many of the passengers. Then they hear voices coming from the buildings. Brightening, they drag their belongings towards the sound, eager for the familiar crowds, for the warmth of bodies pressed close together.

There are perhaps two million Jains in India, half a million of them in Rajasthan, which is reckoned their homeland. It is an extremely ancient religion, certainly as old as Hinduism, with which it shares a great affinity. Jains differ from Hindus primarily in their elevation of the principle of

'ahimsa' (or non-violence) to supreme importance. A devout Jain will kill *no* living thing at all: not human, not animal, not insect.

Our first view of the inner compound confirms this. Two old women dressed all in white pad slowly past. Their mouths and noses are covered with white gauze (that they may not breathe in living organisms) and their hands brush soft whisk brooms back and forth in front of them as they walk (lest an insect inadvertently be trod upon).

We approach a low, white building that proclaims itself OFFICE. Here, rooms are assigned and meal arrangements made. Everything is free, though donations are accepted. Barred by their beliefs from engaging in any occupation that might involve destruction of life, Jains concentrated in cities and became bankers, traders, and jewellers. As a consequence, Jains are one of the wealthiest communities in India.

Dinner is just being served, and after dropping off our bags we join the throngs on the floor of the dining room. Any experience at all with meals served free of charge to large masses of people will have prepared the diner to expect scarcity and drabness. Our shock is large. Not only is there plenty of food, but it is one of the tastiest meals we have ever eaten. Priests trail repeatedly down the rows of diners, offering more rice, new varieties of bread, a dozen types of curries, sweetmeats and side dishes. After a dismal series of meals in dustspecked villages en route, we dine heartily, as do those around us.

Refortified now from their journey, the pilgrims prepare to approach the main temple itself.

The erotic carvings on the exterior seem out of keeping with Jainist asceticism, until one understands that sexual acts are graphically displayed with the intention of creating aversion, of leading the viewer towards alienation from sensual society. To our eyes, at least, the artistry involved produces the opposite effect; but then contradiction has never been a problem for the eastern mind.

Once inside, the gentle diffusion of light and the aromatic smoke of burning frankincense produce an atmosphere of languor, of contemplation. The eye's focus expands and contracts: one moment it sees only the smallest of details inlaid in a single column; the next it encompasses a dizzying expanse of walls and domes.

Deities and their consorts dance on friezes encircling the bases of the domes. A stoic marble saint gazes sombrely across at a brace of raging lion heads. Beneath each of the 66 turrets, a cell (or 'bhamli') bids the pilgrim to stop and worship. We mount a staircase (marble, as is everything else) and discover a second story, replicated; and then a third.

There are temples within temples: shrines, sanctuaries, and chapels. Each one holds new discoveries, new depictions. Again the effect is deliberate: a calling to mind of the multiplicity of the illusion of life. Like the overall structure of the temple, this is an elaboration of what was originally a very simple form. Early temples (Hindu or Jain) were single celled sanctuaries.

Rajasthan (from the 8th century onwards) was a very important centre

for the development of new architectural styles. Practical handbooks were written on the design of temple buildings. The common tradition among architectural pundits and artisans gave Hinduism and Jainism many stylistic similarities.

A pillar inscription states that Ranakpur was constructed by the architect Depaka in 1439 AD to the order of a 'devout worshipper of the Arhats' named Dharanaka. This was a laudable achievement in an era noted both for the rivalry endemic among Rajput princes and the pressure exerted from the outside by conquering Mughals. The Mughals' sway over north India did not extend to much of Rajasthan. The warrior princes (presumably non-Jain) successfully defended their territories from the oncoming Moslem hordes. Their victory was not complete, of course. Aurangzeb (the same ruler who built the Moti Masjid in the Red Fort, Delhi) seriously defaced this very temple during the 17th century. It has only recently been restored.

The pilgrims pass from altar to altar, laying garlands of flowers at the feet of images. Prayers are chanted, more incense is lit. Each participant glows with the satisfaction of moving one step closer to release from the wheel of life.

We pad silently past, pondering the implications. In the cool of the evening, with the moon nearly full, we wander in silence around the outer perimeter of the holy site: ruined temples, decaying walls, gods and images deserted. On a nearby hillock sits a small, well-preserved shrine temple to a god unknown—to us at least. The ground around it falls away quickly to the banks of a stream. Trees (the biggest for some distance around) grow on both sides. As we watch, baboon-like monkeys begin moving across the stream. At first we see one, then two, then scores—a whole tribe on the move. A handful of males come first, staking out a large tree on our side of the water. Then come the mothers with babies, the little ones clinging tightly to their backs; then the young roisterers, splashing and jabbering their way across the stream. Soon the tree is filled with furry bodies; scratching, fidgeting, calling out to one another as they settle in for the night. It is an atavistic moment; a glimpse of something shared that runs deeper than humanness. As we turn back to head for bed we recognise at last the stone image of this temple's god: it is Hanuman, the monkey.

Our room is a cement cubicle just large enough to spread our sleeping bags and curl up. A thin straw bedtick is provided, but even the most cursory glance reveals insect movement inside the straw. We leave it rolled up in a corner and settle in for the night . . .

Ten minutes later we are both twisting and writhing in an agony of insectual attack. The drowsing hordes in the straw have discovered fresh nourishment and thousands of tiny legs patter silently from all directions towards our protesting bodies.

We light a candle and smash them till our arms are tired. Still they come. For the first time in our lives we feel a twinge of guilt about our relentless slaughter. Are we perhaps desecrating the site by so completely abandoning 'ahimsa'? We debate the question with philosophic detachment . . . for

about twenty seconds. Then we fall to smashing again. There is no hope, their numbers are legion. We abandon the room.

A cement walkway runs along the outside of the rooms and it is here that we resettle our bags. To our surprise, virtually all the other pilgrims are doing the same thing. To our left, the two village girls and their chaperone squirm and fidget, calling out aloud in a strange tongue.

On our right is the couple from Bombay. They have given up sleeping and are sitting morosely staring at the passage of miniature life across their legs and feet. I sigh loudly to get their attention, and then mime the itchiness of my myriad bites.

He responds in English, 'We too are bothered,' he says, with a trace of sadness. 'Impossible is this for sleeping. My poor wife.' She sits huddled in obvious misery beneath a brightly patterned blanket.

'But you are Jain, yes?' I ask. He nods forlornly. 'Ahimsa, yes?'

He mutters something and looks away. Perhaps it is a crisis of faith.

In the cold, dim light of night-time, shapes move in the shadows. Howling is heard. It is the wild dogs who haunt the grounds, gobbling unattended food and sniffing around the children. No one drives them away.

In one last attempt at rest, we ascend to the roof and lay out what little padding we have to soften the roughness of the rooftop. Above us, the moon is obscured by clouds. From beneath, we hear the hungry slaver of the dogs and an erratic pattern of slaps and curses.

Those who first proposed 'ahimsa' are now safely marbled; only the living suffer the effects. But surely the devout will persevere. It is, after all, a pilgrimage. And all such efforts are both noteworthy and noble.

I smash my hand against the buzzing drone outside my ear. It multiplies.

In a grey dawn we sit yawning and scratching outside the tea stall at the bus stand. It is still cool and the silence of the bushland is awesome. Our bus is late.

A dull clopping sound is heard in the distance and a herd of scrawny, emaciated cows plod into sight on the road. They move slowly, uncertainly, as if the nutritional deficiencies in their bodies have affected the brain. They would seem pathetic were it not for the herdsman. A stringy man in a faded white *dhoti*, he walks with all the assurance of a Rajput warrior. The affinity is likely, for he bears the marks of the caste: bifurcated beard and red turban (the very colour of brilliance) coiled on his head like a very large snake on a very small rock. He moves past us at an even lope; proud, unhurried and self-contained.

Our bus sputters into sight and we begin another pilgrimage.

A NEW ASSESSMENT OF DENTON WELCH: PART I: BOY OF SUMMER IN HIS RUIN

by Richard Whittington-Egan

PROUST *in alto*, Barbellion *en bas*, Denton Welch was his own man—or woman—totally underivative. A comet gain—and loss—to English letters, he came and went, virtually, with the Second World War. And now, after an eclipse, or partial eclipse, of three decades' measure, he has been restituted. He is being offered to us on his own terms. Forty years on, what sea-change, rich or strange or any, have the restless waters of the moon brought?

For those of us who were awakening to contemporary literature during the last war, the name of Denton Welch is invested with a special nostalgia. One came upon it in *Horizon*, in John Lehmann's *New Writing and Daylight*, and in the eagerly awaited issues of *Penguin New Writing*. Its owner belongs to our youth, connotes the hectic England of air-raids, of ARP, of gas-masks, stirrup-pumps, fire-bombs and doodlebugs. Even all those years ago, his slender figure, limping across the torn landscape of the Anxious Forties, was an oddly anachronistic one. Trimly tweeded, Paisley neckerchiefed, carrying a silver-knobbed cane in a lemon-gloved hand, he was utterly out of keeping with the blood-sweat-toil image of the age. While London burnt, he sipped China tea in the tea-shops of Tunbridge Wells, nipped sickly little sugar cakes between his neat, doggy teeth. While the rest of us dutifully bled, sweated or toiled as required, in khaki, navy, or air-force blue, he pottered about the Kentish countryside examining the cool interiors of old churches, picnicking by placid rivers, lying back in the long grass watching aerial dog-fights, seeing the boys of summer in their ruin. This dandiacal Firbank presentment was, however, deceptive. The surface insouciance hid the pain that racked him most of the time, as the well-pressed trousers hid the catheter that twisted inside them. Beneath the languid exterior smouldered a Lawrentian concern for the affirmation of human values, a passionate regard for the sanctity of the individual. The war that held the rest of us in its tight grasp might seem to have passed him by, but that, too, was surface deceit. Denton Welch was already a doomed casualty of a much more personal war. Marksman Death's missile had hit this fragile target a full four years before the wider holocaust began.

At the hour of his untimely death, nearly thirty-four years by the clock—Thursday, December 30th, 1948—he was accorded the due of a *petit maître*, a miniaturist, celebrant with scarce a peer of the sort of restricted spun-glass world enclosed within a Victorian paper-weight. An obscene accident had cabined his talent, shrunk his world to the parameters of a 'limited but useful' (as the medical parrot-phrase has it) life, and the cubic capacity of the perennial sickroom. This was the archetypal doomed young genius in aspic situation, a stars-on-the-ceiling Keatsian death scenario; fertile humus for the nurturing of the cult which presently thrived esoterically underground.

Now it is out in the open, and the first question must be: has the resurrection of the full journal of Denton Welch, edited by Michael De-la-Noy, and of Denton Welch in biography, presented by Michael De-la-Noy, transfigured man and talent for a generation that knew not Joseph? Have they in concert brought reassessment and status of wider recognition as an important writer?

In fact, critical reaction has been unsurprisingly disappointing. What is it about Denton Welch that makes people reach for their dictionary of dyslogisms? Is there perhaps an element of literary in-stepness about the business? Is it a facet of foolish fashion that has imitative reviewer following imitative reviewer in the dishonourable burial of the dead? For whatever reason, the revival seems shot through with a tendency to trivialise the revived. That is to view from the wrong end of the spyglass. Because he dealt in trivia—exquisite miniatures might be more apt—it is naïve to call *him* trivial.

It was the late Cyril Connolly who, in August 1942, first saw Denton Welch into print in *Horizon*, of which magazine he was at that time editor. The article, 'Sickert at St. Peter's', was an account of a visit to take tea at the Broadstairs home of Walter Sickert. It provoked laughter and enthusiasm in the bosoms of Edith and Osbert Sitwell, which launched Denton Welch's literary career. Edith wrote, praising the Sickert article: 'One thing came out very clearly, and that is, that you are a *born writer*! '. The piece was reprinted in *A Last Sheaf* (1951).

For some time before the publication of his Sickert essay, Denton Welch had been at work, sporadically, on a book which was an odd combination of novel, autobiography and travel book. Inspired by, but in no wise imitative of, J. R. Ackerley's *Hindoo Holiday*, it was entitled *Maiden Voyage*. Rejected by Jonathan Cape, Chapman & Hall, where it had been sent by Alex Comfort addressed to Arthur Waugh personally, the Fortune Press, and John Lane of the Bodley Head, it was eventually accepted for publication by Routledge—Alex Comfort having made a direct approach on its behalf to Herbert Read.

Edith Sitwell, to whom Denton sent a copy of the manuscript, replied by registered post: 'It is a delight to me . . . Yes, you are most certainly a born writer. Touch after touch, flash after flash, proves it.'

The events around which *Maiden Voyage* is, to preserve the conceit, logged, are those which shaped the first seventeen years of Denton Welch's life.

Maurice Denton Welch was born in Shanghai at about six o'clock on the evening of March 29th, 1915. His father, Arthur Joseph Welch (1880-1942), was a partner in a prosperous firm of rubber estate managers there. His mother, Rosalind, *née* Bassett, (1886-1927), was a New Englander whose father, Thomas Bassett, had come to Shanghai from Boston, Massachusetts, and was in shipping. A descendant of the Russells who founded New Bedford, she was a delicate and dedicated Christian Scientist. It was from her mother, Katherine Denton, that Denton acquired his middle name. Both the Welch and Bassett families had been long and fruitfully established in

Shanghai, Denton's paternal grandfather, Joseph Welch, having been in business there as a China tea merchant. The Welch family status was that of the conventional, wealthy upper middle class.

Denton was the youngest of four sons—Bill (1908-1965), Tommy, who died in childhood, and Paul (1913-1954). His devotion to his mother was absolute. She taught him petit point. She consulted his advice as to what clothes she should wear. He accompanied her everywhere—to and fro on luxury liners between China and England, long stays in the best hotels, visits to the Diamond Mountains in Korea, Frinton-on-Sea in Essex, and a Canadian ranch. The legacy of all this indulgent nomadism was that at the age of nine, when, incidentally, his mother was still bathing him, he had not yet learnt to read. So, reality and necessity at last intruding, in the summer of 1924, Denton was brought back to England and, after a holiday with his mother and father in a rented house in the village of Benson, Oxfordshire, was sent to a small, select school in Queen's Gate, Kensington, whose pupils were mostly girls. He remained there from 1924 to 1926—then, in 1927, was despatched to a preparatory school, St. Michael's, at Uckfield, in Sussex.

Scarcely had he arrived at St. Michael's when, on March 3rd, 1927, his adored mother, aged only forty, died of Bright's disease, in Shanghai.

Thereafter, Denton really had no home. School holidays were spent, mainly, at Grandfather Welch's house, Whaphams, at Henfield, in Sussex, and he would sometimes go to his Aunt Edith's. She, his father's elder sister, had married the Reverend Thomas Kane. The couple had nine children and lived in the vicarage at Leigh, near Reigate, in Surrey. There was a trip at Christmas 1928 to Switzerland with his brother Bill, then up at Hertford College, and the Oxford University ski team, of which Bill was a member.

In September 1929, he joined his brother Paul at Repton, the public school near Derby, where their father and older brother, Bill, had been before them.

His first summer holiday away from Repton, in 1930, was spent, in part, with his father and brothers at the Oatlands Park Hotel, near Weybridge, in Surrey. There is also a possibility that he was at Zoute, in Belgium, with his brother Paul and an aunt later that summer.

In 1931, returning with Paul to Repton after the summer holidays, he gave his brother the slip in London and trotted off on his own to Salisbury, Exeter, and Budleigh Salterton, until, out of money, he had to capitulate. Reluctantly agreeing to complete the Christmas term, he returned to Repton. Then, just before Christmas 1931, he received a letter from his father inviting him to travel out to China in the New Year.

Thus ends what for our purpose may be termed Phase One of Denton Welch's life. It was the phase, recollected in intranquillity, that provided the background material for his first two books and several of his short stories.

Maiden Voyage was published on May 7th, 1943. In a brief Foreword, Edith Sitwell wrote:

> This is a very moving and remarkable first book, and the author appears to be that very rare being, a born writer. . . . Mr. Welch uses words as only a born

> writer uses them. He never fumbles. . . . I feel that Mr. Welch may easily prove to be, not only a born writer, but a very considerable one.

Gerard Hopkins reviewed the book in the *Sunday Times*. He wrote of it that it was

> just what the work of a very young man should be, fresh, assured, sensitive alike in observation and tone. Above all, it keeps within the limits of its author's experience, and serves to clear the deck of his imagination in readiness for still more adventurous voyages . . . he has recovered all the arrogance, all the timidities, all the concentrated vision of a more than usually sensitive adolescence with a skill that has achieved much and promises still more. The book produces an effect of complete sincerity even when it has to record the insincerities of youth. It is utterly frank because it is not concerned with 'confession' but with statement. Not the least remarkable of its qualities is a power of exploring the introversion of an observant, an intolerant, and a vulnerable schoolboy with queer and convincing detachment. It reveals, at times, more than the author, perhaps, intended, though for the most part he keeps a tight hold on his material. Both as a writer and as a draughtsman—the book is decorated with his own designs—he should have a future full of success. It is rare that a reviewer is offered so satisfying and so promising a piece of 'prentice work.

After reading this review, and duly noting Miss Sitwell's encomiums, Sir Edward Marsh wrote to Christopher Hassall:

> Someone was telling me about it (*Maiden Voyage*) in London. He said it was rather unfortunate as the book was reeking with homosexuality, which she (Edith Sitwell) was probably too innocent to perceive . . . The S(unday) T(imes) man says nothing about this aspect (unless he is hinting at it when he says, 'It reveals, perhaps, at times more than the author intended'), and he praises it very highly.

The punditical *Times Literary Supplement* pronounced:

> In many ways this is an unusual book. With an astonishing awareness, and consequent avoidance of the banal, Mr. Welch has omitted all the scenic descriptions which have been done so well and so frequently before, and has presented the narrative in a series of personal anecdotes. Most of these hang on the petty foibles, the personal characteristics, of the people he meets: these are described with an acute and precocious observation, an intolerant and clever pen. . . . He displays constantly the over-egotism of the sensitive, the self-centredness of the lonely in spirit, and almost in spite of himself, awakes the reader's compassion.

This was a percipient and influential judgment.

Denton Welch's reputation gathered momentum. Said the *Spectator*: 'He lives for us in these pages with an almost embarrassing vividness, his language is direct, sensuous and clear.' The *New Statesman* described *Maiden Voyage* as 'a work of outstanding originality and merit.'

James Agate spoke well of it in the *Daily Express*. So did Elizabeth Bowen in the *Tatler*.

James Agate wrote in his book column on Saturday, May 15th, 1943:

> Very young Mr. Welch is in danger. If he is not extremely careful he will grow up into another Proust. The exquisite enumeration of nothing in particular, the raising of the insignificant to the maximum of significance—all this is pure Marcel. But you can't be a Marcel Proust unless you are a great master of words, and Miss Sitwell, who contributes a Foreword, is justified in holding Mr. Welch to be a born writer. And not only a born writer but a considerable one. Here, for example, is a piece of absolutely perfect writing: 'There was a young man with string-coloured hair and a large mouth who walked round the deck trying to catch the eye of an older woman. At last he was reduced to going up to her as she leant over the side looking into the water. When he spoke she gave

him a small, narrow smile out of the corner of her mouth, and after that they walked round the deck together.' We never hear any more of the couple, but as long as this book's paper and binding hold together they are there as surely as the figures on a Grecian urn. More prosaically the book tells how a boy runs away from school, runs back again, and goes with his father to China.

In the *Tatler and Bystander* of July 7th, 1943, in her column, 'With Silent Friends', Elizabeth Bowen writes:

> Who should not dread youth's brilliant, unsparing eye? What person, of any imagination, does not quail, sometimes, at what may be going on inside the apparently shy and vulnerable adolescent? Happily for the peace of the rest of the world, few adolescents take up an *effective* pen, and few writers, once they have ceased to be adolescent, can recall that first burning sharpness of impressions and thoughts. I do not know the real age, in this present year, of Denton Welch, author of *Maiden Voyage*, but to all intents and purposes he remains sixteen—a sixteen of errant genius, sophisticated shyness and fanciful aberration, the sixteen of the 'I' of *Maiden Voyage*. One meets many books, these days, in which the ordinary imagination is applying itself to extraordinary events. In this book an extraordinary imagination is applying itself to ordinary events. Here we have autobiography in the form—and, I must say, the faultless form—of a novel. . . . Each incident casts a light on, but also receives light from, the temperament of the writer. The effect of sensuous vividness is extreme.

Amidst all the triumph a dissonant note was struck by the reviewer in the *Listener* of June 17th, 1943. It was of all the treatments, in Denton Welch's own words, 'perhaps the rudest; something in my temperament had evidently irritated the reviewer.' This is what he wrote:

> As one contemplates the woeful parabola of existence, compassion must be mainly given to the upward spring. The pretensions of adolescence are surely preferable to the caprices of old glands. Voltaire returning triumphant to die in Paris moves us less than does Rimbaud hugging for warmth his young bony knees under the Embankment arches. For these reasons one is tempted to deal indulgently with Mr. Welch. As Miss Sitwell declares in her foreword, he is a born writer. The ecstasies and torments of running away from school, of the dejected return, are described with an artistry that is at once slick and moving. His first chapters, this invocation of bygone youth with its changing rhythms and alarms is extraordinarily successful. Yet, as you read on, a scent familiar and persistent begins to nag at the nostrils. Suddenly you define it. It is D. H. Lawrence up to his most portentous tricks—the maddening heroine of *The Plumed Serpent*, with proper allowance made for the change of sex. Like life in a beleaguered city, a sustained defence of virginity breeds strange foibles. Delicious shame, unruly blushes, the hunger to be insulted—not even Colette has catalogued the gamut of adolescence more faithfully than does Mr. Welch. He is taken away from Repton, goes to live a life of luxury and ease with his father at Shanghai. China stretches before him, exotic millions, jangling scents, lotus-leaf waterproofs; Mr. Welch has thought only for the innumerable little mounds of spittle on the pavements, how next he is to be insulted or frightened. In Peking once there was a consul's wife with brown horse-teeth who referred to the teeming world outside the Legation as the 'native quarter', and shivered with obsessing fear on her rare unnoticed sorties into the bustling streets. There is something of the same morbid self-importance in Mr. Welch's reluctance to venture with his easel through the alleys of K'aifeng, a dreary town remarkable only for its Chinese Jews, but which Mr. Welch talks of as if it were Lhasa. Nevertheless, it is with considerable adroitness that he presents these memories, which from internal evidence must be at least a dozen years old. It is a strange world he puts before us, where the ripple of a boxer's muscles or the seductive frightening hairs on a soldier's wrists are minutely described, and women are just shapeless, repulsive, silly bags.

Time and Tide observed 'that Denton Welch in his very early twenties (in fact he was, of course, twenty-eight) should write a book which leaves a deep impression on our minds in wartime is an accomplishment not to be sneezed at.'

Frank Swinnerton opined: 'The book is a great refreshment to a reader who is tired of all the second and third hand work which is being published, and I am sure it will be recognised by all who read it as new and very striking. Edith Sitwell says in her preface exactly what I should say about it.'

Herbert Read, while admitting that 'Some people might call it precious,' told Denton: 'It struck me in some odd way as very contemporary, or of your generation.'

Edward Sackville-West had his reservations. He told Denton: 'Sometimes your unpleasantness seemed quite gratuitous. A long pin comes out and in you push it. . . . You'll probably hate it in a few years. But that won't make it bad, you'll just be like most of us as we grow older—less willing to give yourself away on a plate. When one is out of one's first youth, or perhaps out of any youth at all, one gradually gives less away. But that is what is so disarming about your book, the fact that you don't in the least mind making yourself out unpleasant or ridiculous.'

And Lord David Cecil actually sent Denton a personal message telling him that his book was one of only two things that had moved him in the last seven years.

Kenneth Clark—later Lord Clark—to whom, in deference to the artist, as opposed to the writer, part of himself, Denton, had sent a copy of the manuscript of *Maiden Voyage*, responded that he had enjoyed the pleasure of the author's 'crystal eye', congratulated him upon his decorations, and added: 'What a ravishing book you could do if the times permitted fine reproduction.'

In fact, the reviews were almost unexceptionally good, but the brightest jewel in his diadem was W. H. Auden's piece in the *New York Times*.

> Mr. Welch is neither (as the blurb writer of the 1945 American edition, which Auden is reviewing, avers) 'a second Proust' nor an equal mixture of 'Evelyn Waugh, Aubrey Beardsley and your favourite conquistador,' nor even 'phosphorescent', but a young man who only differs from other young men in being more intelligent and a much better writer of prose, and who has written an autobiography which will reveal much to the reader about his own life, is easy to read and quite short. Every autobiography is a monologue which concerns two characters, the Ego and the Self, so that—excluding accounts of religious conversion which dogmatically presuppose a third character—there are two possible kinds of this theatre. In one (to which, for instance, Berlioz' autobiography and Isadora Duncan's 'My Life' belong), the Self, as it were, occupies the stage and, like the Greek Messenger, narrates what the Ego, who is offstage, is doing. In the other, of which 'Maiden Voyage' is a distinguished example, their relative positions are reversed; it is now the Ego that has become the narrator, and the Self who is described without being allowed to answer back. Each method has its own principles of 'approximate accuracy' and 'essential omission', and if the same person were to be presented by both, it would be hard to recognise his common identity. In the first drama he would appear as a torrid, obsessed creature, a passionate Knight always serenading Truth or chasing Beauty round the table howling with self-pity, comic because of his lack of humour and self-criticism, too *schöngeistig* and over-lifesize to be quite credible;

> in the second, he would seem quite the opposite, quiet, coolly detached, full of humor and self-criticism, too *schöngeistig* and over-lifesize to be quite credible; *smaller* than life, for if, as Don Quixote, he never giggles, as Sancho Panza he never prays.

The Self of Denton Welch is described by Auden as having a sense modality that is predominantly tactile. 'Emotionally, he is torn between a longing for affection, which leads him to make impulsive advances to total strangers, and a fear of being rebuffed.'

E. M. Forster expressed it less elegantly, if more concisely, as the 'funking of intimacy, the sham-innocence and cock-teasiness.'

Now, with the vessel of his shining talent most grandly launched upon its practically universally acclaimed maiden voyage, Edith Sitwell told him: 'Now I think it is time for you to do something violent and vulgar. . . . That bit in your book about the terrible Chinese hotel—quite remarkably terrifying. . . . I will tell you what your danger is; it is your ingrowing toe-nail. Everything in, in, in. . . . It is perfect in that book, but you must not do it again.'

He did, of course, do it again—in his second book, *In Youth Is Pleasure.*

[Richard Whittington-Egan will continue his assessment of Denton Welch in a future issue.]

THE STUART GALLERIES AND ROYAL ACADEMY

by Michael Leech

TIME was when the National Portrait Gallery really was a Victorian relic, a place for history scholars and researchers looking at the famous faces of British history ranged in sculpted or painted form in long, dark galleries. All that has changed and now the gallery just off Trafalgar Square attracts streams of visitors to its rooms. Scholars may find themselves irritated at the crush of Scandinavian students and American geriatrics, but the popularity of the galleries has encouraged the directors, and whole sections are being made more attractive to the public. Medieval kings now sit in well lit niches, the 20th century is as busy as a whirligig beetle on the ground floor; the Tudors are ensconced in rooms hung with tapestries; special exhibitions have their own sense of theme in design. This may be dismissed as mere gallery dressing up by some, but with museums having to turn more and more to their own initiative in creating funding, the click of the turnstile—or its modern equivalent, the tweeting of the recording eye—is very much the appreciated music of museum-land.

The latest period of history to undergo a transformation is the 17th century. The NPG has a problem in that its subjects are usually of more interest than its painters; if the only image of a Famous Face is by a mediocre talent, then so it has to be. In the new Stuart Galleries, Rooms 2 to 5, the museum has come up with a good blend of good and not so good, and while we may admire the talents of Lely and Mytens, we can also appreciate the second rank. The enfilade of rooms is strikingly decorated, yet does not overwhelm the pictures, and at the same time throws a focus on little appreciated aspects such as the often splendid antique frames. (James 1st and 6th in golden grandeur; the Earl of Rochester with a frame as gilded and curly as his wig; the Duke of Leeds swagged with grapes; Milton's portrait severely framed in red and black.) Some furniture, judiciously selected from the Victoria and Albert Museum, such as the sumptuous mirror with its marquetry frame, adds a view of contemporary taste and never overshadows the pictures.

The first room is painted a simple cream while the second breaks into a Victorian wallpaper, bronze and red, with all the intimacy of a cabinet. The Restoration, presided over by Old Rowley at 50, saturnine and at ease, features fine blue damask paper, and with the last, The Glorious Revolution, we return to the respectability of William and Mary and Queen Anne (looking like a boiled pudding, poor dear) and a suitable pallid cream, although enlivened by a spectacular brass chandelier—would it be too much to ask for candles, not lit, of course, but poetically dripping?

The paintings, newly hung and sometimes freshly cleaned, look well in their new surroundings. Some are remarkable evocations of their subjects—Robert Peake's *Prince Henry* (1610) and the unfortunate *King of Bohemia*

by Honthorst. That fine picture of *Charles I* in informal pose painted in 1631 by Mytens shows the unhappy king in a different light, although the room is dominated by an 'official portrait' as well as a superb one of his queen, Henrietta, in a stunningly effective glassy green dress.

The mood of the Restoration is well evoked—a brood of mistresses and queens, as well as the five ministers of the famous CABAL. Curious that the pictures of women are all 'wives', or 'mistresses', sometimes 'queens', while the men, of course, claim many more pastimes and appanages. Still, looking at Barbara Palmer, arrogant on canvas as she must have been in life, one can see how she used her power over the king, while Nelly still contrives to look roguish in Lely's 1675 portrait. Nearby is La Belle Stuart, who, it's said, managed to fend off the king's amorous intentions, although as the label quotes 'he was mighty hot upon her'. Here a note of commendation for the information appended to each picture—it's clear but also happily filled with the sort of information that adds life to the subject, and easy to read too. The Largillière portrait (1695) of the Old Pretender and his sister is sumptuous, so too is *Mary of Modena*, painted in 1685 by William Wissing. The raffish elegance and love of luxury that marked the period is underlined, and makes the last Stuarts almost frumpish by comparison. The pictures are bigger, more self-important, although Kneller's *Albemarle* employs a lovely seductive treatment. In most rooms the pictures are in double ranks, and there is a range of mezzotints and engravings as well. The sculptures, by Rysbrack, of Marlborough and a copy of a seated Bacon, are handsomely mounted on trompe-l'oeil marble bases painted by Margot Burry, who did the Tudor tapestries. These indicate the thoroughness of the NPG in recreating the atmosphere of the Stuart age.

Pleasant indeed it must have been to know Mr. Lear. The current exhibition at the Royal Academy, *Edward Lear 1812-1888*, until July 14, indicates a man of many interests. Obviously his Nonsense Verse made his name resound in every Victorian nursery (and some have claimed much more for his poetry of Dongs and curious cats, of Runcible Birds and Quangle Wangles) but although due respect is paid to his verse and the accompanying illustrations, whole rooms show that indeed he was responsible for volumes of 'stuff'. I must admit to surprise at his pictures of Europe and the Middle East—vast yearning canvases on which he laboured mightily, influenced by Tennyson's poems after 1852, to produce Victorian follies. Competent they are, and at times like great theatrical backdrops, yet all too often they seem a painterly equivalent of travel journalism. These he considered his great works, and priced them accordingly, while selling off all rights to his nonsense book for £125 to a publisher who then profitably produced numerous editions.

The little, rotund man, eternally prancing like a boiled egg with tiny hands and feet and a tippling hat in the famous self-portrait drawing, lost out—and yet he seems never to have lost something of far greater value, which was his delightful character. This is an enthralling show, and the catalogue, edited by Vivien Noakes, is essential, even at a cost of £7.90.

CORRESPONDENCE

PEACE MONITORING FROM SPACE

Dear Madam,

With reference to the article, 'Washington Space Tricks' by Y. Satov, (*Contemporary Review*, Vol. 246, No. 1428) and in view of the disarmament negotiations now taking place in Geneva, it may not be generally known that plans for a peace-keeping surveillance satellite, accepted by the United Nations but effectively blocked for a time through lack of co-operation from the two super-powers, may be put into effect after all. The technological infrastructure already exists in the divided two halves of Europe for such a joint regional venture, according to an influential discussion paper recently published by the UN university.

A committee of government experts brought together by the UN has already turned the proposal into a detailed blueprint for the establishment of a global agency. It would employ satellites in the cause of peace by detecting violations of arms control agreements and serving as a deterrent to such violations by increasing the risk of exposure. But both the United States and the Soviet Union have been reluctant to share the technology needed for military space surveillance—prompting a group of scientists at the University of Toronto to launch a $1 billion appeal for an independent peace satellite.

The proposal is expected to surface when the rapid development of space technology blurs the distinction between military and civilian satellite surveillance. The moment of the proposed international satellite monitoring agency may be at hand with the resumption of arms talks between the United States and the Soviet Union. Dr. Bhupendra Jasani, of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, describes in the UN University paper how regional peace-monitoring can be implemented in Europe without the need for active participation by the super-powers.

And Dr. Jasani, a British expert who was employed as a special consultant to the UN study, concludes that Europe may thus become the first region to be exposed to peace-monitoring from space. The task could now be carried out by the continent's two rival international satellite organisations, the European Space Agency (ESA) comprising West European countries and the Interkosmos Council of Eastern Europe.

The UN study has emphasised, and the appeal of the Toronto University scientists has dramatically illustrated, the diminishing need for technology available only to the super-powers. Thus the regional peace-monitoring proposal for Europe could be implemented with the use of high-resolution pictures of the earth received from existing civilian satellites. A joint committee of the ESA and the Interkosmos Council administering such a programme would publicly undertake to bring any arms control infringements to the attention of the UN.

Yours faithfully,

Troswell, Cornwall. THOMAS LAND

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TWO OUTSTANDING CRICKETERS

Gubby Allen—Man of Cricket. E. W. Swanton. Hutchinson Stanley Paul. £12.95.

Percy Chapman—A Biography. David Lemmon. Queen Anne Press. £9.95.

Both these books are excellent. Jim Swanton's is twice as long as the other and by the best cricket writer of the time—in my eyes of all time (I have not forgotten Neville Cardus). David Lemmon tells a poignant story very movingly. Chapman (born 1900) and Allen (born 1902) were in the Cambridge Eleven of 1922 together. Chapman, when in form, was the most exciting batsman of the day and the best all-round fielder. Allen was the fastest bowler after the withdrawal of Larwood. His physique was less formidable than that of most fast bowlers. Hence, no doubt, his many strains. But his rhythm was incomparable. His finest hour was in 1932-33 when he refused to bowl bodyline in Australia. Chapman captained England against Australia to six consecutive victories, though he was dropped soon afterwards. Allen's team in Australia won the first two Test Matches and lost the next three. Here the advantage rests with Chapman. But in the long run it was very different. 'The Long Room at Lord's,' writes Swanton, 'was the perfect setting for the dinner that MCC offered for his eightieth birthday celebration.'

Twelve fellow presidents sat down to dinner under Hubert Doggart's chairmanship, nine fellow captains of England and, in all, thirty fellow Test cricketers, plus several old stalwarts of the MCC staff. And, filling the Long Room to a comfortable capacity, were friends of all ages, cricketers, golfers, men of the City, and of the professions. The Queen Mother headed those who sent messages. MCC's royal ex-president, in his wire of good wishes, reminded all present that: 'No man has done more for the MCC and for cricket over a long period when things have been far from easy. He deserves all the tributes he is going to get. Philip.'

On the other hand, Chapman's disintegration was even more catastrophic than that of Dick Diver in 'Tender is the Night.' 'Chapman's heavy drinking,' writes Lemmon, 'ravaged his wonderful physique. The Grecian frame became bloated and muscle-bound. In the late thirties it was difficult to recognise him as the match-winning cricketer of the late 1920s, and those spectacular catches which thrilled spectators and bemused batsmen passed into history.' By the 1950s he had become the skeleton in the cupboard of English cricket. 'There were occasions, mostly at Lord's, when he became something of a nuisance, pestering some to drink who wished to watch or talk.' It is good but not surprising to know that Jim Swanton continued to greet him warmly.

I never met Chapman, but I spent a day at Lord's during the Second Test Match in 1930. Chapman was the England Captain, Allen the main fast bowler. In the England second innings, Chapman was to score a dazzling 121 and Allen an invaluable 57. In both Australian innings, Chapman caught Bradman astonishingly. In the first innings at cover. In the second in the gully. England lost by 7 wickets, but none of this was visible to me on my day at Lord's. Bradman scored most of his eventual total of 254, never lifting the ball off the ground. I still find myself being listened to with respect when I tell cricket lovers that I saw that innings.

Allen had been a major figure throughout my first three years at Eton. Soon after I arrived at the school (summer 1918) I was fielding long leg to the bowling of G. O. Allen, captain of our junior house eleven. It was considered infra dig in those days to have a long stop. Gubby Allen was too fast for the wicket-keeper and much too fast for me. But he showed me the same kindness then as always and 40 years later secured my entry into the Rye Golf Club.

His services to cricket were innumerable. His life-long friend from the days of the Eton Eleven, Lord Home, has written the Foreword to Jim Swanton's book. 'If,' he writes, 'there were such an elected title as "Man of Cricket" the vote with near unanimity would go to Gubby Allen, for he has devoted his life to the game as player, administrator, philosopher and friend. The citation, too, would testify that his influence has been beneficial and added immensely to the prestige of cricket.' Jim Swanton ends his book with a bantering quotation from Addison:

> In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow
> Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
> Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
> There is no living with thee or without thee.

Alec Home and Jim Swanton give expression to an affection as widespread as any aroused by anyone of my generation.

FRANK LONGFORD

BERTRAND RUSSELL AND AMERICA

Bertrand Russell's America: His Transatlantic Travels and Writings. Vol. II. 1945-1970. Barry Fernberg and Ronald Kasrils. George Allen & Unwin. £15.95.

To read this book is to step back into a world of 20 or 30 years ago, to relive the stormy career and ugly accusations of Senator Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin, who in the early 1950s charged that the State Department was riddled with Communist agents, the world of President Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy, the Cold War and the Cuban crisis of 1962, the Civil Rights campaign and the Black Revolt of the early 1960s, the beginnings of the War in Vietnam and the Kennedy assassination—all of them reflected in the correspondence of Bertrand Russell with a small army of American friends, including Corliss Lamont and Einstein, Norman Thomas and Upton Sinclair and even with those less friendly and more important like John Foster Dulles and Nikita Khrushchev. One-third of the book consists of reprints of Bertrand Russell's articles of these years, the rest is a documented account of his post-war transatlantic travels and writings. It is the second of two volumes—the first brought the story from Russell's first visit in 1896, when he was 24 and went to lecture at Bryn Mawr, down to 1945. When this volume concludes, Russell is 98, with, by that time, failing health but still alive and kicking, and to the end opinionative, argumentative, and tetchy.

Those whose primary view of Bertrand Russell is as a great philosopher may well find his views on these American crises of interest. In this telling, in lengthy exchanges with many correspondents, his comments show in fact no special philosophic insights or depth and in places are predictable where they are not naïve; the length and detail of the exchanges and the vituperation of some of them must now read as over-detailed for the general reader. He was well-informed, and his intentions honourable—he constantly stressed that his

crusading for progressive and pacifist causes was because of his affection for America, and not because he simply enjoyed attacking Republican administrations, though his critics might not always discern the difference. His pacifism was long-standing, and he had served a six-month prison sentence because of his opposition to conscription in World War I. And, though a critic of McCarthy, he was no communist, nor—at least until 1957—even an admirer of Russia—though again many Americans might not appreciate his distinctions. Nor was he himself always consistent, as he would occasionally admit. All this said, however, this is very much one-man's view of America, and a very eccentric and voluble man it is. On some topics—Black disturbances in the cities for instance—his critics could legitimately ask: what case was there for Bertrand Russell to intervene? A war-time refugee in the US, enjoying a well-paid academic life in comfort when the bombs fell on Britain, he seems forgetful of that, and bitter when he lost his job at CCNY in 1941. He blames that, in these exchanges, on American prejudice. But it was not a political prejudice. It was the result of a civil lawsuit, and what agitated opinion in NY was his unconventional ideas, particularly about sexual morality. He seemed too dangerous a man to entrust with the care of adolescents when war was ahead. Prompt to appear in the public prints as a critic rather than as an admirer of the US, he nevertheless responds with alacrity to invitations to lecture in the US, and well-paid they were. He got over $10,000 for a lecture tour in 1951. And he showed great detail about the arrangements.

> You will, I know, remember that the British Government does not allow us one cent of American money, so that if you should by any chance fail to meet me at the airport, complete with dollars, I should not be able even to telephone you, but I should have to wait there until such a time as the personnel had organised a lecture on the spot, plus fee. I am glad the Forum will run to $300 for expenses. One can get quite a lot of drink for that sum. I hope you will manage to get on with the Ford Foundation. If you don't it will prove they are silly cases. I do not know John D. Rockefeller III. The only one I ever met was II. I never had the pleasure of meeting I, which accounts for my not having a dime.
>
> No hotel reservations: I don't want to spend more than I must . . . If you can get Conrad Hilton of the Waldorf to give me a special price on condition of my saying that his is the best hotel outside the Principality of Monaco, so much the better . . .

He was feted by audiences of the young, who were excited by the addresses of a genuine if four-times-wedded British earl, whose *réclame* was enhanced by his advocacy of almost any progressive cause, especial of liberal education on the lines of the progressive school he established at Beacon Hill. All this rested firmly on one sure academic foundation, his *Principia Mathematica*, which it is unlikely that many (if indeed any) in his audiences had ever read. With the Vietnam War, his following was larger, and less a collection of eccentrics. He helped to found the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and was sent to prison for a second time in 1961, when he was 89—a two-month sentence was, however, reduced to seven days. This is not a book except for admirers of Russell, and even they might find it hard to take. But his admirers will, no doubt, welcome this addition to the *corpus*. And if they want more, they can note that from McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, which has acquired most of the Russell papers, the collected papers will be coming—in 28 volumes. Those who do not enthuse over his advocacy of every libera[illegible] and pacifist cause that arose, can rest easy: the anticipated completion date [illegible] the project is the year 2000.

ESMOND WRIG[illegible]

[illegible] ...erately placed di[illegible] ...the questions become altogether [illegible] ...less to do with Ivan and Tanya and more with [illegible] ...ate. It is both grimmer and less comprehensive. And it is interesting to note that their western counterparts have, now that the author lives in seclusion in Vermont, in the United States of America, received

HALF-YEARLY INDEX JANUARY-JUNE 1985

VOLUME 246

LS—Literary Supplement

ABEL, Betty: LS 52, 107, 166, 223, 333.

ALMENT, Sir Anthony, F.R C.O.G.: Warnock —The Next Stage, 300.

ASHDOWN, Paddy, M.P.: The Political Scene in America: an Uncertain Future, 18.

ASIASSKI, Nikolai: Behind the Front Line, 313.

BIGGS-DAVISON, Sir John, M.P.: LS 106. A More United Kingdom: a Comment on Cornelius O'Leary's 'Northern Ireland: the Way Ahead', 307.

CALVERT, Peter: Central America After the Elections, 57.

CAPITANCHIK, David B.: The Inconclusive Elections: the Israeli General Election 1984, 21.

COFFEY, J. I.: The US Defence Programme: Whys and Wherefores, 186.

CORRESPONDENCE: 43, 44, 103, 157, 212, 271, 272, 328.

DE MONTMORENCY, Sir Arnold: LS 51.

DOBSON, Sir Richard: The Essential Trinity: Gas, Oil and Coal, 236.

ELSOM, John: A Garden in Siberia, 27. U.S., U S.S.R. and Us, 123. The Social Role of the Theatre Critic, 259.

FINGLETON, David: LS 221.

GABRIEL, Daniel: Among the Jains: a Pilgrimage to Ranakpur, 315.

GIBNEY, Mark: Citizen Involvement in Central America, 225.

GUNNELL, Bryn: Fresh Air in Aragon, 95.

HAMM, Manfred R.: Biochemical Warfare: Deterrence vs. Arms Control, 127.

HANSON, Philip: The Dangers of Unilateralism, 90.

HATCH, Lord: Rajiv's New India, 180.

HATHERLEY, John: Taxation: Should We Return to the Land?, 190 Malta's New Premier—As Critics See Him, 304.

HEAD, Anthony: 'Village People': Japan's 'Burakumin', 74.

HUFTEL, Sheila: Sailing With Coleridge and Drake, 264.

JABER, Kamel S. Abu: The Arabs and the Jews: The Bible and the Promise, 113.

JEFFARES, Derry: (poems) 'Final Selection Board' and 'Traveller's Tale', 205.

JULIUS, Muriel: James Tissot—an Unexciting Enigma, 39. Marc Chagall—the Ancient of Modern Art, 153.

LAND, Thomas: The Doctor in the Torture Chamber, 159.

LANDOR, Alfred: Nyerere in the Tanzanian Dilemma, 242.

LEECH, Michael: The Stuart Galleries and Royal Academy, 326.

LIEVEN, Anatol: West Germany and the 8th May, 290.

LINDSAY, Kenneth: LS 50, 220, 274.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT: 45, 105, 161, 213, 273, 329.

LONGFORD, Lord: LS 49, 105, 161, 217, 273, 329.

McCAULEY, Martin: Estonia and the Kremlin, 142.

McLACHLAN, Hugh V.: In Defence of Surrogate Motherhood, 14.

MULLEN, Richard: LS 276.

NARAYANAN, Chittor S.: Bliss Through Exorcism, 202.

O'LEARY, Cornelius: Northern Ireland: the Way Ahead, 194.

PARKER, Peter: The British Economy Under the Conservatives, 294.

PARROTT, Alec L.: On a Clear Day You Can See the Principles: the Insurance System, Yesterday and Today, 148.

PAUL, Leslie: Literature and Obscene Language, 37.

PETKOVIC, Ranko: Welcome to China: a Time of New Options, 79. One Country, Two Systems, 119.

PICK, Otto: Doctrine and Theory in Soviet Foreign Policy, 281.

POEMS: 32, 89, 205.

POTTER, Tully: LS 278.

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEWS: 45, 213.

QUARTERLY SURVEY, THE CINEMA: 267.

ROBINSON, Richard: Portugal: Young Democracy With Crises, 66.

ROSE, Paul: In Place of Strife, 247. LS 163, 275, 332.

ROWSE, A. L.: An Alternative All Souls, 83. All Souls Stories, 135.

SADOV, Y.: Washington's Space Tricks, 7.

SHATALOV, Vladimir: Space Exploration Today and in the Year 2000, 206.

SHIPMAN, David: Cinema, Quarterly Survey, 267.

SHORTER REVIEWS: 56, 110, 167, 224, 279, 335.

SUTER, Keith D.: New Zealand's New Government, 1.

SUTTON, Peter: A View of Soviet Armenia; 251.

SVETIC, Filip: The Most Developed Seven, 62.

TIBBS, Molly: LS 54.

TOWNSEND, Cyril D., M.P.: Cyprus, a Nation Divided, 230.

VALE, C. A: Quo Vadis South Africa?, 169.

VANN, Philip: St. Ives 1939-64: Twenty-five Years of Painting, Sculpture and Pottery, 208.

VANSON, Frederic: (poem) The Harvest, 32.

WADE, Rosalind: Quarterly Fiction Reviews, 45, 213. LS 277.

WEISSWEILLER, Rudi: The European Monetary System: Why We Should Join Now, 255.

WHITE, C. J.: A Surfeit of Strikes, 33.

WHITTINGTON-EGAN, Richard: LS 55, 109, 165, 278, 334. A New Assessment of Denton Welch: Part I: A Boy of Summer in His Ruin, 319.

WILSON, Robin Lindsay: (poem) Diary of a Fatalist, 89.

WINTERS, Clyde-Ahmad: Maitatsinism in Northern Nigeria: We Need to Know More, 286.

WOOD, J. B.: The Haunting Spectre of the Horn of Africa, 9.

WRIGHT, Esmond: LS 107, 162, 219, 330.

STAND MAGAZINE for new writing

. . . always open to contributions from unknowns; as interested in the short story as in poetry . . . has earned its right to recognition for its scrupulous standards of discrimination . . . Neil Corcoran, TLS

Stand Magazine is a quarterly publishing poetry, fiction, reviews, criticism and short plays. Recent issues have contained work by Robert Adamson, Nina Bogin, Duncan Bush, Dan Davin, Terry Eagleton, Roy Fisher, Eugène Guillevic, Thom Gunn, Michael Hamburger, Rolf Jacobson, David Jacobs, Iain Crichton Smith, Ken Smith, Anne Stevenson and many others.

Our second international **Short Story Competition** runs from 1st March to 31st August 1985. The judges are Barry Unsworth and Fay Weldon. For details and entry form, send stamped addressed envelope (U.K.) or one international reply coupon.

One year's subscription £5.80 (U.K.) or £6.30/$12.50 (abroad).

Student*/unwaged £4.40 (U.K.) or £5/$10 (abroad)

*students please name institution and course.

Single copy (and most back issues) £1.50/$3.

179 Wingrove Road, Newcastle upon Tyne NE4 9DA, U.K.

THE THOMAS HARDY SOCIETY

Founded in 1968 as a non-profit-making cultural organisation devoted to 'education in the works of Thomas Hardy by promoting in every part of the World appreciation and study.'

The Society welcomes everyone interested in Hardy's writings, life, times and countryside. A Summer School is held alternate years and *The Thomas Hardy Journal* sent free to members thrice-yearly. There is an extensive range of publications and a full programme of events. For details of membership and list of publications send to:

The Thomas Hardy Society, Cranborne, Dorset BH21 5PU, England or telephone Cranborne (07254) 313.

ORDER FORM

To: **The Subscription Manager,**

Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG

I enclose herewith my cheque for ....., for a year's subscription
[For rates, see inside front cover]

Name .. ..

Address . ...

....

ExecHotels

independent, smaller-than-usual 2-3 star hotels
with character and reliability

ALL PERSONALLY SELECTED BY MIKE STONE

For a complimentary copy of our Good Hotel Guide, listing 135 locations throughout England, Scotland and Wales, send 25p in stamps for postage and packing to:

ExecHotels, 190 Church Road, Hove, East Sussex,
England BN3 2DJ

8 NOV 1985

GUESTACCOM

Mike Stone's unique personal selection of over 200

GREAT LITTLE PLACES

throughout Britain. Quality guest accommodation, farmhouses, and tiny hotels. Always reliable, often exceptional, low cost.

For a complimentary copy of our Good Room Guide, write to Guestaccom, 190 Church Road, Hove, East Sussex, England BN3 2DJ sending, for postage and packing:

UK: 25p in stamps for 2nd class.

Europe: Two International Reply Coupons, available from your Post Office.
No cheques or stamps please.

Airmail Worldwide (excluding Europe): Equivalent of £1 sterling in your currency notes OR four International Reply Coupons, available at your Post Office. **No cheques or stamps please.**

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD. 61 Carey Street, London. WC2A 2JG. Tel. 01-242 3215. All busi